LONDON

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

By the Author of

VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS.

VANISHED HALLS AND CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

HOLLAND OF TODAY.

BELGIUM OLD AND NEW.

ETC.

To My Beloved
Lady Anne

The Author herewith expresses his thanks and obligations to the

Hon. Charles Ffoulke,
Curator of the Armouries
H. M. Tower of London,

for valuable information and assistance in some of the details of this volume, otherwise unobtainable

The Houses of Parliament and Victoria Tower

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LONDON
by
George
Wharton
Edwards
· Arms · of ·
· City · of · London ·
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GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

Author of "Vanished Halls and Cathedrals of France,"
"Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders," "Holland of Today,"
"Alsace-Lorraine," "Belgium, Old and New."

Awarded Great Medal of King Albert (1920) for "Vanished
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FOREWORD

London is a great subject and presents a formidable task which is illy considered and executed if, when done, the labor of omission though concealed, is not found to have been its most difficult part.

Obligation to many authorities and much better writers may be here taken for granted; they are evident and important; let then these very obvious debts and inclusions, in this labor of love, be most gratefully acknowledged.

THE AUTHOR

Greenwich, Connecticut, June 11th, 1922.

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD

LONDON 15

THE WANDERER IN LONDON STREETS 49

THE EAST END 54

SOHO 60

LONDON OF TODAY 65

THE SAVOY 83

THE THAMES AND THE HAUNTS OF DICKENS . . 92

KENSINGTON 118

HAMPTON COURT 132

ST. JAMES PALACE 141

GUILDS AND GUILD HALLS OF THE CITY COMPANIES 146

WHITEHALL 167

THE TOWER 179

THE TEMPLE 197

THE INNS OF COURT 211

WESTMINSTER, THE HALL AND THE PALACE . . 218

CHARING CROSS, COVENT GARDEN AND THE STRAND 229

ST. PAUL'S 246

THE ABBEY 261

THE EAST END AND A TYPICAL "DOSS HOUSE" . 280

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Cockney and His Amusements	288
The Houses of Lords and Commons	299
London Parks	309
The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street	316
Lambeth Palace	322
The Great Monuments	327
The Great Fire	335
Some Random Notes	345
Whistler	365

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece

PAGE

The Houses of Parliament and Victoria Tower . . . . . .
The Tower Bridge 21
Clerkenwell, Gate of the Knights of St. John . . 38
The Old Curiosity Shop 56
Piccadilly Circus 62
Chapel of the Savoy 88
London Bridge 98
The Thames Embankment and Somerset House . 100
The Little Houses on Barth Terrace 104
Southwark Bridge 108
Marshalsea from the Churchyard (St. George's) showing "Little Dorrit's" Room . 112
The "White Hart" 114
Buckingham Palace Gateway 122
Main Entrance of Kensington Palace, Where Queen Victoria Was Born 126
The Anne Boleyn Gateway, Hampton Court . 134
The Great Hall, Hampton Court 136
The Great Fountain Garden, Hampton Court Palace 138
Cloth Fair 148
Northumberland House and Monument from the National Gallery 152
Mansion House, Home of the Lord Mayor . . 156
Guildhall 160
Fishmongers Wharf, London Bridge 164

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Whitehall 172
The Tower of London 182
The Middle Tower 186
Entrance to the Tower of London 190
The Bloody Gate 194
Tombs of the Crusaders 198
Entrance to the Temple 200
The Law Courts 202
Hall of the Temple 204
The Law Courts 206
Porch, Temple Church 208
Clifford's Inn 214
Nelson Column 222
Doorway on the Thames; York House . . . 232
St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Johnson Worshipped in the Strand 236
Lincoln's Inn; The Great Gate 242
St. Paul's 250
The Bishop's Throne; St Paul's 254
The Geometrical Staircase, St. Paul's . . . 258
Westminster 266
The Coronation Throne and the "Stone" at Westminster 272
Chantry of Henry V; Westminster Abbey . . . 276
Battersea Bridge 292
The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange . 318
The Charterhouse 324
Old Chelsea 348
Church and Spitalfields 352
Holborn 356
Cheyne Walk; Chelsea 360

London

I DOUBT if there ever was an American who, on first setting foot in London, did not feel his pulse to quicken and his heart to throb with sympathy, or whose eyes did not widen at the sight of those smoky, sooty old towers and monuments in swarming and teeming streets, famed for what of all the ages they hold; and the living, throbbing marvel of this great city—the survival of the Seven Wonders of the world.

London; The City of Contrasts; what wealth and poverty; what order and disorder; what humanity and inhumanity is stamped upon its myriad districts. How

majestic and vivid is the current of life that courses through its three thousand miles of crowded streets, in which live more people than in the whole of Switzerland or Norway.

London is nearly half again the size of New York, is still growing, and according to the ancient prophecy of Mother Shipton, is yet to be doubled in circumference, for she foretold the day when "Highgate shall stand in the middle of the town." The eager American traveler never tires of wandering over the interminable labyrinth of streets which succeed each other without any apparent definite end. To him London is not a mere collection of houses or trades, it has all the grandeur of its history; its literature; its great river; its towers; its art, and its teeming multitudes of human beings. The sullen and overpowering dignity of its pall of smoke by day, and the gleam of its millions of lamps at night, with the noise of its daily activities are all stimulating to his imagination. On every hand are long lines of houses, shops, grim-faced warehouses, factories, melting into regions of brick walled villas, gardens, railway terminals, all succeeding each other and stretching away into the distance until lost to sight. A great human hive of swarming busy workers all sufficient unto themselves.

Even in the outskirts one is still in the town, for on either side the houses form a solid and continuous line from the city to its suburbs.

Thus the tourist leaving London westwards passes through Hammersmith, then Chiswick, Brentford, Isleworth and Twickenham, or on another and parallel road, a continuous suburban town composed of Shepherds Bush, Acton, and Ealing. While to the north are Hempstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Tottenham and Edmonton, Southeast and west are Dulwich, following Brixton and Sydenham, Norwood and Croyden. And as far away as Epsom a dozen miles distant, village follows village, without apparent unoccupied division.

Really there are untold thousands who are born, live lives of struggle and poverty down in the squalid centers of old London, who have never yet beheld other horizon than that bounded by the smoky, reeky, chimney pots of the swarming tenements. It is appalling! We have nothing like it in America. To these hapless wretches of the slums the lighted shop windows in the Strand and teeming Fleet Street; the clattering lumbering buses, the on-rushing taxis, and the bustle and jostling of the crowds around Covent Garden form the sum total of their life's vista. Fleet Street is never silent or dull, always there are crowds, always there is something doing, and when the sun shines, as it does occasionally, its rays sifting through the overhead screen of smokiness, turns the mud and dirt of the streets to gold and lights up the dull, drab house fronts, the dim windows of the old shops, the book stalls where always there

are rather shabbily dressed men fingering the old volumes in quest of treasure trove, which is ever to be found by the patient searcher, and there are the quaint doorways of the coffee-houses and cheap eating houses, from which comes most invitingly the savory steam of hot soups.

"London is a perpetual pantomime and a masquerade" wrote Charles Lamb in a letter to Wordsworth (January 30, 1801.) What would the gentle Elia say could he see it now in the year 1922? To see London properly one must walk, and what a task this is! Immense crowds elbow each other in all the principal streets, especially during business hours. In Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street and Lombard Street are great throngs of people intermingled with buses, taxis, drays and carriages in two continual moving currents to which every cross street pours its tribute. At the great railway terminals are streams of arriving and departing travelers, mingling with and being lost in the moving sea of humanity. It is stupendous and appalling.

Nowhere else in the world can such a sight be seen. It outdoes our own Grand Central and Forty-second Street congestion. It is quite different too. Nowhere else is there such an atmospheric play of light and shade, of sunlight upon fog mist and sooty smoke. It is unique! It is not to be adequately described in words.

And how different it all is on a Sunday. Then these streets are empty of crowds, the chimneys do not smoke so much, and there is a dreariness over all that affects one's spirits; there are few taxis to be seen and scarcely any pedestrians. An occasional "bobby" yawns in a doorway, and innumerable cats slink through the streets. The interested traveler can then search out historic treasures of sculptured gateway or ancient tower connected with the great events of world history without being jostled about. There are the beautiful old churches containing quaint tombs and treasures all but forgotten by the Londoner himself, and one comes all unexpectedly upon green yard spaces railed off, with tall trees rising amid the smoke-stained grimy walled houses in the old church yards, or will see picturesque vistas of the old wharves of the Thames with its many-masted shipping in the eddying swirling waters of the "Pool," dominated by the great grimy "white" tower of the Conqueror.

To those who are interested in the old churches it will be only necessary to recall the names here: Allhallows Barking; St. Andrew, Undershaft; St. Bartholomew, the Great; St. Ethelburga; St. Giles, Cripplegate; St. Helen, Bishopsgate; St. Catherine, Cree; St. Olave, Hart Street; St. Sepulchre and St. Mary, Aldersea; Austin Friars Walls, and the Tower of Allhallows Staining. Many of these are the work of Sir Christopher Wren and

his pupils, and the power and viridity of his art as displayed in these churches is not less astonishing than his masterpiece, St. Paul's.

The West End of London is the abode of Aristocracy. Here the streets are broad and are lined with somber-looking, heavily built houses set back from the pavement behind iron railings, inclosing a small strip of well-kept green grass. The fronts of these houses are ornamented with balconies of iron work. In this part of London there are large well-cared-for park squares inclosed always by an iron railing to insure privacy, and these squares, in which one sees occasionally a nurse-maid or two wheeling a perambulator or romping with a richly clad child, invariably contain a statue on a vine-clad pedestal. Yet a stone's throw away from all this pomp and richness, are crowded purlieus with narrow wretched streets, and narrower, darker and yet more wretched alleys, swarming with miserably poor beings, clad in rags, and fed upon despair. But the lot of these hapless beings and their hopelessness is to have no part in a book of this sort. Nor is the manifest unjustness of their lot to be discussed herein.

If one wishes to gather a swift and entirely vivid impression of the variety and picturesqueness of this great city of London, the very best plan is to take one of the penny boats at Westminster Bridge, following the river down to London Bridge, and then ascending the monu-

The Tower Bridge

[illegible]

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[illegible]

ment from this point of advantage the view is amazing. On the Thames one gets a wonderful idea of the magnitude of the shipping; the water of a muddy yellow color is thronged with heavily-laden barges of strange shape and rig, and in the "Pool" one sees orderly rows of the quaint Dutch fishing boats from Rotterdam and Amsterdam, all beflagged and brightly painted, lying at anchor discharging their cargoes of herring and other fish, fresh from the fishing grounds of the North Sea. Crossing the great iron railway bridges are long lines of (goods) freight trains and the small railway carriages on spidery wheels, so amusing to the American, accustomed to our heavily-built "Pullmans." There are also bridges of stone with heavy piers, and the great and beautiful Tower Bridge of steel, rising with castle-like towers against the smoky sky; the many tall chimneys and the hundreds of slender church towers, with the great gray dome of St. Paul's as a centerpiece; the splendid embankment with its dark trees and the slender Cleopatra's Needle; great stone sheds of commerce; hugh dark smoke-stained warehouses, and swinging cranes taking in or discharging merchandise gathered from all over the globe. In all of its great history London has owed its prosperity to the Thames, now as ever the inlet and outlet of the City—the great highway. In former days it was the only highway. In 1640 Howett described "The forests of masts that are perpetually upon

her," and tells of the state of the streets of the town which were "mere muddy highways, in which rode men on horseback, and ladies were carried in horse litters." Until the middle of the eighteenth century there was no bridge over the Thames but London Bridge; then was Westminster Bridge built. And we read that there were no Hackney Coaches in London until 1634, when one was established in the Strand before the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, resulting in furious protest from the London watermen, who saw their means of livelihood thus taken away. Think of the city now in contrast to this state of things. These old, old streets are thronged with four wheelers, hansoms, great lumbering buses, and myriads of taxis, both electric and gasoline. Petrol they call it. If one asks for "gas"—well, one doesn't make the mistake again. The stranger soon finds that the average Londoner knows little of the town save that which occurs in his own immediate walk of life, and consequently he soon learns to beware of questioning those with whom he comes in contact. A question asked on the street of the passer-by is often received with a leer, and the reply is usually something like this: "Spoofing, are you?" (i. e. making game of me.) Your Londoner hates to be "spoofed." Especially by a foreigner.

Soho is especially puzzling. The geography of this locality is so involved that it inspired the late W. S. Gilbert to write a "Bab" ballad about a certain policeman,

who was himself an adept at "spoofing," and known as "Peter, the Wag," who amused himself at the expense of any stranger who inquired the way, by sending him in the opposite and wrong direction. This Peter consequently (in the Ballad) himself lost his way in the neighborhood of Poland Street, Soho, and

> "For Weeks he trod his self made beat,
> Through Newport, Gerard, Bear
> Greek, Rupert, Frith, Dean
> Poland Streets,
> and into Golden Square."

One then soon learns by experience how to ask questions, and which individual to address. The man on the street in London (as is the case in our own New York), has scarcely an idea of what is to be seen in his town. He rarely looks at the great monuments all about him; he sees them to be sure, but he does not think about them. The great treasures of London are apt to be quite as unknown to him as are the treasures of the Nile. Most strangers, too, who tarry in London judge it by its superficial attractions and aspects. Its splendid resources remain quite hidden to them. They keep to the great straight thoroughfares, with their gilded shop fronts, theaters and eating-houses, never dreaming of the attractions of the dim crooked lanes lying but just around the corner, each byway of which is filled with reminiscence and quaint picture. Few see London as it really is, with

all its strange lights and shadows; its myriad of ancient landmarks, each filled with history, which must forever retain a hold upon the imagination of those who have delved into their rich chronicles. The writer has found that his best source of information lay in some of the old bookstalls, which are haunted by antiquarians, which are mines of information, and the proprietors of which are often happy at the opportunity of answering the discreet questioner. To these the present writer is indebted for many most delightful experiences, which made, for him, the great city infinitely more interesting and unforgetable.

Of the fog in London, there are two distinct kinds. There is the so-called Black Fog, in which the darkness is intense and complete at high noon. Everywhere the electricity and gas is turned on full, with the result that one feels as if it were night. Traffic is but little interrupted in the streets, for this sort of fog is held in the upper air above the house tops. The other sort, called the Yellow Fog, is described and qualified by the Londoner as of the "pea soup" variety; traffic is stopped; one can hardly see a foot ahead; the lights either disappear entirely or glimmer faintly. Sounds are most strangely muffled, one's breathing is affected, and the streets are well-night deserted. All this is hearsay to the present writer who never experienced any such horrors as described. He only remembers the delicious grayness of

the mist on the teeming river, with the shipping all massed together, and the cords and rigging and the dull tanned sails enshrouded in mystery—"when the eternal mist around St. Paul's is turned to a glittering page," and the soot which puts "all the stones of London into mourning," as the poet described it—gives an atmospheric charm to the picture that otherwise would be lacking.

The change from summer to autumn comes on very suddenly in England. By the middle of September the leaves have fallen from the trees, and the rain descending from the low, dense, dull, gray clouds, falls for days at a time, and makes one long for the bright, clear days of our autumn in America. The first appearance of the characteristic fog of London is in September, and is called locally by the poetic name of "Meadow Mist," for some unexplained reason. And certainly it has little resemblance to any sort of "meadow mist," which calls to mind the soft mellow haze of a summer morning in the country. This fog is an evil, ill-smelling mixture of sulphuric smoke, black soot and vapor, changing from a greenish gray to a deep brown, through which the sun appears like a dull coppery ball, or, as the Londoner aptly put it, "a bad half crown in a basin of dirty water." These fogs generally increase as winter approaches, but not invariably, for some seasons are free from them, and, as more coal is burned, the thicker and blacker smoke

ascends from the millions of chimneys, changing the upper air, where it lodges in layers, into strata of varying density through which light feebly penetrates, and with difficulty, even at noonday, then night seems to have fallen upon the town. On the taxicabs in the streets the headlights are burning and the shopwindows are all ablaze with full illumination. Although daylight is extinguished traffic goes on until this fog descends to the surface, and fills the streets with gloom. Then the discreet remain indoors, and, as in the early days shown in the old prints of Hogarth, bewildered and belated pedestrians are guided about by "link" boys, who have a lucrative trade. In the streets the cabbies get down off their seats and lead the horses, carefully picking out their way and hoarsely calling out warnings. On the great lumbering buses, the drivers are often unable to see the horses drawing them—and so on. One trip of this sort is an amusing experience.

A black fog of this description is said to cost the trade of London many thousands of pounds sterling per diem for additional gas and electricity, which furnishes but small relief, and does little but render the gloom more apparent, and statistics show that the arrival of the fog is followed by an immediate increase in the death rate, especially in the poorer quarters of the town, among those predisposed to pulmonary troubles and ailments. Engineers have been at work upon inventions for the dis-

persal of the fogs, but little use, if any, has yet been made of them. So long as soft coal is used in the houses and factories there will be sooty smoke in and over London. It has been said that the British builder has never yet learned how to construct a chimney which will not smoke both below and above. On the walls of dismantled buildings one may see lines of very shallow, wavy channels, all coal black. These are the house flues and it is not explained, though there may be a reason, why they are not built straight and vertical so that the smoke may have free passage. In the crooked form, these passages soon become clogged with thick, oily soot, with the result that the "Sweep" has to be called on regularly to clean it out. The "Sweep" is a being long out of service with us in America, but here he is an important factor in household economy. The law requires the householder to have all chimneys cleaned quarterly, under penalty of a heavy fine.

The writer remembers his own experiences with a lodging house chimney, which developed a surprising variety of smoke tendencies. Under certain conditions, say a southwesterly wind, the window must be opened to insure proper behavior. Again when the wind was in the north, the chimney roared alarmingly, and the fire refused to burn until the door into the hall was opened and left so. But these idiosyncracies respected, the chimney in question did its work as well as any others,

save for the fact that it burned twice as much fuel as specified by the landlady.

In the face of the fact that the thermometer seldom, if ever, registers zero in London, the cold and dampness is far more penetrating than in New York. Fuel is very expensive, and grate fires are extravagant. One is taxed sixpence or more per scuttle for coal of indifferent and sooty quality and it must be purchased from the landlady.

So much for the discomforts of winter, which one soon forgets in the measureless joys of the loveliness of the English spring and summer. By the latter part of April the meadows are like green velvet, and the primroses are thick and golden in the copses. The song of the skylark is music in one's ears, and later the nightingale calls from the forests. The wonderful English hedgerows are covered with blossoms, and the great gardens are aflame with laburnam and purple with lilac bloom. Certain street corners in London are then fragrant with great mounds of the pale, velvety wall flowers, which are sold for astonishingly small prices. July ushers in the so-called heated term, humid, stifling weather which one is surprised to find is only 85°, but is much more oppressive than the 90° to which we are accustomed in America. In this degree of heat the dweller in London complains, perspires and (if he can) hies him to the watering places. Sunstroke is called here "heat apoplexy" and is prevalent. The use of ice, as with us, is little known or under-

stood, but the advent of the American visitor has resulted in the establishment of "ice cream soda" stalls, which are becoming more and more popular and numerous, especially in the fashionable restaurants of Regent Street.

While the fruit crop is said to be comparatively small, there seems to be an abundance in the market stalls, and it is of exquisite flavor. The strawberries are indeed quite beyond comparison, large and as sweet as honey, and this is true, too, of the gooseberry and the plum. The English apple, while of insignificant and unattractive appearance, is of delightful quality and fragrance, and the plum is unsurpassed for size and flavor, some as large as pears, and with a delicately shaded skin of pink and crimson, filled with honey-sweet rich yellow pulp. They grow the pears upon "espaliers" and these vie with ours for size and quality. The peaches, on the contrary, are quite insipid and disappointing in every way.

As for the food served to "lodgers" who prefer to live thus rather than dine at the chop-houses or restaurants, it is generally good, if somewhat monotonous. The soup is above reproach, and there will be boiled fish with egg sauce. The fowl always has bread sauce and dressing, with the gizzard tucked under one wing and the liver under the other, thus illustrating the allusion in English novels to "the liver wing," which has puzzled some American readers. Certain writers have described the English tart in sarcastic terms, comparing it to

"Tudor" architecture, but it is not so bad by any means, and if one dislikes it, certainly one need not eat it. The fish invariably is unrivaled for variety and flavor. Those who have not eaten the salmon, sole and plaice in the London restaurants have an enviable experience before them. The oysters, too, while small, and certainly of coppery flavor strange to the American palate, are of splendid quality. One brand brought across the Channel from the village of Cancale near St. Malo, in Brittany, is especially desirable, though somewhat expensive.

As for manners at table, I may mention one practice indulged in by some Americans abroad, that invariably fills our English cousins with surprise and disgust, and that is the habit or practice of breaking up the eggs into a chopped mass of yolk and white, adding butter, salt and pepper, and eating it with a spoon. This is looked upon in England as a most barbarous and disgusting custom. Ergo: the dictum "When in Rome do as the Romans do," will serve as a warning. Eat them from the shell.

The name London, some authorities claim, is derived from Lwin-dinas (City of Wood) or Llong-dinas (City of Ships) or Llyn-din (Fortress by the pool). Geoffrey of Monmouth chronicles that "Brute builded this Citie" and gives the date as B. C. 1108. Brayley says "Fable even is silent regarding it before the Roman invasion," although it is believed to have been Brute, or during the

Roman occupation under the leadership of Plautius Aulus in A. D 43, who there records a fortress even before the (Londinium) Colonia Augusta mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus.

In the collection which will be found in the museum under the Guildhall are many urns, fragments of tessellated pavements, and vases of Roman origin, dug up in the foundations of buildings in Threadneedle Street, and near the fragment of the old Roman wall, and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The Roman wall of London was built in the years between 350 and 369. In circumference it measures more than three miles, and had towers and gates called "Aldgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Newgate, and Ludgate." The first bridge also was built by the Romans, and to this the town owed its beginnings and prosperity. In the century preceding the Roman invasion, the mythical King Lud is said to have surrounded it with strong walls and "fayre towers." From this time the town expanded mightily, and whoever is interested may delve into the intervening history with more or less profit to himself. "So doth it grow that no one can tell where the west end will be next year," said an old bookseller to the present writer, and continued "the city and its bounds comprise only one square mile, but it is doubtful if any other square mile of space in the whole world contains so much of value."

History tells us that "Londinium," as the Romans

called it, was a splendid town surrounded by a great wall of stone with six gates,—that old King Lud built it; that King Alfred repaired and improved it, and that the truculent William the Conqueror found fault with it; pulled most of it down and rebuilt it, and to such purpose that some of it remains standing to-day, as the prowling American well knows. The British are great wall builders; have they not built a wall of conservatism and reserve about themselves, which apparently has no gates whatever, or at least no visible ones to the foreigner?

Their disposition is to preserve customs which their forbears deemed right and proper, and this is the reason of the existence of the many strange customs and practices, which to the traveler seem picturesque or annoying, as the case may be.

The American in London for the first time is apt to criticize their customs and practices adversely. He complains too that the Londoner suffers from a very marked insular form of conceit and pride which sets him apart and upon a sort of self-erected pedestal—from which he surveys the world—safe, with calmness, and with illy-concealed toleration. Viewing him thus, the traveler aforesaid forgets that the Englishman really has a very creditable reason for his attitude; that he is quite aware of the extent of his world influence, his great commercial and financial supremacy, and confident in his knowledge

and conviction that Britain stands second to none in world integrity and stability. "The Englishman," says Emerson, "is of all men he who stands firmest in his shoes; that swift Americans think the English are stupid, but find later that they wear well or hide their strength." He quite unjustly describes the English gentleman of fashion as like "a souvenir bound in vellum, enriched with delicate engravings on thick hot pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies or princes—but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering." But certainly Emerson would admit that the Englishman has good manners and uses them invariably! That he is never—outwardly, at least—inquisitive; that he not only minds his own affairs but minds them exceedingly well. Enthusiasm in an Englishman is a rare emotion and perhaps that rarity is due to repression, one of his ingrained and treasured characteristics. The Englishman, when he criticises the American, points out the crudeness of his childlike publicity in the display of his various vices, whatever they may be, forgetting, or ignoring, the fact that this very publicity comes from his frankness, and thus results beneficially in his intercourse with the world. He is thoughtlessly brusque and sometimes overbearing, especially when he thinks he is on what he calls "safe ground." He is characteristically inquisitive, and is inclined to "butt in," but he is generous to a fault. Witness his response to the appeals of starving Europe since

the Great War. The Londoner is quite as insular as the rest of the British, and he has built a wall of conservatism and reserve about himself, most difficult of penetration, but man for man the Englishman and the American are on an equality in virtues and vices. The first, perhaps, is too showy, too cold-blooded, too suspicious of his neighbor. The last is considered too radical, too impulsive, "rather bad form, don't you know"; quite too open and aboveboard. The Englishman conceals his emotions, the American frankly exploits his. "He wears his heart on his sleeve." The Englishman is a professional pessimist. This he regards as good form and conservative.

The manner of living in London has changed but little in the last century. Only twenty years ago, there was a display of "Yankee" porcelain bath tubs in the window of a shop in Piccadilly. They were entirely unknown in even the best houses, where that strange looking turtle-shaped tin affair was brought to one's room by the man of all work, who for a consideration filled it for one out of brimming pails brought up from the kitchen.

The Londoner is not yet accustomed to heated bedrooms in winter, nor does he think them healthful or desirable. The dining rooms usually have a small open fire-place with a grate made to hold a small scuttle full of coal—that horrible soft, smelly kind known popularly as "Darby Brights." This small grate will send out a

really "terrible" heat of about 50 degrees F—and there is an unwritten rule of the house regarding the "poking" of such a fire which must not be transgressed.—It rarely is more than once.

It is exasperating to the American "nouveau," who descends to the breakfast room when the morning, perchance, is of a penetrating chill, and the indoor dampness of a quality to penetrate one's very marrow, to have the well-bred Londoner assure him that he himself is feeling quite "fit," while the unfortunate American, accustomed at home to a comfortable room heated by the hot water system or steam pipes, is shivering and debating with himself as to the advisability of donning his great coat and muffler. No wonder the Londoner has the hot tea habit, morning, noon and night. There is a reason. And the American generally ends by taking to something stronger; that something being had for the asking.

But American systems of heating and plumbing are now making rapid headway in London, and in many of the homes one finds steam radiators in the hallways, and comfortable bath rooms attached to the bed rooms, and all certainly due to the demand of the traveling Yankee.

The American, too, is fast learning a new vocabulary; he has learned to speak of his luggage, and his brasses to redeem it; that napkins are called serviettes in the hotels; that hot water is brought to him in a jug, not in

a pitcher; that he hangs his clothes in a cupboard, and not in a closet; that if he feels sick, he should specify it as being a "bit seedy,"—"don't y'know?"

The signs over the shops will interest him for novelty. For instance, there are no Butcher Shops so called; instead he finds purveyors of Meat and Poultry. Nor are there any Drug Stores, but there are Chemists, and these do not sell soda water. There are Cheese Mongers, Drapers, Ironmongers and Fruiterers, Haberdashers, and Turnerys where you buy brushes, etc. Canned goods are known as tinned stuffs, and crackers are biscuits; vests and pants are waistcoats and trousers. A derby is known as a bowler, and a crush hat (opera hat) is a "gibus." (One Gibus, a Frenchman, was the inventor.) Corned beef masquerades as "silver sides," and in certain restaurants the rechauffée or warmed over dish is called "Bubble and Squeak." Calves brains and sweetbreads are labeled "Offal" by the London butcher and sold as such, but on the other hand, the traveler will find such strange comestibles as Ortolans, Capercailzies, and Ptarmigan set out most attractively, while Leverets, and Plovers' eggs are quite common and most attractively shown in their nests.

Awnings are not so known, they are called blinds and are put up by the "blind man," who certainly has not lost his eyesight. Curb, meaning curbstone in the street, is

spelled Kerb, and sidewalk is pavement. Each street has a top and a bottom and is numbered accordingly. A stage is called an omnibus, pantechnicon or a lorry—according to its style.

All stables are now called "Mews." The word comes from King's Mews for housing the Falcons of the King while they were mewing (molting)—and so on—one hardly knows where to stop in these chronicles. It is all strange and all interesting, but gradually these peculiarities are becoming common property as the American and the English mingle more freely. Both Americanisms and Briticisms are fast ceasing to be strange to each. We are of common stock, and more than ever since the Great World War. We are proud of it,—and the great wall of Londinium with its six gates is as much ours as it is England's: She has given us the keys.

Great Britain, that seemed so fixed, is now in transition; the foundations of its whole scheme of life are shifting, even if they are not breaking; habits and prejudices and old instinctive attitudes of mind are in process of dissolution; economic conditions that one thought were rooted in the deeps are made plastic and adjustable; and from this welter of renewal there is springing up an England strengthened by enormous sacrifices for great ideals, ennobled by poverty, disciplined without losing her characteristic flexibility and self-reliance, knowing more than

a little of the true faith of social equality, and proud to have played once more, and with honor, her historic role as the defender of the liberties of Europe.

In London certainly, the old adage, "Birds of a Feather Flock Together," is borne out by the way in which the various interests congregate in districts. For instance, the Italians inhabit Hatton Garden; the Germans, East London; the French, Leicester Square and Soho, and in Cavendish Square there is a large settlement of natives of India who dress in flowing gowns and turbans and maintain their own peculiar mode of life. The quarter is known as little Bengal. In George and Burlington streets dwell Dentists and Surgeons; Clockmakers in Clerkenwall; Butchers in Newgate and Smithfield; Booksellers in Paternoster Row; Furniture dealers in Tottenham Court Road; Hatmakers in Southwark; Tanners in Bermondsey; Bird dealers in the Seven Dials; Sculptors in Easton Road, and Painters in the Boltons. Here are studios galore to which the stranger is not only always welcomed, but most hospitably received. The districts about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-fields are the poorest parts of the city, to which those who are interested in squalor and its terrors are commended, with the warning that one had best engage the services of a policeman as guide.

As in the time of the Plantagenets, the splendid historic landmarks of London are still to be seen. London

Clerkenwell, Gate of the Knights of St. John

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Clerkenwell, Gate of the Knights of St. John

Clerkenwell.
Gate of the
Knights of
St John.

Bridge is yet the great connecting link for foot and horse over the river. Westminster and St. Paul's are still the greatest of the religious monuments, and the Tower still is the great stronghold of the City, which retains its hills, such as Tower Hill, Ludgate Hill, and Cornhill. The ancient maps show a number of small streams which formerly emptied into the Thames after flowing through the City. There is now no vestige left of these. One of these called the Hole-Bourne and another called the Fleet are arched over, and empty themselves somewhere in obscurity along the docks, after flowing beneath huge cellars in the great warehouses described by Dickens. The rural character of the City in the early days is disclosed in the names of the streets, such as, for instance, Whitstone Park; Hatton Garden; Baldwin's Gardens; Lincoln's Inn Fields and Great and Little Turnstile, now grimy and teeming with crowds and bustle and lacking even a blade of grass. Two hundred years ago these were green and shady spots, as were Brook Street, Farm Street and Hay Hill, where the Eye Bourne (now far underground) then a crystal stream running down through Westminster's green fields, flashed its waters in the sun. The map shows that what remains of it now discharges into the Thames at Milbank under the ignoble name of King's Scholars' Pond Sewer. The reader will perhaps care little for this digression, which is of interest only to the antiquary, but to understand fully the signif-

icance of the names of London's streets one should know something of their past condition. It is over and around the "City" that the chief interest centers, and the stranger will be impressed on visiting these crowded streets on business days by the overwhelming hordes of hurrying men, and the seemingly inextricably-entangled mass of trucks, autos and cabs, in the midst of which stand calm "Bobbies" efficiently directing traffic. Whoever has not seen this sight has not seen London. This is the preliminary to the spectacle of the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, the wonders of Threadneedle Street; the inspection of the workings of the Bank of England; the great choral service at St. Paul's; the spectacle of the Lord Mayor driving through the streets in his coach. Each day in London has its diversion, and this is but a part of it. It is this appeal to the imagination made in so many characteristic and unusual ways that makes the city so attractive. There is over all that feeling of agglomerated immensity (as Henry James would say). Indeed at any given point London has the appearance of hugeness, even in its narrowest purlieus.

The wise stranger who has used the morning hours to advantage in his explorations of the great business centers in the "City," welcomes the noon hour with speculation concerning a chop and a mug of ale in some one of those wondrous taverns of which he has heard and read so much. One envies him his first meal in one of these

resorts, of which there are many, especially in Fleet Street. He should go down to where the statue of the good Doctor Samuel Johnson stands in bronze on a pedestal before the Church of St. Clement Danes. If the good Doctor could speak, one wonders if he would not direct the stranger to the "Rainbow," which to-day still stands where long ago Farry, the barber, set up his coffee-house by the inner Temple Gate. The learned Doctor frequented the old tavern which was conducted by Alexander Moncrief, and was celebrated for its Stewed Cheese and Stout. Coffee was then looked upon askance, being a new drink, and indeed many citizens protested against the odor of it, and "presented a petition" against it in 1657 as a nuisance.

The Rainbow in those days had a large room on the first floor with a lofty bay window at the south end looking into the Temple Garden. In this large window a table was set for the frequenters of the house here and they could watch the preparation of the stewed cheese and the puddings through a glazed opening into the kitchen. From this window Doctor Johnson's gaze traveling a little farther on down Fleet Street would light upon a small coffee-house under the sign of "the Groom," which he would find very modern, for it was started as late as 1815, but this is the only place in the street that still exists as a real coffee-house, selling nothing else than the fragrant beverage at threepence a cup.

The old Cock Inn, he would find across the street from where it stood in his day, but inside he would see that the identical Cock carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons was in its proper place, and that up stairs was the famous panelling from the ancient ale house in which the faithful Chronicler Pepys drank, sang, "ate lobster and afterwards mightily merry, took Knip for a moonlight row on the Thames."

Here literary lights and painters flocked long after the good Doctor entered into rest. Tennyson and his friends sat here and ate and drank in comfort, attended by a plump and rubicund head waiter. To-day the stranger will find the Cock all that he hopes for in the way of entertainment. And here the "perfect pint of stout and the proper chop" are served by a waiter of proper mien and stoutness, for it is said that no waiter, unless he be stout and elderly, is ever permitted to serve in this classic upper room.

The old "Cheshire Cheese" is another tavern which was dear to Doctor Johnson, with a narrow dark doorway admitting one to a small bar of most delightful character in the dimness and dustiness of its coloring. Over and back of this bar are rows of quaint shaped bottles, glasses and splendid old punchbowls of india china against standing pewter salvers, the latter all engraved with crests and emblazonry, together with certain tall candle-sticks of polished silver all reflected in a mirror

set in the black oak paneling. The dining room at the left is said to be kept exactly as it was in Doctor Johnson's day, and there seems to be little reason for doubting the statement. On the walls of the coffee room is a very well painted portrait of "young" William Simpson, a famous head waiter of the "Cheese," of the time of Waterloo and Wellington, for whom one of the upper rooms is named. Of such importance are such head-waiters in London. One is shown Doctor Johnson's favorite seat at the long table in the dining room, with its memorial brass tablet and his portrait above it. There is sawdust on the oaken floor; the wide grate with its beautiful "hob" and shining copper; the old dim mirror in its splendid carved frame; the wide window sill with the collection of clay "churchwarden" pipes, and the black handled cutlery arranged in orderly rows on the board, all spell comfort. There is a quaint sort of pew in the corner with a table and two benches, which may be enclosed by a green baize curtain for privacy, and in the middle of the floor is a sort of box destined for canes and umbrellas. On the shelf is a fine leathern wine "Jack," or bottle, the gift of a famous painter, and all about are splendid old dishes of willow pattern, and tall and squat glasses of untold value and interest to the collector. The walls are well covered with framed autograph letters from famous men of the day, portraits of by-gone celebrities, and various items

identified with the life of Johnson. It was while Doctor Johnson was living hereabouts, that Oliver Goldsmith dwelt at No. 6 Wine Office Court, where he received and welcomed Johnson at their first supper, at which the "Percy" diary relates that the Doctor wore new clothes and had his bag wig all powdered, "in order to show to the unkempt Goldsmith an example of cleanliness and decency." It was here that Goldsmith's landlady had him arrested for debt by the bailiff. Doctor Johnson came to his rescue with the proceeds of a novel he had written and sold to James Newberry for sixty pounds, and had Goldsmith set free. This was the novel which later attained such renown as "The Vicar of Wakefield." The name of Doctor Johnson is forever associated with Fleet Street. He never ceased to express his love and admiration for it. Boswell relates that one day while walking with him in Greenwich Park he ventured to praise the scenery, to which the great man replied—"yes, very nice indeed, but not so fine as Fleet Street."

Miss Burney in her memoirs describes the great critic as a figure "tall, stout, grand and authoritative, but stooping horribly, his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, seesawing backwards and forwards; his feet never for a mo-

ment quiet, and his whole great person looking as if it were going to roll itself, quite involuntarily, from its chair to the floor." Peter Pinder portrays him thus—

> "Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
> The large gray bushy wig, that graced his crown;
> Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
> And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles."

Three days in the week are celebrated as "Pudding days" at the "Cheshire Cheese," and these are the days of all days in which to visit it. The pudding stands in a certain large china bowl on a small table in the center of the room, presided over by the before mentioned plump waiter of dignified mien. One longs for the skill of Dickens with which to describe it. It is said to contain, among other "ingredients," a certain (untold and a well guarded secret) number of larks, oysters, kidneys, beefsteak, mutton chops and mushrooms, all assembled in a mysterious order, and surrounded and bathed in a "perfect" gravy, the nature of which is known only to the fat cook behind the screen, and to be transmitted only by word of mouth by him to his successor. There are said to be countless imitations of the Cheshire Cheese pudding, made in London, but none of these, I am informed, has the proper flavor, or the like quality of gravy.

On the alternate days (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays) an Irish stew is served here, that, in the words of the "bobby" on the beat, will "myke the 'air on your

'ed stand up,—it's that good," at luncheon. A very strong Scotch Ale is served with stewed cheese in a shallow pan with hot toast, followed by a "Cheshire" bone with marrow, than which nothing at midday is (in the writer's opinion) or could be, more toothsome.

There is a very famous little place in Warwick Street, a small lane tucked out of the way behind Regent Street, and quite out of reach of its noise and bustle, which has all the flavor of those resorts of bonvivants in the old coaching days, to which the present writer was introduced by the artist, Whistler. It is known to the elect as the "Sceptre," and it is all that an early Victorian inn should be, excepting that now there are no beds to be had there; it is a chop house only,—but what a chop house! Whistler extolled its merits in extravagant terms and related that it was one of the favorite haunts of Charles Dickens in the days when he was writing his earlier books. The table in a corner of the upstairs room by the window is shown to visitors as the one used by the great man when he came here daily, and on which he penned many of the "Sketches by Boz." The front of the house is not at all out of the ordinary, but inside it presents a most picturesque old fashioned appearance, which, the dignified head waiter assures one, remains exactly as it was when it was opened in February 1830. Not so long ago of course, as dates count in London, but still a very respectable age. The doorway is narrow and sunken,

and the door itself is of very thick timber, the upper half of it is of ground glass arranged in a pattern, and in the center pane which is left plain, is a printed announcement that here chops and coffee are served daily at all hours. On the plain front of the building are small and several rather dingy signs—one of these bears the name of Gosling in gold letters. Over the large window of many small panes, is a larger sign bearing the name of Purcell. The window sill has a brass plate on which can still be deciphered the name of Sanders, the first proprietor. Inside one comes into a long low room all in harmonious tones of brown and dull green, and divided by low mahogany partitions forming cubicles furnished with seats cushioned in some dark material facing each other with a well polished bare mahogany table between. There are no table cloths. The waiter says that there never have been any used here. There is a large partition of three arches at the opposite end of this room. The center one is open, the side ones are paneled and hung with mirrors in carved frames. Through the center arch one can see the fine old kitchen, the floor of which is covered with sawdust in the approved style of Chop houses, and there is a great range above which is a battery of brightly shining copper utensils, and racks upon which are wonderful platters and mugs of "old blue" ware. The Cook and the maids are clad in quaint print dresses with "mob" caps, and there is nowhere anything of bus-

tle and haste to be seen. Everything is done to perfection but in the slowest and most dignified fashion. In the middle of this room there is an archaic sort of stove for heating purposes, and an overhead skylight furnishes light during the day. In the evening hours candles in tall brass candlesticks along the walls on a shelf light the room, reënforced by polished reflectors. A narrow staircase painted black leads to the upstairs rooms, which are set apart for parties who desire privacy. This is the renowned Sceptre Chop house, where at almost any hour of the day one will find some celebrity of the world of art. music, or literature, and it is in one of these upper rooms which have gathered the bloom of time, and furnished with charming old pieces of oak and mahogany, that Charles Dickens found shelter amid the quiet, restful atmosphere, the flavor of which he imparted to his immortal stories.

The Wanderer in London Streets

PERHAPS in no other great city can be found such play of light and shade; such opportunity for the painter of towns; such battle between smoke and mist and sunlight as here. There is such appeal to one's imagination by the tremendous agglomeration of form and movement. Everything seems on such a huge scale, and even ugliness of construction, (and there is much of this quality) is toned down, and dignified by this remarkable atmospheric condition. The great and splendid historic treasures on every hand are often obscurely placed, so that one has to hunt for them. Here a weatherbeaten tower famed in story and legend—there a splendid gateway to a hidden away palace, each in itself worthy of a chapter of description. For there is no one of these but has some fascinating story attached to it, and which may be only touched upon in a book of this sort. The entire surroundings of London are of great picturesqueness and only those who explore them in the

most painstaking manner can realize all there is in store for them. The eager searcher will find treasure galore in the old city churches each of which is a masterpiece, and in the churchyards, those quiet green enclosures abounding throughout the city, and from the embankment he may enjoy the charming perspectives of the great river; the forests of masts of the "Pool," dominated by the great White Tower of the Conqueror, and the slender beautiful spire of the Church which was erected in remembrance and to "the honor of a poor ferry woman." The writer will never forget his happening upon Petticoat Lane, (now called Middlesex Street) which is said to be the "Hog Lane" described by Stow. This is the old clothes market of London, and, to an American at least, it is one of the most amusing and unique spots imaginable. There are really two or three miles of this district entirely devoted to the display and sale of every conceivable sort of odds and ends, most of which seems to be mere rubbish. Petticoat Lane is a very narrow and very long street absolutely filled from curb to curb with a conglomeration of crowding noisy people, and barrows filled with the heaped up piles of old clothes, all in one struggling mass. Between the barrows and carts and on the pavement all along the curb are likewise great piles of rags of every sort and color, all eagerly pulled about and poked into by the eager crowds of women and men who are seeking bargains. The fronts of the buildings

are hung too with dresses and skirts of every conceivable hue and condition. Men's clothing as well is offered for sale. There are uniforms of all sorts; frock coats, dress coats, pea jackets, overcoats, waistcoats of dingy white duck, shiny broadcloth, red flannel, blue flannel, velvet, velveteen and silk, all the worse for wear. There are trousers of every kind, shape, cloth and condition to be had "for a song." There are hats, caps, chapeaux bras, and "stovepipes" of antique form. There are theatrical costumes of every period to be had for the asking. There are piles of India shawls, such as were so popular in Victorian days, and there are long lines of boots, shoes and slippers of every variety and condition of wear and shabbiness, for men, women and children. There are hats of straw, felt, velvet and shiny black leather, with plumes and flowers and without. There are bales of handkerchiefs of linen, silk and many hued cotton print, and over all is the din of many voices all "chaffering" and "cheapening" the wretched wares.

It is in the offshoots from the great thoroughfares, those networks of alleys and narrow crowded streets, that one may study the seamy side of London. For instance that region lying between Tottenham Court Road and Great Portland Street, or between Euston and Judd Street, or round about Covent Garden Market. All of these have uniform characteristics. The houses are mainly of one story or two at most, and crowded with

small shops selling the necessaries of life, and these often hidden from the street in the alleys in small rooms with counters laden with cheap fish and inferior mutton and beef, the odors of which are well nigh stifling to the stranger, but seemingly not noticed by the swarming denizens.

Some of these call themselves "purveyers" and sell "cow heel" and "ox cheek," tripe and trotters. Others are Boilers and Dressers, and these sell cooked "dainties," and there are also fried fish shops, which enjoy great popularity at all hours of the day and night.

The grimy windows of the street fronts are often filled with specimens of the commodity dealt in, such as hams, eggs, or loaves of bread. Over all is an indescribable odor of mingled fried onions, bloaters and boiled cabbage. These streets are swarming from gutter to gutter with children of all ages and condition, overlooked by frowsy bare armed mothers, who haggle with the costermongers whose barrows line the way, or bicker with each other in the choicest "billingsgate," unintelligible of course to the stranger, who would best not tarry on his way through these streets.

There is Golden Square, lying behind what is called the "quadrant" leading "to and from anywhere," which furnishes pictures of quite another sort. Here behind the street fronts and hidden away are buildings with quaint stoops, dormer windows all vines and flowerclad, with surroundings as charming as the other is squalid.

The very names are stimulating to the imagination; for instance Little Windmill Street; Great and Little Pulteney; Frith and Warder Streets; and so on.

Many of these streets are inhabited by foreigners and invariably partake of their characteristics. There are typically foreign eating places of surprising excellence and cheapness, where the stranger may lodge as well in comparative comfort with great economy. The Jews dwell in Middlesex Street off Whitechapel High Street. Middlesex Street was formerly the thieves quarter, but is so no longer. Here little now save the "Yiddish" tongue or dialect is heard from morn till night, and the shops are most interesting. Another strange locality is St. Andrew's Street, leading through the famous Seven Dials in St. Giles', where is found a veritable menagerie of shops dealing in gold fish, birds, dogs and cats, deer and so forth, and where such snakes as boa constrictors and rattlers are exposed for sale. Only a mere hint of the number of these localities and their characteristics can be given here, but the investigator may by judicious inquiry of the policeman on the corner be furnished with information as valuable as it is dependable.

The East End

WALKING through Sardinia Street one comes upon the ancient archway by which Lincoln's Inn Fields is entered, and just around the corner, at the right hand, is the White House, where Charles the Second's favorite, the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth, once resided. This house is said to have been designed and built by Inigo Jones. Entering Portsmouth Street, on the left hand side stands "The Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens; opposite is the quaint Black Jack, a tavern formerly called "The Jump," because of a very desperate leap made by Jack Shepherd from a window above when escaping from his pursuers. At the end of Portsmouth Street, turning to the right, is Gilbert Passage over which is a curious gallery, evidently of great age, and here are several old curiosity shops as picturesque and alluring as one could wish. There are openings between the tall houses on either hand into mysterious passages leading tortuously into Sheffield Street and Clements' Inn. These passages especially at night are most confusing to a stranger, who soon finds himself in a most perplexing maze. Emerging into

Clare Market one finds the streets so crowded with people and the barrows and stalls of costermongers that it is difficult to move except at a very slow pace. The shopwindows are ablaze with lights from the flaming gas jets, and noisy with the cries of vendors and the chaffering of the crowds of women over the contents of the barrows and stalls, of which there are two long rows, one on either hand, laden with vegetables, cabbages, potatoes, turnips, carrots and parsnips and immense quantities of onions. Others display fish in all stages of unfreshness, filling the smoky air with noxious odor. The cries of the costers are most amusing to hear. "'Ere y' are! Tyke y'r chyce." They invite the prospective buyer to help herself (they always appeal to the women) and not to trouble about payment—money being no object—they (the costers) have more than they know what to do with—they are there merely to give away—"for nothink!"—the splendid things they offer. Or, if they *do* ask a merely nominal price for the—whatever it is—instead of giving it away outright, as they would like to do, why, it is out of consideration for the feelings of their friends, and to avoid hurting their feelings!"—and so on.

The picturesque dealers who own these barrows and stalls are generally called costers, but they themselves scorn this title. They call themselves "general dealers" because they do not confine their dealings to any parti-

ular article, but sell whatever comes to hand to the greatest advantage. The regular coster confines himself to some one particular article, such as, for instance, baked potatoes or black puddings, a mysterious article of great popularity with the people, made of blood and the organs of sheep or calves. Others sell roasted chestnuts, or raw oysters, which are eaten on the spot with vinegar and pepper. Other kinds of shellfish are likewise offered, such as cockles, winkles, whelks and mussels. Shrimp in season is very popular on the street, and generally sold in small paper cornucopias holding about a half pint, and often taken home by the purchaser "for tea." Usually when eaten on the spot, the shells when emptied are playfully cast over the consumer's shoulder at the passerby,—without offense be it said—and accompanied by an ingratiating smile. Considerable trade is done, too, in veal and ham pies, pork pies and sausage, which are much esteemed by the people. The wanderer should wend his way through Parker Street, Macklin Street, where he will find the three penny and four penny lodging houses, to Drury Lane—and on to the Seven Dials, where he will come upon the shops of the bird fanciers, which contain excellent collections of birds, and there are other shops dealing in dogs, cats, rabbits, white mice and snakes. Seven crowded streets converge at The Dials, and of these perhaps Little Earl Street is the most congested and amusing, but all about there are

The Old Curiosity Shop

est advantage. The regular costes [illegible]

[illegible]

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white mice and snakes. Seven crowded streets [illegible]

The Old Curiosity Shop
George Washington Edwards.
The Old Curiosity Shop.

sights and sounds to repay the investigator. Here are the Cheap Jacks and the quack doctors, the former mounted on a box beside his barrow which is laden with rows of shining "gold" watches, breastpins and "diamond rings. He is a shrewd looking fellow with a hebraic cast of features, and he shouts out his praises of the articles sparkling in the light of the flaming naphtha torch, in vehement magniloquent language that quite hypnotizes many of his listeners, who, strange to relate, buy the worthless things almost as fast as he can deal them out. The writer asked one of the purchasers of a "magnificent" cluster ring, if he thought the stones were diamonds, and the man, eyeing the questioner narrowly, exclaimed, "Well, matey, if it 'ynt, then ahm aht awf a crown!" What could one reply to such an emphatic statement, embodying at once hope, credulity and resignation? In Little Earl Market the majority of purchasers are prematurely aged looking girls and women, many of the latter carrying babies in their arms. The girls, some of them pathetically small and weazened-faced, buy of the costers with as much shrewdness and carefulness as shown by their elders.

At the end of the street before what is called a "pub" (public house) under a sign lettered "The Bunch of Grapes" is a great crowd of men, women and children, all intensely interested in a street performance of two actors, a man and a woman, who are evidently greatly

appreciated, for every little while they shout and clap their hands in applause, as if they were in a theater, and then listen with rapt attention to the actors. Evidently their public thinks well of them, for the hat passed about by the perspiring and smiling actor after he has made his bow receives showers of coppers from the audience.

Mounted on a chair and surrounded by another crowd, is a quack doctor, loudly and even eloquently proclaiming the wonderful properties of his particular "medicines and the really marvelous cures resulting from their use." "It is a cure-all," he bawls out and drags up a small boy to the space beside him. "It cures toothache!—It cleans the teeth—" He rubs something into the open mouth of the boy who patiently yields to him, and then pushes him before the flaming torch to show the lad's teeth, which most certainly needed cleaning whatever the result. The audience seems impressed. Then he drinks, or pretends to, some of the contents of the bottle to prove its harmlessness. " 'Tis good for rheumatism, too," he cries " 'Tis good for the heart disease, for the liver, for consumption, for ague, for chills and fever, for—" and so on, naming the ills best known to his listeners, who regard him with staring eyes, attentive ears and gaping mouths, while the assistant passes out the precious bottles and secures the pennies,—for they buy liberally, do these people. And with these sights before, behind and

all about him, and with the sound of the wondrous old bells ringing out the hour from the famous steeple above, the wanderer passes on out of the teeming street into the comparative quiet of the great main thoroughfare.

Soho

AS this is being written, the authorities announce that the dingy, quaint and dirty region called Soho, so dear to antiquaries and bohemians of all nations, is to give way to the march of improvements and modernity. London needs its space. Many years ago Soho was an ultra fashionable quarter for "upper ten-dom," wherein haughty lackeys stood in shining doorways which were all brass plated and gleaming with polished plate glass, and where ruddy cheeked housemaids gossiped over the fat poodles they were exercising, while heavy family coaches drawn by rotund mares came and went through its cobbled streets, making ceremonial visits in severe respectability befitting its name, which tradition says was derived from the war cry of the Duke of Monmouth "So ho!" at Sedgemoor. But long ago the trim maids and the pompous butlers together with the lumbering carriages and the last of the old families disappeared from the quarter, and bohemia made it its very own.

The burnished name plates and the shining brass knockers were taken away and with them went severe respectability. The lace curtained windows became

dusty and grimy, and no one thought to clean them. The wide oaken doorways took on a veneering of dust; the varnish, blistered with the summer's heat and winter's tears, grew weary of the struggle and became drab with soot and grime, which mercifully filled and concealed the scratches of urchins, recording important data and names of the inmates in Rabelaisian frankness. The cobbled streets at length amalgamated with the alleyways swarming with the sordid foreigners, who overran the boundaries and filled the quaint old mansions. The heavy oaken doors soon creaked on their sagging hinges and remained wide open during most of the day and night, for bohemia dearly loves open hallways and the freedom of the stairways.

Greeks, Portuguese and Armenians with a proper sprinkling of Jews filled the houses from cellar to attic, and whatever humble space was left became the haunt of the Turk and the silent Chinese, who maintained mysterious shops where the knowing could go to finger and barter for strange sweetmeats and curio, the silky rugs of Bokhara and Afghan, and "cheapen" splendid examples of Benares brass, ivory and teakwood inlaid tables from Persia, and the fat carved and emblazoned elephants from Afghanistan. Here Portuguese merchants would bring forth upon demand from secret cupboards splendid chests of scented sweetmeats of mysterious compound, and oval shaped oaken pipes of fragrant

port wine, for which they shrewdly would name prices suited to your apparent quality and ability to pay. Here one could barter, taste and haggle without haste to his heart's content. All about were cafés with strangely lettered signs in Turkish, Greek, Chinese and Italian characters, denoting the different nationalities, each of which offered to the curious most varied entertainment at astonishingly low cost. When one tired of English roast beef, or boiled mutton and greens, there was always to be had the mysterious dishes of the Orient, such as pilaf, the ragout, the goulash and the vol au vent, or a dish of snails, served with wines of acrid taste, or heavy body as one might choose. There were dozens of various sorts of cheeses too, soft and mushy, or hard and crumbly, the very names of which were as mysterious as their flavors.

Here on the streets one could buy anything from a ha'penny's worth of eels stewed in sharp biting vinegar, to the very latest mode in French millinery out of the barrows that lined the way. Turbaned Turks sold the perspiring sweetmeat called "Turkish Delight" by the wayside, to heavy, dark, black-browed women wearing great golden hoop earrings. Slatternly females with shawls covering their heads eagerly bought "winkles" by the pailful, and bareheaded Italian women clad in shawls of bright solferino and green, and yellow skirts and bodices bought great strings of red peppers and ropes

Piccadilly Circus

[illegible] suited to your apparent quality and ability to pay. Here one could barter, taste and [illegible] without haste to his heart's content. All about [illegible] strangely [illegible] characters, denoting [illegible] of [illegible] astonishingly [illegible]. When one tired of [illegible] roast beef or boiled mutton and greens, there was always to be had the mysterious dishes of the Orient, such as pilaf, the ragout, the goulash and the vol au vent, or a dish of snails, served with wines of acrid taste, or heavy [illegible] crumbly, the very names of which were as mysterious as [illegible].

Here on the streets one could buy anything from a halpenny's worth of eels stewed in sharp biting vinegar to the very latest mode in French millinery out of the barrows that lined the way. Turbaned Turks sold the [illegible] rings of red peppers and [illegible]

Piccadilly Circus

of onions. All about pandemonium raged, and over all fell the soot of London in a fine peppery powder.

There were cart loads of china vases, rat traps, and fried fish and there was sausage in strings, literally by the mile. The denizens of Soho were not gourmets, but they may have been gourmands—when they had the means. There were restaurants of all degrees save the best, and the food served in them seemed to be good and abundant, even if it was not of the first class, and the charges in some places was the same as in Piccadilly, even though there was less of what is called style. The Patron would take your order impressively, and usually he was in dress coat and a more or less white shirt front. Madame who presided at the slide in the wall would call out the items to the lower regions, and the efficient daughter would later carry the dishes to one's table in triumph, having an eye to the final tip, which had already been calculated, and it were well that it should be a generous one, or beware of going there again. Should it be after hours no beer could be had, on account of the hated D. O. R. A. (Defense of the Realm Act) which prohibits the sale of liquor at certain hours each day. Unless one specified otherwise one's drink was brought in a tankard, of which one might well beware. I noted patrons had theirs in bottles, and ordered accordingly. During the dinner it was the custom for Madame to approach one's table and inquire with beaming smiles of

good humour if one enjoyed the fare, and to make further recommendations concerning invariably the most expensive dish on the menu.

And now this is all to be done away with. Bohemia must betake itself elsewhere. These quaint cafés are to close their doors; shutters will cover the dingy windows; down will come the signs in many languages and the heavy crimson curtains will be folded up and removed. The murky mysterious little shops will disappear, for London has need of the space occupied by quaint little Soho. Gone forever will be the Italian green groceries beloved by artists, and once so gay and symphonic with festoons of pale green spinach and scarlet pimento. Gone will be the array of bottles of deep rose, violet and green colored liquors on the counters of the wine cellars, and the fat ivory elephants and gleaming brasses of Benares will no longer charm the eye and itch the fingers of the wanderer in search of the curious and the quaint.

London of To-day

OLD London is continually being made new. The great system of new docks, of which the one just finished (1921) and opened by the King with great ceremony is the largest, is significant of the development of modern London. And now it is announced that the hoary old Bank of England is no longer adequate, and is to be rebuilt on lines of great architectural beauty. The old lady of Threadneedle Street is too cramped for the business that is constantly increasing and it is stated that for the first time in its history the bank has been forced to hire outside quarters in Lombard Street, London Wall, Prince's Street and Moorgate. The centralization of the bank's increasing activities urgently requires far greater space. The city of London technically is enclosed in the space of one square mile. In this congested space are now some nineteen ancient churches beloved by antiquarians and unrivaled for architectural grace and beauty. These are to be demolished for the reason that "they no longer fulfill the purpose for which they were built," so states the report of the commission appointed by the Bishop of London, in making

the recommendation for their demolition, and the proceeds of the sale of the sites which they now occupy "would enable much needed churches to be built in the suburbs and elsewhere." Valuable as these sites are for business buildings, the proposal is iconoclastic, and lovers of London of the past will deplore and regret their disappearance, constituting as they do a picturesque link with the mediæval past. Many ancient statues that adorn the squares and, in the language of the report, "now obstruct the streets, and do not justify the space they occupy" are to be removed. Some of these will not be regretted. That of George III, at the entrance of Pall Mall, and the figure of William IV, "which has impeded traffic on the north end of London Bridge for more than eighty years will be removed, because they, furthermore, have no place in the affections of the people."

Behind the Royal Exchange the scheme of widening the roadway will necessitate the removal of the figure of Sir Rowland Hill, and the newspapers express regret that "the hideous embodiment of early Victorian taste in art, the Albert Memorial," is not included in the plans of demolition.

It is felt that there is an urgent call for statues of men and women of the present day, such as Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher. Those of the first two are to be placed near the War Office, and that of Lord Fisher is to be placed near the Admiralty. Before

the Horse Guards is now a fine statue of Lord Wolseley, and lately an imposing statue of the heroic nurse Edith Cavell has been unveiled with touching ceremony. The great cenotaph erected to Britain's immortal dead in the great world war is splendidly representative of the homage of the people.

Along the Thames embankment, beloved by artists, there are a number of monuments, of which the latest, a gift from the Belgian people, and the work of the master sculptor of Belgium, is acclaimed as one of the three best outdoor monuments in London, the other two being the splendid group by Rodin, depicting the burghers of Calais in the gardens of Victoria Tower, and the noble figure of Lincoln by our own Saint Gaudens, in Parliament Square.

On the embankment, the Belgian memorial is the only work that is purely imaginative and symbolic in character. To M. Victor Rousseau, whose figures of Justice and Honor, carved in low relief on the "tableture," are a splendid decorative accompaniment to the central figures of the group in bronze, one must render deserved homage. He has succeeded in surrounding his work with poetic glamour, suggesting the quenchless, undaunted spirit of a noble race, and all this without the least evidence of the sufferings of war.

Rousseau is an imaginative and creative idealist, and his great group on the embankment fulfills the highest

functions of a monument, a humanizing and uplifting influence upon the public.

From Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens, Savile Row, in a sort of byway, is a unique group of buildings of historic interest known as Albany, associated with a most brilliant assemblage of illustrious names beginning with Lord Macaulay, who certainly outshines in luster all the celebrities who have dwelt there. Albany is, it may be explained to those who are not familiar with its history or associations, a glorified sort of "flat" house consisting of sixty suites of apartments, not however of the usual sort, for each of the suites enjoys most unusual privacy.

It may be qualified as a conglomeration of freeholds, each of which enjoys powers of government over the whole. There is one dominating limitation, i. e., that it shall forever remain an Adamless Eden. Otherwise there could be none of that solid security enjoyed by the owners and their heirs and assigns for over a century. These freeholds are an anomaly in that they have no more "grounding" than the staircase. Yet the arrangement works so well that throughout its long history there has never been a disagreement between owners, nor has the place known of any downstairs occupant ever disturbing the occupant above by undue noise, or the maintenance of any sort of nuisance; an extraordinary fact.

Albany was, it is said, planned and built about 1770 by Sir William Chambers, a prominent and most fash-

ionable architect of that day, for the residence of the first Viscount Melbourne, who lived in it for more than twenty years, finally exchanging it for a house in Whitehall belonging to Frederick Duke of York, one of the very dull sons of King George, who was at home nowhere save in a stable or taproom. This royal scapegrace gave it over within the year to Coutts's Bank on a mortgage and would have been put in the debtor's prison, but that Fate intervened and he was instead elevated, in effigy, to the top of the stone column in Waterloo Place, as a celebrated wit of the day remarked dryly, "a providential arrangement to put him out of reach of his creditors."

Albany was then taken over by a group of speculative men, who paid the bank $200,000 for it, and altered the building into fourteen suites of chambers, which since then have been increased as occasion warranted. Great care was taken to retain the splendid decorative features of the ancient house, especially the magnificent painted ceilings by the painter Cipriani, which are still in excellent condition. The astute proprietarial group after making an exhaustive study of the conditions, solved the difficulty of maintenance by adopting a semi-institutional system under the competent "maître d'hôtel," with a culinary department, for which the initial outlay for napery, cutlery and silver was something over $10,000. The enterprise is said to be an entire success artistically

and financially. In spite of its one hundred and forty-five years of existence under various owners, Macaulay is still its exalted patron saint. Trevelyan in his life of Macaulay records the joy of the historian upon entering into his occupancy of these luxuriously quiet and retired quarters, which permitted him to steep himself in learning, and "sport his oak" at his convenience ("enjoy his privacy"). Trevelyan's (so-called) block in the house was E. I., and he described it as giving him "a sort of life suited to my taste." His apartment consisted of two bedrooms with a hallway, a kitchen and pantry and a cellar, together with unlimited privacy and quietude, and as well, a nearness to everybody and everything he cared about, including the British Museum, and all for the trifling sum of $450 a year. Here in these rooms he wrote many of his essays, his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and his celebrated history.

Many great men have lived at Albany such as Gladstone, George Canning, Charles Napier, Sir William Gell, who was a great surgeon, and a long list of celebrated playrights and actors have here studied and rehearsed their parts, to mention only a few—Beerbohm Tree, the late Arthur Lewis Waller, Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Squire Bancroft, the sole survivor of a great era of the state, who occupies the "block" in what was the original mansion.

Albany passed through its baptism of fire in the great

world war, and proudly exhibits its wound suffered through the bomb dropped upon its roof during a raid by the Germans on the night of September 24th, 1917. The roof of Albany is covered with the fine old slates put on the original roof over one hundred and forty-four years ago. Some of the shrapnel dropped damaged *one* of these slates. It was doubted that this damaged slate could ever be replaced, but as many of the fragments as could be found were carefully cemented together, and the hole was covered in a manner in keeping with the rest, to the manifest relief of the anxious Albanians. The fact is suitably described, engrossed, framed and hung in a conspicuous place in the unique institution.

London's famous thoroughfares are being improved and developed. The so-called "bottleneck" of Piccadilly where it enters the circus is to be demolished and the street widened. Already Regent Street is being entirely rebuilt, and this will proceed as the crown leases lapse. Bloomsbury which is becoming more and more a business center is being reconstructed and even in St. James Square, long a most aristocratic residential quarter, clubs and palatial business buildings are taking the place of family mansions. Vernon House in Park Place, St. James, the beautiful home of the Hillingdons, has been sold to an "overseas club," leases of crown property on the Regents Park estate are expiring, and new and en-

tirely modern buildings will soon occupy the sites.

The splendid Kingsway and Aldwych schemes are now nearing completion, and the gigantic imposing building now under course of erection on the island site facing the Strand will soon be finished. No longer the foot weary pedestrian pauses to admire the spring flowers which each summer sprang up in this long vacant space in the heart of the city. The palatial new headquarters of the London County Council on the south side of the Thames adjoining Westminster Bridge will soon be ready for occupancy, and the long deferred scheme for widening the Strand between Wellington Street and Savoy buildings is now in hand. Splendid new government offices are to be erected between the Strand and Waterloo Bridge to house the Staff of the Duchy of Lancaster, and on the site of Terry's Theater a huge restaurant is to be built.

Thus the face of London is altering fast, and for the better so far as modernity is concerned. But there remain certain features that only age can remove or crumble into ruins, such as Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Guild-hall and some other ancient and beloved shrines, perpetual unchanging monuments to London's glorious history.

America has presented to Great Britain the busts of Washington and the memorials of Lincoln, which have been unveiled in St. Paul's with most impressive cere-

monies. Thousands have gone to the Cathedral to admire the bust of Washington. It was intended to give memorials of Abraham Lincoln to Norwich Cathedral at this time, for Norwich is in the midst of the Lincoln ancestral locality, and also to the City of Birmingham as a token of American regard for John Bright, liberal leader and friend of the American Union. These however are to be presented next year (1922). "As a return compliment and in acknowledgment of these American gifts, the British "Sulgrave," through the generosity of Sir. Charles Wakefield, twice Lord Mayor of London and the Honorable Treasurer of the British Sulgrave, will give to the people of America memorials of Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham, the true and consistent friends of the American colonists throughout their rebellion against Britain's "German" King. The memorial to Chatham has been offered to and will be accepted by the City of Pittsburgh, and that of Burke will be given to the American people for erection in the City of Washington.

London is a Janus-headed metropolis, and both old and new; old as its Roman remains, and as new as its splendid Bush Terminal in Kingsway. London is in process of being made over anew, not only by the force of its dominions, but as well by the power of its American business interests, which are exerting a tremendous influence over established British conservatism. The

British have discovered that while the Americans recognize tradition, they seldom accept it. The Briton, while admiring modern methods, is slow in adandoning established form. For instance, Admiral Sims relates an instance of one of his encounters with traditional form. While in London attending an important conference of Naval Fleet commanders, a messenger handed a letter to the Chairman written entirely by hand from a British Admiral, and in altogether undecipherable penmanship. The Chairman interrupted the proceedings, and in vain endeavored to master its contents. After some moments and with some embarrassment he handed the letter to Admiral Sims, asking him if he could read it; but the Admiral could make little or nothing of it and demanded in his blunt straightforward way why a business communication of importance was not typewritten. Whereupon the British Admiral replied with great dignity, "Sir, in the British Navy, equals never correspond with equals on a typewriter."

This incident quite typifies the conflict between British tradition and the modernity of American enterprise, which is more and more in evidence since the end of the great world war, and which is making such a tremendous imprint upon not only governmental but also commercial affairs throughout London, and which is more pronounced to-day than at any time in the history of Anglo-American affairs. The American business man's meth-

ods of putting what he calls "pep" into trade and cutting away the bonds of tradition in diplomacy, thereby increasing the power of coöperation, is felt and acknowledged freely by all, save the old fogys, who continue to wear their insular goggles. London is no longer to the American merely a tourists' resort. It has become the G. H. Q. of great commercial interests covering the British Empire, and as well the continent of Europe,—as Brand Whitlock said in a notable speech, not only "the center of the world, but the center of a man's world."

To-day we find London not merely a vacation stopping-over place, but the all important clearing house of the world's industries, where the leading corporations and business interests of the United States are represented by their most efficient officers. It is the work of these men which is responsible for the great modern Americanization of the city. By this is not meant that London is being Americanized physically—far from it. Such could not be. St. Paul's and Westminster will always dominate as a feast to the eye, and well be it so. The American movement is to gain by honorable competition in business, and professional and diplomatic negotiations an equal share at least of the rights of enterprise in the resources of the world. The great world war has brought about a healthy reaction from worn out methods of business and diplomacy. The eyes of Great Britain are opened in better understanding and appreciа-

tion of the people of the United States, and a deeper desire for a more general and mutual understanding between the peoples of the two nations.

The founding in London in July, 1919, of a typical American club in Piccadilly by a number of influential Americans has contributed largely to this better understanding, and the Club is operated on American lines and methods, for the members sign checks and pay the bills at the end of each month. In London clubs where tradition rules this is never permitted; the custom is to pay cash at the time of ordering, even for a cigarette or a box of matches. Such small innovations as these prove constant wedges in splitting apart the conservative logs of old fogyism, and there are at least two other prominent American clubs which are in flourishing condition —the American Luncheon Club and that of the American Society, which have inaugurated Friday luncheons as functions, at which prominent speakers address the members upon topics of interest. There are also others, such as the Pilgrims, the English Speaking Union, and the American Golfing Society, of importance in Anglo-American affairs, and a new American Country Club is to be built at one of the golf courses, due to the demand of the American devotees of the great game. Through these associations, in coöperation with the British sportsmen, through the polo matches, international tennis and golf matches, through intercollegiate sport and through

constant increasing good will and business contact, the Anglo-American relations are being builded upon a more solid foundation than mere kinship. Reflection proves that all the talk about "hands across the sea" is lacking in reality and genuineness. Every one knows "down deep" that the British and the Americans do not love each other; Admiral Sims in his delightfully frank speech at the Pilgrims' dinner, said: "The American thinks that the United States is God's country, and he is willing to listen to the statements of the Frenchman and the Italian that their countries are the greatest in the world, but the Englishman takes it for granted that you know he is head and shoulders above every one else."

He found the line of demarcation in London to be as great between affairs British and American, as the difference between the British and the Scotch, and cited Dr. Johnson's affirmation that "the finest thing in Scotland was the road leading from Edinburgh to London," a belief controverted by the Scotch who maintain that were it not for the Scotch business men in London the city would long since have ceased to exist as a commercial center. He furthermore elsewhere voices his opinion that one of the chief reasons for the misunderstandings between our country and Great Britain is the fact that "both people speak something of the same language, but do not think in the same terms."

It has often been urged that the English cannot un-

derstand the American form of humor. To test this statement the writer on one occasion when traveling from Dover to London in a second-class railway carriage, after having broken the ice with one of the most intelligent looking of the company who sat next to him, tried his fellow traveler's sense of humor with the following:

"Two English soldiers, who were of an ingenious turn of mind, went into a restaurant in London and said to the waiter, 'We want Turkey with Greece.'

The waiter replied, 'Sorry, sirs, but we cannot Servia.'

'Well, then, get the Bosphorus.'

The Boss when he came in and heard the order, said, 'I don't want to Russia, but you cannot Roumania.' So the two soldiers went away Hungary."

My fellow traveler listened with evident mystification, and remained for a moment in deep thought, then all at once brightening he exclaimed, "Ha! A most curious story, showing plainly that these British soldiers were certainly very bright mentally, and, as you might say, observant,—but plainly they were uneducated—quite so—their coupling of countries so far apart geographically, as for instance Russia and Greece. This showed great ignorance on their part. The proprietor too belonged in the same class, for he should have said, of course, that they went away *to* Hungary. Then the story would be quite comprehensible."

The writer then tried another.

"A young lad applied for a job in a butcher shop, asking, 'How much wages will you give me?'

'Three dollars a week,' said the butcher. 'But what can you do in a butcher shop to make yourself of use?—Can you dress a chicken?'

'Not on three dollars a week,' answered the boy."

"Three dollars," said my fellow traveler. "That is less than fifteen shillings, English money." Then after another interval of deep thought, during which he speculatively eyed me, he said triumphantly, "Haw! I see the point, and certainly that is an excellent American joke. Of course—plainly—the work was too hard for the boy and the wages too low, but by diligence he might later on have achieved a larger salary, might he not?"

The American in London is impressed by the reverence and loyalty of the Briton for the King, whose personality never fails to interest the people from the very highest to the lowest, and who never let pass an opportunity to express their loyalty and affection for him. At all hours of the day knots of people may be seen gathered before the gates of Buckingham Palace staring up at the windows, and waiting for a chance view of the monarch or some members of the Royal family. When the gates swing open for the passage of a carriage or an automobile a crowd quickly gathers and there is much pushing and jostling for a place of advantage. This attitude of the people shows that in spite of the progress

of republicanism, they have not tired of royalty,—that in spite of the centuries of kings, England has never allowed the glamour of royalty to become dim or tarnished. Simple announcement that the King is to enter or depart from the palace is sufficient to draw a great crowd in the streets, and the visit of a foreign Prince or an Ambassador from another country to the Palace is often made the occasion for a holiday. All of which the American views with mingled feelings of surprise and mild amusement. It is incomprehensible to him. It is only the veteran traveler who can understand this intense loyalty of the Briton for the ruler, his reverence for class distinction and his deeply rooted regard for established form, law and order.

London in holiday mood is a revelation to the newly arrived American. The streets are gayly dressed with flags and through the crowded ways pass hundreds of magnificently mounted royal guards, in red coats with much gold bullion and great bearskin shakos, or ancient looking plumed head gear. The streets about the palace are patroled by resplendent guards and sentinels of impressive stature and serious mein, their eyes fixed apparently upon nothing and their square chins rigidly held by brass mounted chin straps. The color note is vivid scarlet and gold—against a background of smoky gray. Bayonets of gleaming steel flash here and there,

and the whole scene is unreal and theatrical in the extreme to the Yankee eye. Strange also to the visitor are the tall slender wooden peaked sentinel boxes, all about, into which the solemn soldier retreats when it rains, which indeed is very often, and there remains rigidly standing at attention. But he would better restrain any manifestation of his amusement at the sight. The Londoner takes it all very seriously an dwill not hesitate forcibly to resent anything like what we in the great free United States call "joshing." This is all a part of their beloved tradition, what we might style their "Great Show."

We call the English a dull and conservative people. Yet one is forced to concede that it would indeed require a far greater and more popular President than we have ever yet had to draw forth from our people a tithe of the spontaneous cheers of enthusiasm evoked by the appearance of George V, King of England.

In America we stand and gaze phlegmatically at our President, and we bare our heads as the colors pass. We give our soldiers hearty cheers. In England they hail the King with deep throated loyalty and enthusiasm. The cheers are full of feeling. The sound rises and falls like the deep diapason of a great organ. Again and again it rises and falls with the deepest meaning. Thus the King comes, and goes. The people see in him the personification of their idea. They ask no more, and

they disperse without giving the ever courteous "bobby" overmuch trouble. And the American, thinking it over, comes to the conclusion that although it may be childish —somewhat—it is nevertheless different from anything he has been accustomed to, and certainly it is not without charm.

The Savoy

THE name is identified with a small strip of land lying between the seething crowded Strand and the Thames. A queer bit of obscurity and antiquity, flotsam like, thrown up by the tide and heedlessly left to itself in the restless ebb and flow of humanity that sweeps into the city each morning and departs at night. Surrounded with that deep diapason of unceasing noise which Lowell called "the roaring boom of time," it drowns peacefully in almost oblivion. One turns down a narrow street to the right of the Strand, and all at once finds oneself transported from noise and bustle of crowded thoroughfare to the peaceful quiet of a sunny ancient churchyard. Here are arrays of old gray tombstones, half hidden from the street by great lilac bushes, and a wondrous grove of "plane-trees," over which is the half revealed tower and walls of an ancient moss-grown church. The open view is towards the wide sparkling waters of the teeming river and the great embankment, with the towers of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey dim in the violet haze that

rises over the city. London mists, to the painter, are ever beautiful, whether they be sooty or not. Wordsworth describes the view:

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair:
> Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty;
> The city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning."

One is completely out of the world here, although on the very skirt and hem of it. In this quiet, peaceful deserted spot on the site of the surrounding great warehouses, once stood the wonderful and famed Savoy Palace, built by Peter, the brother of Archbishop Boniface who was uncle of Eleanor of Provence the wife of Henry III. The sovereign occupied it when he visited Eleanor, and it was famed for its court and the artists, poets, princes and bishops of the church who thronged it after the marriage. Those who are curious as to the details of its history, which is most fascinating, may consult Froissart, who says of it, "The King, Queen and Princes of blood, and all the nobles of England are exceedingly concerned."

The Savoy too was the residence of John of Gaunt (Ghent) and here the poet Chaucer was married to Phillipa de Ruet, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Lancaster, the sister of Catherine Swyneford, second wife of the Duke.

THE SAVOY

Stowe says "The house of the Savoy. . . . There was none in the realm to be compared in beauty and statelinesse." The place was burnt by Wat Tyler's rebels in revenge for the Duke's protection of Wickliffe's supporters. It is said that thirty-two of Tyler's soldiers who were drinking and carousing in the cellars were walled in by the Duke's men, and were heard crying and calling for help for "seven daies after, but none came to helpe them out till they were dead." But in the end the soldiers were victorious, for we read further—"They straite ran thither (to the palace) and setting fire on it round about applied their travell to destroy that place, and that it might appear to the commonaltie that they did not anything for avarice, they caused to be proclaymed that none should presume to converte to his own use, upon pains to lose his head, anie thing that there was, but that they should break such plate and vessel of gold and silver as there was in great plentie, into small peeces and throwe the same into the Thamis. And so," concludes Stowe, "was all whatsoever destroyed."

The flight of Duke John of Gaunt and the burning of the Savoy is to be found in Hardynge's Chronicle, which begins, "The commons brent the Savoy a place fayre, for evill wyll unto Duke John." The palace was never restored for occupation as such. Henry VII made it into a hospital called after John the Baptist and handsomely endowed it in his will, and it was so occupied until

the reign of Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth again suppressed it. It was celebrated during the Restoration as the meeting place of the conference in the revision of the Liturgy when twelve bishops of the Church of England met twelve nonconformists in solemn discussion. Dr. Johnson pronounced the reformed liturgy by Richard Baxter to be "one of the finest compositions of the ritual kind which he had ever seen."

The old Savoy certainly has undergone much vicissitude. Many tragic faces have gazed from its windows and many historic figures have trodden its dusty halls. At one time and another during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it has sheltered a colony of French protestant workmen. It has been a Jesuit college; a German Lutheran Church; a French church; a Quaker meeting house; a soldiers' barracks; a deserters' prison and a King's printing house. It then fell into disrepute and the dark noisome alleys and lanes round about it were thronged with rogues and thieves, so that decent people shunned it.

Macaulay wrote of it—"The Bog of Allen, the passes of the Grampians, were not more unsafe than this small knot of lanes, surrounded by the mansions of the greatest nobles of a flourishing and enlightened kingdom." This was one hundred and sixty years ago. The tumbledown barracks and squalid tenements had been populated by the waifs and criminals of the town, who paid no

rent and resisted the law. At length it became a scandal and the authorities moved by the protests of the people evicted the horde of rascals and beggars and demolished the tenements, which were then remodeled, rebuilt and let to respectable workmen and their families. It was here that the notorious John Wilkinson performed his "easy marriages—more than one thousand a year," says the record. His fees made him wealthy, and the "Savoy marriages" became as notorious as the "Fleet marriages."

In the *Public Advertiser* of January 2nd, 1754, appeared the following:

"By authority, marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency and regularity, at the ancient Royal Chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred years and upwards) to this day. The expense not more than one guinea, the five shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel and two by water."

Wilkinson's activities were brought to an end by Garrick's action in one of these scandalous ceremonies, and resulted in his trial and sentence to transportation to a penal colony and fifteen years' imprisonment.

What remained of the ancient palace of Savoy was demolished when Waterloo Bridge was constructed, so

that the quaint old church is now all that remains.

Originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist it was named St. Mary-le-Savoy, and was the chapel of King Henry's hospital. Its low, squat belfry is of the order of architecture known as "perpendicular." The interior is very rich in color, but the only tomb that remains is that of Lady Dalhousie, with a small figure from her monument, and there is a most interesting "brass" of the Bishop of Dunkeld, Gavin Douglass, Son of Lord Archibald-Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, who in "Marmion" celebrated the wedding of De Wilton and Clare:

> "A Bishop at the altar stood,
> A noble Lord of Douglas blood,
> With mitre sheen, and roquet white,
> Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
> But little pride of prelacy;
> More pleased than in a barbarous age,
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
> Than that beneath his rule he held
> The Bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Above the quaint old baptismal font hangs a faded, dim oil painting, which, the custode explains, is the central panel of a triptych painted by a Fleming for the chapel in the fifteenth century which has a history, but he could not say much more about it when asked the name of the painter.

Aubrey relates that among other famous people interred beneath the flooring "and within the east door of

Chapel of the Savoy

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Chapel of the
Savoy -

the Church, was the poet George Wither, who is best remembered for the poem beginning.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

This poet was a most prolific writer, whose "The Matchless Orinta" and "The Shepherd's Hunting" are next best known after the first mentioned.

In the vault of the chapel is buried the remains of Dr. Archibald Cameron, who was connected with the rebellion in '45, tried in London and sentenced to be executed publicly.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753, the scene of the execution is graphically described:

"The doctor was dressed in a light colored coat, red waistcoat and breeches and a new bag-wig. He looked at the officers with an undaunted and composed countenance, and soon as he was unloosed from the sledge, he started up, and with a heroick deportment, stept up into the cart by the help of the executioners, whence looking around with unconcern on all the apparatus of death, he smiled, and seeing the clergyman that attended him coming up the steps he came forward with his fettered hands to meet him and saying, 'so—are you come? This is a glorious day to me. 'Tis my new birthday. There are more witnesses at this birth than were at my first.' The clergyman asked him how he did. 'Thank God, I am

very well, but a little fatigued with my journey.' (They had been over three hours coming from the Tower to Tyburn.) 'But blessed be God, I am now come to an end of it.'

"There was much delay in the horrible preparations—delay enough to petrify the stoutest heart, but Cameron kept up bravely. His words to the Sheriff show him in anything but the light of a traitor and a rebel. 'Sir, you see a fellow subject just going to pay his last debt. I, the more cheerfully, resign my life as it is taken from me for doing my duty according to my conscience. I freely forgive all my enemies, and those who are instrumental in taking away my life. I thank God I die in charity with all mankind. As to my religion, I die a steadfast, though unworthy, member of that Church in which I have always lived, the Church of England, in whose communion I hope, through the merits of my blessed Saviour, for forgiveness of my sins, for which I am heartily sorry." . . . Turning to the clergyman he said, 'I have done with this world, and I am ready to leave it.' And so he died, like a man, a Christian and a gentleman."

A window on the east side of the chapel is dedicated to his memory.

Dickens loved well these quiet gardens which surround the old chapel, and to-day this charming secluded spot with its wealth of old trees and velvety sward is

hemmed in by great buildings, and quite forgotten by the city; and so one hopes it may remain. At its foot a teeming, swirling river craft laden; above is the noisy brawl of the sordid Strand; on either hand are high brick walls of ugliness, darkness and poverty, huge bridges and viaducts and toil and grime. What wonder that Thackeray and Dickens both loved it, and wrote of it.

The Thames, and the Haunts of Dickens

THE complete absence of architectural design and the baldness of construction in the towers of our own East River bridges has often been the subject of adverse criticism, and while it may be admitted that there is reason for it, from the æsthetic viewpoint, the utilitarian's argument has the greater weight. European engineers admire our great bridges and viaducts, pronouncing them well nigh faultless. The painter and the poet, however, can see little in them to admire. The Campanile-like towers of the older East River bridge with their lace-like steel webs, have never yet touched poet's muse, nor strange to say has our far-famed jagged sky-line of towering skyscrapers found a responsive and recording bard. No really great poem has been written about our wondrous Hudson, or inspired by our winding East River's great steel bridges. The Thames on the contrary has been the fruitful theme of centuries of poets whose names are so well-known that they need not be even mentioned here.

The magnificent and artistically designed Tower Bridge over the Thames is most certainly a great contrast to our severely plain constructions of stone and steel. The foundation was laid in June, 1886 from designs made in 1878 by Sir. Horace Jones, which, however, were much modified by John Wolfe Barry. The bridge was opened in 1894. Gabriel Mourcy calls it "superbly balanced, harmonious, without exaggeration or emphasis—sober architecture . . . with that clearness which is the hallmark of everything English." It certainly deserves this qualification.

The Tower Bridge is built on severely simple lines, and is most harmonious with its surroundings. It is superbly balanced architecturally and dominates the landscape with satisfying completeness, so that one cannot imagine the locality without the two great warm gray towers, somber and powerful against the misty sky, and the seething background of busy quays and docks, belching chimneys and festooned masts of the shipping. These great Gothic towers rising from the bed of the Thames are approached through embattlemented archways on both shores, the spanning bridgeways between them being nearly three hundred feet long, with roadways wide enough to accommodate four lines of vehicular traffic. The bases of each of the towers is occupied by the machinery which operates the central span or lift. This lift is composed of two "leaves," each of which is

raised or lowered like a drawbridge but by means of a great counterpoise. The weight of each "leaf" is said to be 1200 tons, and this enormous mass is moved by hydraulic pressure from levers in a chamber in the tower. When the leaves are raised the platform ascends to a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the river, allowing pedestrians to pass to and fro with little interruption.

Following the line of the river to the Tower is the long line of upper and lower Thames street. Narrow, dark and damp as it is, it forms one of the great historic streets of the city, and is the center of turmoil and commercial industry, lined on either hand with huge dark warehouses, with cavernous openings all hung with immense cranes and rattling chains raising and lowering bales and crates of merchandise, with the shouts and orders of the laborers and the stamping of the iron shod hoofs of the teams of heavy Flemish horses drawing the drays. This is certainly no place for the lingerer; all is bustle and activity. Wandering along one gets an occasional glimpse of the shining river between the heavy warehouse walls, and all about are tarry odors of hemp and cordage; of vinegar and spices; of wine and brandy and tobacco. Beyond one sees the custom house with its wide quay from which one has a splendid view of the river and London Bridge, which is adorned by those strange looking boats called "Dutch crawls" with their

beautifully tanned and colored sails. It is said that the poet Cowper came here one day in one of his fits of despondency and melancholia to drown himself, but he was prevented by "a porter who was seated upon some bales of goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me." (Southey's Cowper.)

Here one finds Billingsgate, "the Esculine gate of London," which name is said to be derived from an ancient British King, Belin, who in A. D. 400 built a water gate here, to which the fishwomen thronged, and it has remained for centuries London's fishmarket. Here all fish "except salmon" (which is sold by weight), is sold by the "tale" or piece. The scene is amusing and picturesque, and it may be as often claimed that the elocutionary efforts of the fish women are sometimes worth while, but the present writer to his great regret did not hear from them any sort of language out of the ordinary.

Many changes have taken place in and about Billingsgate since Pope (in the Dunciad) wrote:

> "There Stript, fair Rhetoric languished on the ground;
> Her blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
> And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn."

At Billingsgate one may enjoy a typical luncheon in comfort at the tavern called the "Three Tuns," for an astonishingly small sum of money, but the gentler sex are neither welcomed nor made comfortable.

In the new construction of the market use has been made of the long Custom House quay as an adjunct, to build in front of that quay a wharf out upon the river, and from the wharf jetties in the stream. Along these a dozen or so fish carriers or trawlers can unload at one time, the fish being sold on the spot where landed and distributed direct. The quay to-day is now a pleasant promenade.

For more than six centuries it has been a public market, as proved by documents bearing the date of 1297, and it has, it is gravely stated, "always moved with the times," whatever that may mean.

The most vivid impression of the city is gained from the river side. De Quincy called it, "great, mighty and terrible," as it appeared to him from one of the windows of the houses overhanging London Bridge. To see it in all its vastness and impressiveness, one should take a penny boat from Westminster Bridge and descend the river, debarking at London Bridge. This will give a lasting and vivid picture of the life and movement of the river and its character. One threads a course of the swift current among the lines of heavily laden barges; beneath great iron girdered railway bridges, passing under heavy stone viaducts covered with traffic. The banks are lined with somber warehouses and topped by tall chimneys belching smoke. There are church towers by the hundred, all dominated by that of St. Paul's.

There is the magnificent embankment with the impressive façade of Somerset House; misty lines of trees; weather stained low buildings, from which rise the great mellow toned palaces of the shore line. It is the living marvel of the very highest human achievement, marvelous not only for itself, but for all of the results of time and civilization which it holds. It was "the thing" in olden times to "shoot the bridge to Westminster," coming down upon the tide from Gravesend. Before the nineteenth century except for London Bridge there was no other crossing the river. We are told too that coaches were not in use until the seventeenth century, when one was brought from Holland, to the dismay and anger of the Guild of Boatmen who had a monopoly of traffic, and who complained bitterly to the King that their business was being ruined by the coaches, "which do utterly ruinate yr petitioners." Whereupon the King limited their number and formed them into a corporation which he taxed in the sum of one hundred pounds a year.

The Watermen or Boatmen came upon other troubles thereafter, for Prince Charles and his court brought back with them from Spain a number of sedan chairs, "whereat their fury broke forth again over this new injury." But in spite of their proclamation against these vehicles, they soon became popular and so remained a feature of the streets of London for more than a century and a half. The poet Gray liked them not for he says:

"Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
Or, boxed within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet;
Still let me walk."

He would have neither. Of the two, one would think that the roomy boat on the river with its twain of hearty looking strong armed men were preferable, for certainly there is more of romance on the running stream of which the poets of all ages have sung, both before and after Pepys the chronicler, who loved to sup well and afterwards "take Knip, or another, for a moonlight row on the Thames."

And one remembers well an occasion when, our dinner finished and conversation lagging, our host took us out on the terrace for coffee. A low light of the departed sun lingered in the west, and the long lines of lighted lamps on the embankment across the river were twinkling. Over Westminster Bridge the passing tramcars were alight, passing and repassing like unto some theatrical set. The great terrace was only dimly lighted by gas lamps, but the dull light was certainly more pleasant than the electricity now used; more in keeping certainly with the mystery of the great river flowing by. In the space on the terrace were many groups of ladies sitting at the tables, and one remembers the tinkling laughter and the well-bred conversation over the events of the afternoon after the debate in the Chamber above, and the

London Bridge

London Bridge

London Bridge

great speech of Balfour which has since been recorded in the history of 1912.

In the olden days it was "the thing" to go down by boat for a whitebait dinner on the river at Blackwall or Greenwich. Newnham Davis records the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, Nov. 10, 1835. "Yesterday the Cabinet Ministers went down the river in the ordnance barges to Lovegrove's West India Dock Tavern, Blackwall, to partake of their annual fish dinner. Covers were laid for thirty-five gentlemen."

The intense rivalry between the two Greenwich taverns, the Trafalgar and the Ship, is a thing of the past. The Ship tavern still remains, and it is still possible to get a good whitebait dinner there amid quaint surroundings which will charm any one who takes the trip down the river. The whitebait is certainly good, the whiting pudding served is delicious; the omelet capital and the charges very reasonable and all served by a plump waiter whose manners are so perfect that one willingly adds another shilling to his expected tip.

The river is rich in its association with the works of Dickens, as his admirers well know, and one is well repaid by visiting the various localities which he so vividly described, and which despite the encroachments and "improvements" still remain much as they were when "Oliver Twist" was published, more than eighty years ago. On the left hand side of London Bridge next to the old

Bridge House Hotel is a flight of worn stone steps leading down to the river, and this is the spot so minutely described in the story, where Nancy met Rose Mayhew and Mr. Brownlow on that dark blustery night. One would not care to go there now at night, even if accompanied by a trusty "bobby," for the lower steps are slimy with river ooze and unsafe even in broad daylight, such is the gloom and depth of shadow from the structure of the great bridge.

Standing beneath the arch at night as Noah Claypole stood in the story, one hears little above the lapping of the tide against the stones, save the low rumble of belated traffic above on the bridge, punctuated by the clang of distant bells chiming the hour. Thus the scene is vividly brought before one.

A little farther on was situated Overman's Almshouse, since demolished, where David Copperfield was brought by one of the masters of Salem House on his journey from Suffolk.

"We went on through a great noise and uproar that confused my weary brain," he wrote, "and over a bridge which no doubt was London Bridge, until we came to the poor persons' house, which was part of some almshouses." It was here that David slept, and in the morning ate his egg and slice of bacon, and his bowl of milk served by one of the old ladies, while the inimitable Mr. Mell made dismal sounds on a flute, to the intense appreciation of

The Thames Embankment and Somerset House

[illegible] worn stone steps lead-
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"W[illegible] on through a great noise [illegible]
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It was he[illegible] David [illegible]
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[illegible]

The Thames Embankment
and
Somerset House.
George Clarkson Edwards.

Mrs. Fibbilson and his mother. And if you are so minded you may find not far away from this the Borough Market where the dissolute Ben Allen sounded his double knocks on the office door, and in the intervals through the dark hours of the night dozed off on the door-step under the impression that he was at home and had mislaid his key. The earlier writings of Dickens are filled with references to the Borough, which is described in great detail in Jack Bamber's story to Mr. Pickwick at the "Magpie and Stump."

Narrow long streets lead down to Southwark Bridge from the Market, and to the uninitiated seem entirely devoid of anything savoring of romance. Yet these were peopled with such a tender lover as young Mr. Chivery and the indifferent Amy Dorrit, the former all arrayed in the glory of plum colored coat, waistcoat of striped yellow silk, and thin legged pantaloons strapped tightly under his varnished boots. Picture him in his tall hat offering his damp hand to Miss Dorrit. Of course she refused him.

It is difficult to imagine one proposing on Southwark Bridge in these days, but when the story was written, the Bridge was called the Iron Bridge, and to cross it one had to pay a penny toll. Here came also Young John and Maggie, Arthur Clannam and Little Dorrit and Old Nandy, to breathe the fresh breeze, and to forget for the moment the miseries and squalor of the Marshalsea.

Little Lant Street is rather difficult to find, for there are various turnings by way of Lombard Street. This is where Dickens said that "If a man wished to abstract himself from the world—to remove himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window —he should by all means go." Here was the abode of Bob Sawyer, who with Benjamin Allen ran up bills for food and lodging in the Small Inn. Near by is a narrow street now called Union Road which is no less than the famous Horsemonger Lane where the firm of Chivery and Co. flourished. The shop is gone long since, but on the door jamb can be seen the screw holes which held the fixture supporting the figure of the little Highlander "who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take a kilt."

In the yard at the rear of the house, young John sat on the old bench under the drying clothes on the line, the dampness of which gave him the fatal cold which made him the "broken down ruin" in the story. Old Horsemonger Lane Jail (or gaol, as the English spell it) was long ago demolished save for the exterior on the street. A children's playground now occupies the space where the unfortunate prisoners lay in misery. Children of the neighborhood now romp over the tombs of the wretches who died and were buried there. In one of the upper rooms Leigh Hunt was imprisoned for over two years, during which he composed not only the Feast of

Poets, but the Story of Rimini and the Descent of Liberty. At the back of the yard are the tombstones of the notorious Mannings, who were hanged on the roof: the very spot occupied by the gallows is pointed out.

Opposite is a row of small brick houses set back from the street in small iron railed and dusty gardens, from the windows of which spectators witnessed the gruesome details of the hangings. Dickens described the hanging of the Mannings in a letter to the *Times* dated Nov. 13, 1849, which he viewed with indignation.

"I do not believe," he wrote, " that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralization as was enacted this morning outside the Horsemonger Lane Gaol, is presented at the very doors of good citizens and is passed by, unknown and forgotten."

This letter to the *Times* produced such a revulsion of feeling against capital punishment that for years afterwards its influence was felt throughout England, and quite ended public executions.

The Old King's Bench Prison, made memorable by Micawber's troubles, was at the corner of Borough Road. It had long since ceased to be a debtor's prison when the present writer saw it, and its site is now occupied by dwellings for workmen and their families.

In the story it was at this corner that the long legged young man who stole David's half guinea piece, fled away with his box in the donkey cart. "I came to a stop"

quoth David, "in the Kent Road at a terrace with a piece of water before it and a great foolish image in the middle blowing a dry shell. Here I sat down on a doorstep, quite spent and exhausted with the efforts I had already made, and with hardly breath enough to cry for the loss of my bob and half guinea." Even now there is a rural aspect to Kent Road, in spite of the tram cars and automobiles. There are still fine old trees before quiet houses set back in gardens of old fashioned flowers and luxuriant lilac bushes and laburnams, enclosed in vivid green painted fences with gateposts.

The "Water Piece" has since been filled in, and the whereabouts of the "great foolish image" is unknown.

Farther on, down a narrow street is where David (in the story) sold to Mr. Dolloby his waistcoat for the sum of ninepence. Coming from this thoroughfare one passes a row of small quaint old-fashioned brick dwellings wearing a placid air of content, with pretty window boxes, and gold fish in globes in the windows. Here one comes out into the Dover Road, traversed by Mr. F's aunt, who dwelt upon the, to her, singular fact that "there's mile stones in the Dover Road."

Now one comes into a region made memorable by "Little Dorrit," and containing the site of Marshalsea Jail. "Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel court leading to Mermondsey will find his

The Little Houses on Barth Terrace

[illegible] Road at a terrace with a piece [illegible] foolish image in the middle [illegible] Here I [illegible] down on a doorstep, [illegible] already [illegible]

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Where
Charles Dickens
met with
John Forster
To witness The
Execution of
The Mannings
Nov. 13. 1849.

feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea Jail . . . will look upon the rooms in which debtors lived; will stand amid the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

Eighty years or more have passed since Dickens wrote these lines, but one is told that there are few visible changes in the buildings now standing. The prison on Whitecross Street; The Fleet; Giltspur Street Compter, and other so-called debtors' prisons have been demolished, but the old Marshalsea remains with much of its hideousness. The yard retains still its "aristocratic" side on the left hand. One may enter the third door, go up a narrow stairway to the second floor, and there come upon the room occupied by the father of the Marshalsea, above which is a garret, "the" garret of Little Dorrit. Picture her here sitting at the window relating those wonderful tales of the Princess to the adoring Maggie, while she comtemplated the wall below with its rows of sharp spikes. "Many combinations did those spikes upon the wall assume, and many light shapes did the strong iron weave itself into. Many golden touches fell upon the rust while Little Dorrit sat there musing. New zigzags sprang into the cruel pattern sometimes, when she saw it through a burst of tears; but beautiful or hardened still, always over it and under it and through it, she was fain to look at her solitude, seeing everything with that

ineffaceable brand." One is told that Marshalsea is to be torn down to be replaced by a factory, so that by now, perhaps, it only exists in the records.

A good view of it was to be had from the churchyard of Saint George's (see picture). The drawing shows little Dorrit's window at the top beneath the cluster of chimney pots. In the old churchyard are buried many of the miserable ones who dragged out their wretched days in the Marshalsea and King's Bench. Here lie the bones of the great arithmetician Edward Crocker, now forgotten by all save scholars, and "dry as dust" professors, who will recall the qualification "according to Crocker." Inside the church of Saint George the sacristan will show you (for a gratuity) the font where little Dorrit was christened, and there is a delightfully musty dusty vestry, furnished with an array of undoubtedly antique chairs and tables, in which Dickens tells of Maggie and her little mother asleep on the pew cushions before the fire, the latter with her head on the "burial book, untroubled by its mysterious blank leaves . . . forgetful of the shame, desertion, wretchedness and exposure of the great capital; the wet, the cold, the slow hours and the swift clouds of that dismal night."

Nearby in the neighborhood one might have found, had one searched more diligently, that "little music shop, having a few fiddles in the window . . . a tambourine and a triangle and certain elongated scraps of music,"

presided over by Mrs. Bagnet, and the lodgings of Frederick Dorset . . . and "the row of mean and not over cleanly houses, situated within 'the Rules,' of the Kings Bench Prison, not many hundred paces distant from the obelisk in Saint George's Fields," where, it will be recalled, Nicholas Nickleby went to see Madeline. The whole neighborhood reeks of Dickens. One of his favorite haunts is what is known as the Sceptre Chop house, 5 Warwick Street, a narrow way which parallels a part of Regent Street. Here, when he was making his first success as an author, he used to come daily. The front shines with a new coat of paint, but the interior is said to be as it was in 1830, when it opened its door to the public. Its small paned window bears the notice that the house supplies both chops and coffee, and there is a sign above on the front of the house with the half obliterated names of the first proprietor, one Sanders, and his name is repeated on the brass plate that forms the window sill, and also on the glass of the small door. Over this door is the name of Gosling in gold letters and above the window is that of Purcell, very large, all former proprietors. Inside one enters a large paneled room painted in subdued tones of brown and green. Just by the door is a sort of cozy corner with a bench and dim mirror over the wide fireplace which has a most delightful "hob," all brass bound. The room is furnished with low mahogany partitions and seats cushioned

in some black material. There are heavy tables of shining bare mahogany, well polished by the constant rubbing of the waiters' cloths. A screen of three arches of dark wood hides the farther end of the room. Two of the spaces are filled with mirrors, but the center one discloses the kitchen beyond, with its sawdust covered floor and a "battery" of pewter, copper, and china utensils, and the cook and maids busied about their work. The maids are clad in neat black dresses with white linen caps and aprons. A great stove heats the room in winter, and a skylight furnishes a restful light without glare. The upper rooms are reached by a staircase of dark polished wood, and there is a small inclosed box with a grill by the door where one pays the bill on departing.

Here now gather daily and nightly men distinguished in literature, art, and music; many of the editors and writers on "Punch" and the painters whose pictures are "on the line" at the Royal Academy. The delightful old rooms upstairs, all browned by time, with the old shelves laden with brass candlesticks, the old, old clock and its "'wildered chimes," the beautiful polished tables, the partitions, and the glazed delft tiles are all characteristic of old London. In one corner of the room by the window stands the chair used by Dickens, and here, so it is said, the great writer jotted down many of his "Sketches by Boz." The food served is of the sim-

Southwark Bridge

[illegible] are heavy [illegible] of shining bare ma[illegible] the constant rubbing of the waiters [illegible] three arches of dark wood hides the [illegible] Two of [illegible] are filled with mirror [illegible] dis- [illegible] with its sa[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] about their wor[illegible] [illegible] neat black dresses with white linen caps and aprons. A great stove [illegible] the room in winter, and a [illegible] a restful [illegible] [illegible] rooms are reached by a staircase of [illegible] wood; and there is a small inclosed box [illegible] a grill by the door where one pays the [illegible] de- [illegible]

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Southwark Bridge

plest sort. One may have soup, mutton broth, or kidney, for 6 d.; chop or steak for 10 d; a slice from the joint is 9 d; apple tart 3 d; and on certain days the menu affords curried mutton and rice; Irish pie and mixed grill, all served with a pint of unapproached stout by a dignified and attentive waiter who well earns his fee.

The most thoroughly "Dickensian" Inn was certainly the "George" of which he wrote under the name of the "White Hart," for the reason that he did not wish it to be too closely identified. Here took place the encounter between Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, and also where the unique Alfred Jingle, and the far from young Miss Rachael were come upon by hot tempered Mr. Wardle. In one of the upper rooms it was that Mr. Jingle agreed, for the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds, to forego all claims to the hand of Miss Rachael.

The "George" was the last of the old Borough Inns to preserve its charming and unique characteristics. The first "George Inn" was destroyed in the great Southwark fire in the year 1676. When Dickens saw the second one, built upon its site, and as it was when Pickwick was first published in 1836, eighty-five years ago, it must have presented a unique sight, with the galleried yard filled with the confusion of coaches, horses and hurrying lackeys. The old bills say that every week "eighty coaches" left the yard, for Folkstone, Maidstone, Tenterden, Wateringbury, Breachley, Deal, Dover, Mar-

gate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Orpington, Hastings, Tunbridge, Brighton, Dorking, etc. Mr. J. Ashby Sterry, who knew all about it, declared the Inn to "retain all the flavor of the good old coaching days; to explore the picturesque galleries, the quaint passages, the queer shaped rooms, the mysterious corridors upstairs, to lunch in that low ceilinged, cozy, red curtained coffee room, to peep into that roomy old-fashioned kitchen, to gossip in that particularly comfortable bar parlor with its wondrous array of glasses, jovial little fat barrels, convivial dusty bottles, and punch suggesting bowls; with its bright flowers and its communicative gray parrot who seems to have a word to say to everybody."

It is a melancholy fact that many of the famous old taverns which still exist have been so modernized that but little of their original character remains. Some of them have entirely vanished, such as the Sir Paul Pindar (the front of which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum) the Old Elephant in Fenchurch Street, the Black Bull of Holburn, Old Betty's in the Strand, Dick's Coffee House in the Temple, and the Old Dog of Holywell Street, as well as the famous and most picturesque of all—The White Horse. Those which remain must be searched for, a task which requires patience and much leisure.

In Southwark one will find all that remains of the George Inn and the Queen's Head, and one hears that

the Half Moon still furnishes entertainment in Borough High Street. The old King's Head is at Chigwell, near London, where Dickens found it when he was writing Barnaby Rudge, and called it the "Maypole." There is still in existence "in the poultry" the old inn known to antiquarians as "Pimm's" and on the corner of Wych Street is the Rising Sun. Near the great gate of the Hospital Gardens at Chelsea is a little old musty and picturesque "tappery" of really delightful appearance, which is much frequented by the old pensioners. At the entrance of Wimbledon from the common is a charming old tavern of undoubted antiquity and well filled with quaint furnishings, and at Putney Common on the hilltop is the Green Man, famed for its quality as for its extreme respectability.

The Old Ship still exists at Hammersmith on the Mall, and on the north side of High Street, in Wandsworth where the bridge crosses the river Wandle, is the little old dusty, but well kept inn which was known in the time of James II for its hospitality.

This list is by no means complete, for there must be many other quaint places of entertainment throughout the city and the surroundings, which the writer of these notes has not happened upon. There are hundreds of delightful spots filled with charm and interest which the seeker will come upon most unexpectedly.

Fleet Street has many quaint "courts," such as for in-

stance Wine Court, Bolt Court, and Johnson's Court. There is Barnard's Inn at Holborn, Muscovy Court at Tower Hill, and Fenn Court in Fenchurch Street, Amen Court, where the officials of St. Paul's have their dwellings. One of the most quaint and picturesque spots in London is the narrow, tiny alleyway leading into Neville's Court, where on either hand are high walls pierced by deep sunken small paned windows of dim old glass, where there are gardens of blooming flowers and the cooing of unseen doves.

Says Carlyle (Boswell's Life of Johnson) "The Mitre Tavern still stands in Fleet Street; but where now is its scot-and-lot paying, beef-and-ale loving, cocked-hatted, pot-bellied landlord; its rosy-faced, assiduous landlady, with all her shining brass pans, waxed tables, well-filled larders, her cooks and bootjacks, and her errand boys and watery-mouthed hangers on? Gone! Gone! The beckoning waiter who, with wreathed smiles, was wont to spread for Samuel and Bozzy their support of the gods, has long since pocketed his last sixpence and vanished, sixpences and all, like a ghost at cock crowing. The bottles they drank out of are all broken, the chairs they sat on are all rotted and burnt; the very knives and forks they ate with have rusted to the heart and become brown oxide of iron and mingled with the indiscriminate clay. All, all has vanished; . . .

"Of the Mitre Tavern nothing but the bare walls re-

Marshalsea from the Churchyard (St. George's) showing "Little Dorrit's" Room

[illegible] (Boswell's Life of Johnson) [illegible]
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pot-bellied landlord; its rosy-faced, assu[illegible]
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Horseshoes from the Churchyard (St. George's) showing "Little Dorrit's" Room

Marshal Se
from th
hurch guard
St Sergis
Dorrit's room.

main there; . . . Nevertheless, in this mad-whirling, all-forgetting London, the haunts of the mighty that were can seldom without a strange difficulty be discovered. Will any man, for instance, tell us which *bricks* it was, that in Lincoln's Inn Buildings, Ben Jonson's hand and trowel laid? No man, it is to be feared, and also grumbled at. With Samuel Johnson it may prove otherwise! A gentleman of the British Museum is said to have made drawings of all *his* residences. The blessing of old Mortality be upon him!"

We ourselves, not without labor and risk, lately discovered Gough Square, between Fleet Street and Holburn (adjoining both to Bolt Court and to Johnson's Court) and on the second day of search, the very house there, wherein the "English Dictionary" was composed. It is the first or corner house on the right hand as you enter through the archway from the northwest. The actual occupant, an elderly, well washed, decent-looking man, invited us to enter; and courteously undertook to be cicerone, though in his memory lay nothing but the foolishest jumble and hallucination.

It is a stout, old-fashioned, old-balustraded house. "I have spent many a pound and penny on it since then," said the worthy landlord. "Here, you, this bedroom was the Doctor's study; that was the garden (a plot of delved ground, somewhat larger than a generous sized bedquilt) where he walked for exercise; these three gar-

ret bedrooms, where his three copyists sat and wrote, were where he kept his pupils." Tempus edox rerum! Yet "ferax" also, for our friend now added with a wistful look, which strove to seem merely historical, "I let it all in lodgings to respectable gentlemen, by the quarter or the month; it's all one to me."

"To me also," whispered the ghost of Samuel, as we went pensively on our ways.

Johnson's marriage with the good widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals, who apparently had no understanding thereof. In Birmingham itself, with his own purchased goosequill, he can earn "file guineas"; nay, finally, the choicest terrestrial good; a "friend" who will be wife to him!

That the purblind, seamy faced Wildman, stalking lonely, woe-stricken, like some Irish gallow-glass with peeled club, whose speech no man knew, whose look all men both laughed and shuddered at, should find any brave female heart to acknowledge, at first sight and hearing of him, "This is the most sensible man I ever met with"; and then, with generous courage, to take him to itself and say Be thou mine; be thou warmed here and thawed to life!—in all this, in the kind widow's love and pity for him, in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule. Their wedded life, as is the common lot, was made up of drizzle and dry weather; but innocence and worth dwelt in it; and when

"The White Hart"

[illegible] and wrote, were [illegible] rerum! Yet [illegible]

[illegible]

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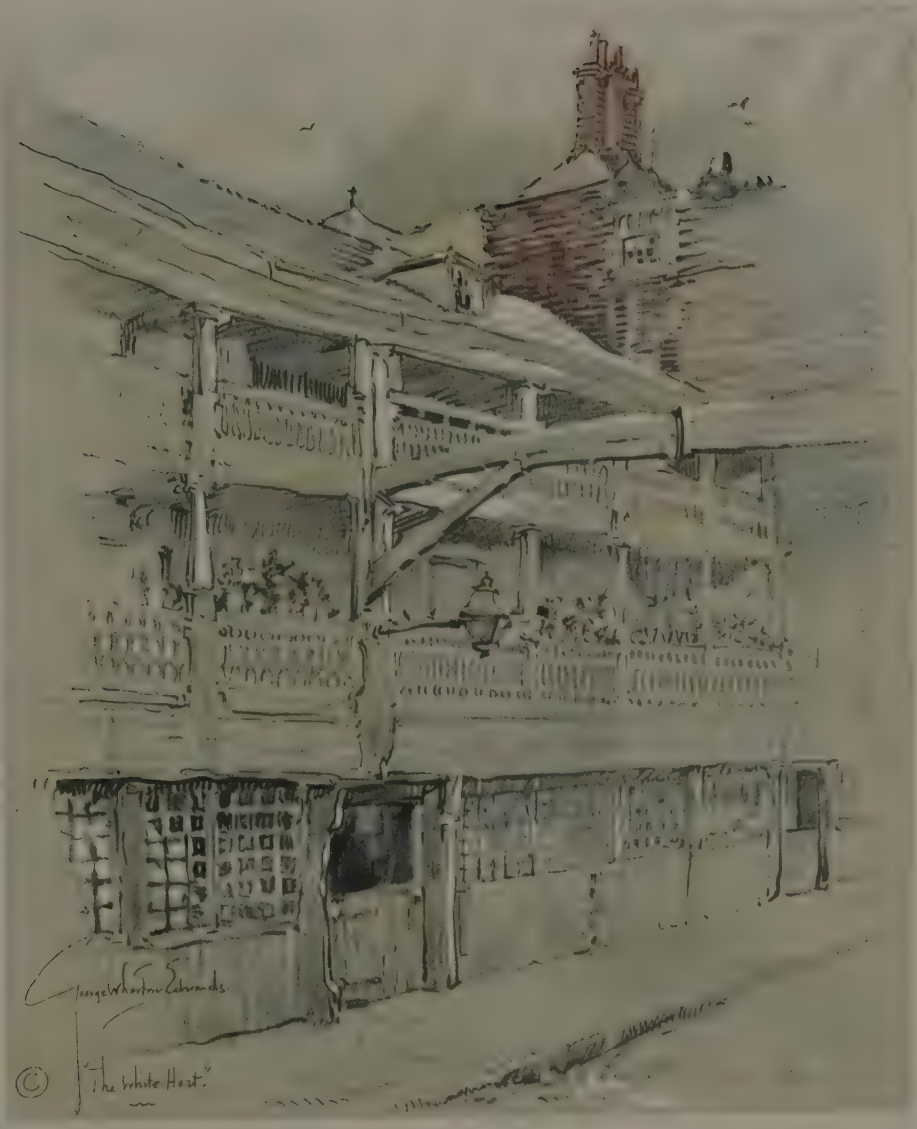
George Wharton Edwards
"The White Hart."

death had ended it, a certain sacredness, Johnson's deathless affection for his Tetty, was always venerable and noble.

Quaint old Thanet Court will be found across from the Law Courts in the crowded Strand; a quiet sleepy retreat in the very heart of the city where one may be sequestered in most delightful forgetfulness, and freedom from intrusion. Here are lodgings of ideal character and exclusiveness, a mere step from the teeming highway of Fleet Street, reached through a narrow stone paved alleyway, always in cool shadow. The houses on each side are only two stories high, with spotlessly painted doorways, ornamented with polished brass plates bearing the names of the occupants. The windows are small paned and lace hung, and through them dim visions of interesting interiors are disclosed to the passer. The alley leads into a paved courtyard in the center of which is a lamp post. Rarely is any one visible save for the "slavey" scrubbing the already immaculate doorstep. Here indeed one may find such "chambers," as Dickens described in "Edwin Drood"—"the neatest, the cleanest and the best ordered chambers ever seen under the sun, moon or stars." It was during a search for the Old Ship Tavern, unquestionably the original of old "Sols," described by Dickens in "Bleak House," that the writer happened upon a court of the very opposite character to the one mentioned above, and described to

a dot in the words of the great novelist. "A beastly scrap of ground . . . with houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate—with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on life." And again in "Little Dorrit"—"Nothing to see but streets—streets—streets. . . . A double row of houses with long narrow heavily framed windows. . . . One of these, many years ago had it in its mind to slide down sideways; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half dozen gigantic crutches which . . . appeared in these latter days to be no very sure reliance." Says Esther (in "Bleak House") who had been invited by Miss Flite to her lodging—"Slipping us out at a little side gate (in Star Yard leading to Carey Street) she stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street, part of some courts and lanes immediately outside of the wall of the Inn, where she lived in a garret at the top of Krook's shop which was blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn. . . . She drew aside the curtains of the long low window and called attention to a number of bird cages hanging there, whose occupants Lady Jane the cat was forever striving to devour." This fits the court to a dot, and likewise describes countless others hidden away behind the walls that line the Strand and Fleet Street. . . . Bygone, faded tumbledown ways with two irregular rows of tall

meager houses which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago.

The house at number 48 Doughty Street, owned by the Doughty-Tichborne Estate, and now a boarding house, is just as it was when Dickens occupied it, after his removal in March 1837 from Furnivals' Inn in Holborn. Here he is said to have written "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist."

A room overlooking the rear garden is shown as that used by Dickens as a study, and the house is marked by a tablet. Doughty Street, in general appearance, is said to be exactly as it was in Dickens' day, but the locality is feeling the effects of the modernity sweeping over London. More than twenty years ago, the quaint iron gates which barred traffic and protected the seclusion of the inhabitants of the street were removed, and with them went much of the unique character, and now lawyers, clerks' lodgings and prosaic solicitors' offices occupy the old houses.

Kensington

ON May 24th, 1819, a child was born in this old palace where so many sovereigns had died, who was destined to be the best beloved of all the Queens of England. Here Victoria was brought up under the watchful care of one of the wisest and most conscientious of mothers; here she was carefully trained for her exalted station as Queen of England.

In her diary the Baroness Lehzen records an interesting story of the manner in which the future Queen learned of her destiny. "The Princess Victoria was only twelve years old when the Regency Bill was in progress. I said to the Duchess of Kent that for the first time Her Majesty should know her place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When the Queen's instructor (Mr. Darys) had gone, Princess Victoria opened as usual the book again and seeing the added paper said, 'I never saw that paper.'

'It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess,' I answered.

'I see, I am nearer the throne than I thought.'

'So it is, Madame,' I said.

After some moments the Princess resumed, 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is so much splendor, but there is much more responsibility.' The Princess gave me her hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now, why you urge me so much to learn, even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all the better, now,' and she gave me her hand again, repeating, 'I will be good.'

I then said, 'But your Aunt Adelaide is still young and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV, and not you, Princess.' She answered, 'and if it was so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me, how fond she is of children.'

Early in the morning, somewhat before five o'clock on the 20th of June, six years after this conversation, when the Princess Victoria was in her eighteenth year, the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, reached Kensington Palace. They rang at the bell pull, and knocked loudly at the

lodge door, and after some delay they were admitted by porter and were ushered into a room on the ground floor. There they waited impatiently for some time. At length the Chamberlain rang the bell repeatedly, and demanded to see the Princess upon matters of the gravest importance. Still there was delay, and then the attendant brought word that the Princess was in such sweet sleep that she must not be disturbed.

Then said the Archbishop earnestly, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and not even sleep must delay it.'

Accordingly, she was awakened, and to prove that she did not willingly keep them waiting, in a few moments she came down into the room in a loose white linen nightgown, and a shawl over her shoulders; her night cap off, her feet in slippers, and her eyes filled with tears, but otherwise collected and dignified. Then the Archbishop acclaimed her in his address in most solemn words. She answered, 'Your Grace will pray for me, and for my guidance,'—and then burst into tears."

The record continues—

"The Queen left Kensington on July 13th for Buckingham palace, and since then, though various dignitaries have occupied it at different times, the Ancient Palace has sheltered no crowned head. But the honor of having been the birthplace of a Queen, whose pure, tender, conscientious life, whose faithful fulfillment of duty,

whose sympathetic treatment of the sorrowful and the suffering has made her name, so widely popular, so universally beloved, has caused her to be designated, 'A wiser, happier, gentler Elizabeth."

When William came from Holland, and took the throne from which he had just ousted his father-in-law, he found that the English palaces of the Tudors and Stuarts were not at all according to his Dutch taste. He missed the little canal lined domains, the cropped trees and the formal gardens of his own beloved country. He liked not the architecture of the various palaces, nor what he called the "stuffiness" of the rooms. The English palaces were infinitely more sumptuous and magnificent than the apartments he had lived in for so many years, and they filled him with uneasiness. He wanted red brick and black and white marble; green grass, and as much water all about as he could get. He wanted white swans, and ducks, and plenty of little boats sailing on the ponds, and drawbridges painted green and white freshly every ten days. Therefore it was with much satisfaction that in the spring of 1690 he commanded the treasury to pay to Lord Nottingham the sum of £30,000 for the lease of Kensington House.

To William's eyes the place needed some little alteration to render it an ideal residence, but William's greatest hobby, that is, next greatest to making war upon his neighbors, was in rebuilding and altering new posses-

sions to conform to Dutch style. Kensington was at once given over into the hands of his Dutch workmen who knew exactly what he wanted, and William betook himself off to attack and defeat the luckless James at the battle of the Boyne. His Queen, who adored her phlegmatic William, and was a model "Huisvrouwe," wrote him, "I shall hasten Kensington in every possible way, but one thing I must know positively, which is—whether you will go there though my chamber is not ready? Your own apartment, Lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirke's and Lord Darby's are done, but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I will ask pardon when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will only go to lie at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you at Whitehall all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all, for I deserve it, being something at fault, though I have excuses which are not lies."

Humble indeed, all this on the part of a Queen, but remember that she wrote as a Dutch house wife to her husband, and not as a Queen. Her letters, relating to the delays and difficulties of remodeling the palace are filled with the most humble apologies, as if the fault

Buckingham Palace Gateway

[illegible]

knew [illegible]
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battle of the Boyne. [illegible]
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the delays and difficulties of remodel[illegible]
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Buckingham Palace
Gateway

was entirely hers. As a matter of fact the King did not occupy Kensington until September following. Twelve months later much of it was consumed in a fire which broke out early in the morning. Hastily awakened from a sound sleep, William fancied he was being treacherously attacked, seized his sword to defend himself and the Queen. When at length he understood that Kensington was on fire, he and the Queen hurriedly dressed and descended to the garden, "where they remained for hours, directing and encouraging the footguards who were fighting the blaze, and who at length succeeded in extinguishing it."

The part consumed by the fire was rebuilt entirely in the Dutch fashion, and decorated with paintings depicting the court at their revels, the figures being all portraits, including those of the notorious favorites. Sometimes the baby Duke of Gloucester was brought over here from Hampden House to see his aunt the Queen. Although these two royal sisters had little real affection for each other, the Queen liked the boy, and let him remain with her for days at a time when the palace was being remodeled. One day in the Queen's gallery the little prince asked what the workmen were doing. The Queen answered, "Repairing the gallery, so that it shall be strong and not fall."

"Let it fall, let it fall," said the boy, "for then you will

be off to London,"—showing that he had overheard his mother's remark that his aunt's room was regarded as much more desirable than her company.

Burnet says of the death at Kensington of Queen Mary by small pox in December, 1694, "Silent and inscrutable to the last, as she had been all her three and thirty years; the day before she died, so she received the sacrament. All the Bishops who were attending were permitted to receive with her—God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth.

"After she received the holy sacrament she quietly composed herself solemnly for her spirit to pass from this earth. For a brief space she seemed to slumber, but arousing she complained that she did not feel refreshed by it—that now nothing availed her but prayer. Thereafter she attempted to speak to the King who sat beside her, but could not make herself understood. Thus for several hours she lay, when all at once some words came from her. Mysterious woman that she was—cold as stone to all but William, whom she adored, dumb as to his infidelities, she gave into the hands of her handmaid a letter to be given to him after her death, which only then conveyed to his mind her devotion, and her bitter agony over his relations with Elizabeth Villiers. Strong and resolute as she was, passionately devoted to him and his interests, nevertheless she could not leave him with-

out one reproach, the first and only one from this strange woman, for his disregard and lack of both appreciation and faith for all of her years of loyal and faithful and humbler love." So died this Queen of marble and iron. For her family, she had no regard. Neither her sister nor her father were mourning for her, although she had been his best beloved child. William III acted for a time as though heart broken at her death. Although etiquette required that he leave Kensington during the funeral ceremonies, he ignored convention and remained there. He even sent for Anne to come to him from Hampden House, and though helpless through gout and unable to walk without assistance, she came to him in a sedan chair, and was carried upstairs to the presence chamber, where William awaited her. They embraced each other and were in tears, so that they could hardly speak. There is a charming story told of this gloomy and at times ill-natured Monarch, concerning his love for children. "Once, as he sat with his secretary in his closet at Kensington, a knock sounded at the door.

'Who is there?' asked the King.

'Lord Buck,' answered a child's voice.

William himself opened the door and beheld the little four year old Lord Buckhurst, baby heir of Lord Dorset, his Lord Chamberlain.

'What does Lord Buck want?' asked the king.

'You to be horse to my coach.'

The king took the strings of the little wagon and dragged the boy up and down the gallery floor, to the great pleasure of the child."

Eight years after the death of Queen Mary the king died at Kensington (1702) "very gently, in the arms of a page, to whom he said in French, 'I draw nigh to my end.' Bound to his wrist by a mourning ribbon was a bracelet made of the hair of Queen Mary."

Kensington was then occupied by Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, who at once greatly enlarged and beautified the twenty-five acres of ground, and began the erection of a splendid banquet hall with a circular room at each end, which were to be used for music room and drawing room.

Queen Anne, who was of huge girth and walked with difficulty, was always carried in a sedan chair when she appeared at the concerts in the garden. There was a large iron grill dividing the garden from the broad walk running from Kensington to Bayswater, through which the common people could watch Anne and her consort and all the noble guests promenading, and comment upon the display of gowns à la Watteau, the satin and silk brocades, and the bepowdered belles and beaux of the court.

It is said, indeed, that under Queen Anne, Kensington enjoyed its halcyon days. After the death of Prince George in 1708 of asthmatic gout, Queen Anne quit the

Main Entrance of Kensington Palace, Where Queen Victoria Was Born

gan the erection of a splendid banquet hall with a circu-

room and drawing room.

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and all the noble guests promenading, and

on the display of gowns à la Watteau.

Main Entrance of
Kensington Palace
where
Queen Victoria was born.

palace, although quite unwillingly, because she was so worried by the bickering and dissensions of her cabinet council. Two of these stormy meetings in 1714 quite "undid" her. The third she was destined never to undergo. While waiting for her lady-in-waiting in the presence chamber, she was seized with an attack of some sort, and conveyed to her bed, from which she never rose again. She died on August 1, 1714.

George II and Queen Caroline lived at Kensington at intervals. The king did not at all admire the decorations of the palace, and finally he came to dislike the arrangements of the rooms. He frequently left it to go to his beloved Hanover. In 1735 he brought back with him from one of these visits a Madame Walmoden, the wife of a minor official at Herrenhausen whom he had contrived to surround with such duties that he could not leave. With this woman he was so infatuated that she did pretty much as she pleased at Kensington. Any reference to the Walmoden wrought the King into a furious temper.

Kensington was henceforth run after the fashion of Herrenhausen at Hanover, where he ruled as an autocrat. He came back to find that the palace had during a cleaning been newly painted and some of the rooms changed and refurnished in another style. He demanded to know where all the (worthless) pictures which he had brought from Herrenhausen had been put and why

the two (splendid Van Dycks) big paintings had been put in place of his "Venus," which he liked much better.

"Put them all back," he commanded—and they were put back.

Lord Hervey says, "It was well nigh impossible to please him. No English or French cook could dress a dinner to his taste. No English confectioner could set out a dessert; no English players could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride. No English woman could come into a room, nor any English woman know how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were done to the utmost perfection."

"I suppose," said George to Lord Hervey, "you assisted the Queen to pull my house to pieces, and spoil my furniture. . . . Thank God, she at least has left the walls standing."

He disliked fox hunting exceedingly and railed at his ministers for leaving town "to torment a poor fox that was so much better than any of them that pursued him." He quarreled incessantly with nearly every one with whom he came in contact, but he hugely enjoyed the extravagant court revels in which he indulged with the notorious Madame Walmoden. And he even had large paintings of these executed and hung in the dressing room of the Queen, where it amused him to explain in

detail to those about him the various characters and the scenes thus delineated.

He was so callous that when the news of the death of his son was brought to him as he was playing a game of cards with Madame Walmodén, whom he had ennobled under the title of Countess of Yarmouth, he merely turned for a moment to the messenger and remarked, "Dead, is he? They told me yesterday that he was better," and dismissed the subject from his mind.

Five years later he too lay dead. One morning London awoke to learn that the old lion in the tower had been found dead. There was a popular superstition in the city that this portended the death of the sovereign. In an hour came the news that King George II had died in the Palace (October 26th, 1760).

Walpole says, "The King rose as usual at six o'clock in the morning, drank his cup of chocolate and said he would take a little stroll in the garden. As he passed through an ante room on his way thither, the page-in-waiting heard the sound of a fall and hastily following him, found the King on the floor, with his face cut by falling against a bureau. 'Send for Amelia,' he gasped, and ere the words were fairly uttered, he died."

The Princess, hastily summoned, came too late. She despatched messengers to the physicians, and sent for her nephew George.

George, however, already knew of the event which

made him ruler, by arrangement with a German valet at Kensington whom he used as a spy, and who in the event of any serious happening at the palace, was to immediately despatch a messenger to him, no matter where he happened to be. This spy sent him a note by a mounted lackey, who found him riding in the park. Walpole says, "Without the least surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he merely said that his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to his groom, 'I have said that this horse is lame. I forbid you to say to the contrary.' "

The inquest over, Caroline, wife of the Prince Regent, occupied Kensington, where she surrounded herself with a not too respectable "entourage," Caroline was a woman ruled by her prejudices and by her superstitions. She firmly believed in all sorts of incantations and witchcraft. Of a lively and volatile disposition, she was very easily bored, and was ever seeking for amusement and new fortune tellers. With these when they pleased her she was very liberal in her rewards. Speaking English with difficulty, although she understood the language perfectly, her pronunciation was ludicrous. Alluding to a certain court personage who displeased her, she said, "Mine Gott, dat is de tullest berson Gott Almidy effer dit born!"

Says Walpole, "After dinner her Royal Highness

made a wax figure as usual, and gave it an amiable addition of huge horns; then took three pins out of her garment and stuck them through and through, and put the figure to roast and melt at the fire. Thus she did to her enemies. What a silly piece of spite! Yet it is impossible not to laugh when one sees it done." Caroline was turned out of the palace of Kensington in 1813 on the pretext that the Prince required it. Since then the history of the Palace is too well known to render further comment here necessary.

Hampton Court

IT was Wolsey, "The Cunning Cardinal," who sent the best physicians in all England to seek out a spot suitable for a great personage (himself) as a home, "and withal healthful." They found such a spot in Coombe Wood, within twenty miles of London town, and then Wolsey negotiated with the Prior of the Order of the Knights Hospitalers of Saint John of Jerusalem, who owned the manor, for a lease, which secured, he at once began the erection of Hampton Court. His palace when completed was so stately and lavish in its appointments that Henry VIII, when he saw it, roughly asked Wolsey what he was about. The wily cardinal, never at a loss for words, made answer with all the gentle meekness at his command, "That he was but seeking to prepare a residence worthy of so great a monarch as his Majesty," an answer which certainly pleased Henry, who to his chagrin took him at his word and moved into the palace forthwith. Here he brought Katherine of Arragon, who here experienced all the pangs of jealousy and despair after the arrival of Anne Boleyn, who soon ousted her,

and reigned for a brief period, only to give way to Jane Seymour, whom Ambassador Chapuys described as "short, of no great beauty, and, as all the world says, not even tolerably pretty." "The Royal Wild Beast," as Dickens called him, had a curious fancy for women. There is a popular tale that when Jane labored in danger, word was brought to him by the physician, and Henry replied, thumping the table, "Save the child, wives are a-plenty!"

Later on we read of a sweet girl, of the house of Howard, who became the fifth wife of Henry, and before two years had passed she too had her fair head sliced off by the axe at his command.

Hampton Court hides yet unwritten volumes of stories as well as those so well known. Selecting at random from these last is a fascinating task indeed.

After George II became king, Caroline often came here, and, according to Lord Hervey, a very dull time she had of it. Writing to Mrs. Clayton he gives the details of the daily life, complaining that "no mill horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that by the assistance of an almanack, for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the court. Walking, chases, levees, and audiences fill the morning; at night the King plays at commerce

and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille, when poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the Queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles all the time . . . at last the King comes up, the pool finishes and everybody has their dismission. Their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and My Lord Clifford . . . the rest, some to supper, and some to bed; and thus the evening and the morning make the day."

Evelyn (in his diary) describes Hampton Court as it appeared when, after the Restoration, it was the residence of Charles II and his unfortunate and neglected wife, Catherine of Braganza, who came there for their honeymoon. "It is as noble and uniform a pile as any Gothic architecture can make it. There is incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold, especially the Cæsarian triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua. Of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet and cost £8000, being a present from the States of Holland when his majesty returned. The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold were given by the Queen who brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabi-

The Anne Boleyn Gateway, Hampton Court

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The Anne Boleyn
Gateway
Hampton
Court.
Winston Edwards.
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nets as had never before been seen here." The evening of Queen Catherine's arrival, Anne Hyde, the buxom Duchess of York, came by Wales from London to pay her respects to her royal sister-in-law, and was probably introduced by her to the new beverage, which Pepys calls "tee—a china drink." The Portuguese Queen favoring it greatly, Evelyn thus describes the Queen and her ladies in his diary.

"May 30th. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous farthingales, or guard infantas, their complexions divicular, and sufficiently agreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking out a little too far; for the rest lovely enough."

William III was so unfortunately charmed and delighted with Hampton Court that he did his very utmost to spoil it all by his lack of taste. The result was lamentable. Everything about the house was rearranged in the Dutch style. . . . The gardens, however, he did make beautiful and the display of blooming flowers and rare plants was unique. The Queen had brought with her some splendid tapestries, and these did much to counteract William's lack of taste in the furnishings. William and Catherine were a strange looking couple accord-

ing to the description of Evelyn, who records, "The King, a little shriveled-up looking man, taking the arm of his unusually tall and very stout consort, affording another instance of the law of nature which makes all diminutive men marry very tall women. They used to sup at half past nine; and by half past ten all the royal household were sound asleep." Exactly the life of a well-to-do Dutch peasant farmer's family. One of the Queen's special fancies was rich chocolate which she drank at all times of the day and such regimen certainly did not tend to lessen in any way her increasing corpulence, although she strove to correct it by most energetic exercise in the part of the park called the Frog Walk.

The King spent much of his time during the day in superintending the embellishment oft he grounds, and in the cutting of the canals in the Dutch fashion. He was very superstitious in his beliefs, and one day assured Lord Portland that he should not survive till the end of the year (1701) charging him earnestly, however, that he was not to mention it to any one lest the war should be prevented.

Sure enough, one day soon thereafter, while he was laying out a canal, being on horseback, the fat pony stepped into a small hole and threw the King, breaking his collar bone, from which injury he never recovered, dying in a short time. "'Tis a strange thing," he said to his doctor, (Dr. Bidloo) "for it happened upon level

The Great Hall, Hampton Court

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The Great Hall
Hampton Court.

ground—'twas destiny!" So ended the career of William III.

Queen Anne liked Hampton Court, and often spent months together there, the place being endeared to her since there, while she was yet Princess of Denmark, her son the Duke of Gloucester was born. Although she had named her son after William, whom she had selected as godfather to her boy, she often ridiculed him, calling him a "Dutch monster," and deplored his taste and his habits.

George I, whom the incensed Jacobites called the "wee German Lairdie," witnessed Shakespeare's Henry VIII, enacted in the splendid Great Hall at Hampton. It is said that George I "scarcely understood a dozen consecutive words of the English language." So one wonders what he thought of it all.

Here he surrounded himself with a rather brilliant court, together with his son, the Prince of Wales, and his very charming and clever wife. Of this court were Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, John Lord Henry (and afterwards his brilliant wife) the beautiful and very witty Mary Lepell, her friend, lovely Mary Bellenden, whom Walpole pronounced "the most perfect creature," Mrs. Selwyn and the notorious Lady Suffolk, the latter afterwards holding the position of woman of the Bed-chamber to the Prince's wife, for the morals of the time were easy, and Catherine did not openly object, al-

though on occasions her adroit comments proved that she was fully alive to the situation.

For all his domineering and swaggering the Prince was alive to his wife's superiority,—and she ruled without any show of impatience or dissatisfaction with his mode of life.

How they spend their evenings at Hampton Court is brought very vividly before us by the account written by Pope, who was invited by Caroline—and entertained at dinner by Miss Lepell and Mrs. Bellenden. He tells of the trip to Hampton Court by water, and that arriving, they "met the Prince with all his ladies, on horseback coming from the hunt. . . . At dinner I had an opportunity of conversation with Mr. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid-of-honor was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of day with a fever, and what is worse a hundred times, a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify to make them excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day, they must simper an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to dinner with what appetite they may, and after that till midnight work, walk, or think, which way they please.

The Great Fountain Garden, Hampton Court Palace

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The Great Fountain Garden, Hampton Court Palace - planned by Wolsey

No lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery is more contemplative than this court. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice Chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

Hampton Court never appealed to George III, and after he became King of England, he never lived in it, because perhaps he always associated it with the occasion upon which his ill-natured little grandfather boxed his ears, when he picked some choice tulips the King was growing. It has never since been the residence of a ruler of England. It is now a splendid and stately castle, even though its Gothic purity has been disturbed by the Dutch taste of William. It has time honored quadrangles in which the love of the past may linger profitably, and its Great Hall is still lined with magnificent tapestries, and there are windows filled with splendid English stained glass, all of historical interest. There are several remarkable beds associated with various Kings and Queens, some of them looking like huge plumed hearses, brought over by William and Mary.

There is a great couch of Queen Anne in Utrecht velvet and another, of embroidered satin, of Queen Charlotte's day. There are still beautiful gardens, and splashing fountains, and though no longer a royal resi-

dence, it may be likened to a wonderful casket redolent of the past, where "fair women and brave men" walked its corridors and made history in this quaint old palace, built by the son of an Ipswich butcher.

St. James Palace

A REMARKABLY quaint and archaic old gateway of mellow toned brick, flanking a deep arched portal between two stately towers, the front of which is embellished with a large clock on a lozenge shaped panel, is entered from St. James Street. Though no longer a royal residence, it is of great interest especially to the foreigner, because the Empire of Great Britain is represented abroad by Ambassadors accredited "from the Court of St. James." It is one of the most precious of the relics of ancient London, dating from the Conquest. Holinshed, the historian, mentions it as occupying the site of a hospital dedicated to St. James, sheltering "fourteen maidens that were leprous" which was converted into "a fair mansion and park" by Henry VIII, to please a fancy of Anne Boleyn when he was first in love with her.

It is said that on the small doors of the portal are still to be seen decorations of love knots which the uxorious Henry had Holbein design in her honor, but I was unable to find them. Although Henry occupied St. James with Anne for a short time after he wed her, it is said that

he soon tired of both Anne and the house, and presented it to his daughter Mary I when Philip, her husband, returned to Spain. The old palace is much more extensive than one would expect. Inside the court is a very lovely old garden where doves coo the live long day, and there are charming green lawns perfectly kept and flower beds where are great masses of bloom, displayed in excellent taste. Here monarchs, courtiers and fair dames of court strolled and made history. Prince Henry, son of James I, in 1610, kept court here in great magnificence, with no less than a retinue of nearly three hundred servants and lackeys. This prince was then but a boy in years, dying before he was twenty.

Charles II was born in one of the apartments, and later the palace was the refuge of the Queen's mother, Marie de Medici, who was given a pension of three thousand pounds per month.

Charles I was imprisoned here during his trial by Parliament, and after his condemnation and sentence to death he was removed from the palace on the following day to the scaffold. The apartment first shown is that of Queen Anne, very quaintly furnished and satisfying one's notion as to what a Queen's apartment should be. The Throne Room, so called, is very small in size, but richly decorated and sumptuously furnished. The throne is beneath a heavy canopy and is somewhat shabby, I thought. The Queen's Closet has tall narrow windows

draped with most sumptuous damask and great ropes and tassels of silk. The really magnificent banquet hall is now rarely, if ever, used.

The most interesting of the rooms is that in which the sovereign is proclaimed on accession to the throne. This is known as The Tapestry Room, but the tapestry therein did not impress me as being worthy of remark. It is said that when George I came over to England he was lodged here for some time, and that he complained bitterly at the character of the furnishings, which were so unlike that to which he had been accustomed. He had the rooms redecorated with imitation black and white marble and grained woodwork, and huge feather beds were installed in the Chambers to his delight and content. Walpole, in his Memoirs and Reminiscences, records him as remarking "This is a strange country. The first morning after my arrival at St. James I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."

It is said that both George I and II were wont to gamble in what is known as the groomes' postern. Theodore Hook alludes to this as a fact.

There are great quantities of dark old paintings, some

of them apparently by Holbein and Van Dyck, but it is impossible to describe them with any accuracy, they are so sadly in need of cleaning. One is conducted along a narrow corridor leading from the State apartments to the Chapel Royal. The so-called Colour Court, is embellished with a wondrous carved and painted ceiling, the work of Holbein, 1540, and its collection of altar plate may be called magnificent.

Here George III insisted upon every one attending service even in the most bitter winter weather. Madame d'Arblay records that "the Queen and the Court left the King and his equerry and the Chaplain to freeze it out together" at early prayers, and says that the King was in the habit of beating time to the music of the anthem with his music roll, sometimes even throwing it at the powdered heads of the attendants below when he caught them whispering together. It was in the garden that George III was attacked by an insane woman, one Margaret Nicholson, who struck at him with a knife but did not injure him. The King protected her from the fury of the bystanders. "Poor creature," said he. "She is mad; do not hurt her; she has not hurt me."

It is said that the cellars of St. James contain a wondrous store of priceless vintages, presented to the sovereign by distinguished hands. One brand in particular is said to be the Aqua d'Oro, in which small particles of gold leaf float and are held in suspension in some mys-

terious manner, and that this Aqua d'Oro is only used at Royal Christenings. I was not however allowed to see this wondrous liquor, nor did the courteous custode vouchsafe any information concerning it, or reply to my question about the (so-called) haunted chamber, and I did not press the matter.

Guilds and Guild Halls of the City Companies

THE Guildhall of course heads the list of the city companies, as the ancient seat of civic rule. First mention of this Hall is in a roll or list in Hustings' court of the date of 1212. The present building was begun in the year 1411 in the reign of Henry IV, but it was so altered in 1868 that but little is left of the original front before which each morning, according to custom great flocks of pigeons are fed, as in the square of Venice before St. Marks.

Many pause here to admire the pretty scene. The nearby church is that of St. Laurence-Jewry and is noted as being the "most costly" of any of the London churches built by Sir Christopher Wren, and the cost is given as £11,800. Its interior is really most inartistic and uninteresting. To the Guildhall came the Duke of Buckingham after the death of Edward IV, and in a stirring speech to the people attacked and denied the legitimacy of Edward, the dead sovereign, swearing with great oaths that the Duke of York was the only true heir to

the throne; demanding that he then and there be acclaimed and acknowledged king of England. The Hall is of beautiful proportions, about 150 feet long by 50 feet wide, with a truly magnificent timbered roof, and immense windows of stained glass of comparatively modern but nevertheless fine workmanship. There are four very large and remarkably commonplace monuments in the Hall erected to the memory of Pitt, Nelson, Beckford and Lord Chatham, by Canning, Sheridan and Burke respectively, and here are preserved the colossal carved wooden figures of the Giants Gog and Magog, which formerly were borne through the streets of London in the Lord Mayor's pageant. Hawthorne, on his visit to London saw them, and was much impressed. "They seem," said he, "like enormous playthings for the children of a race of giants." They are the work of the sculptor Richard Saunders, and were commissioned by the guild or corporation of the stationers company in the year 1707, and formally presented to the "City."

According to the history written and published by Richard Boreman (1741), Gog and Magog together with another giant named Corineus, fought great fights with all other giants who ventured against the liberties of the citizens of London, and were so victorious that none others giants remained but themselves. They then fought among themselves before the King and all the people, for sport, but soon became angry and in earnest, and

at length Corineus prevailed, being of such huge girth and tremendous strength, that seizing the Magog about the middle, he hurled him from the top of the chalk cliff into the sea below, from which he never emerged. What became of this victorious giant Corineus is not related, but the very spot on the chalk cliff to this day bears the name "Langomagog," and the word means "The Giants Leap."

In the common council chamber is a very large painting by Copley of the Siege of Gibraltar (1782). There are also two fine portraits by Beechey of Ald, Boydell and Lord Nelson; one by Northcote, the Death of Watt Tyler; a good Opie; the Murder of Rizzio; two good Lonsdale's, Princess Charlotte and Queen Caroline; and by Hayter, a portrait of Queen Victoria with most interesting characterization and details. There is also a splendid statue of George III, by Chantrey.

A very beautiful old chamber next to the Guildhall is the Court of the Aldermen, in which there is a wealth of remarkable carving by Grinling Gibbons or his pupils. The room is designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and whatever restorations have been made are in the best possible taste. In the Court of the Old King's Bench are some remains of an apartment of the early fifteenth century (1425) of Gothic detail. Here is preserved one of the best of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A., representing the Lord Chancellor, Charles Pratt, in com-

Cloth Fair

[illegible] the Magog about [illegible] the chalk cliff [illegible]. What [illegible]

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Cloth Fair.
George Whitney Edwards.
©

memoration of his great speech on the release of Wilkes from the Tower. The very ordinary court rooms contain portraits by M. Wright of the Judges of Clifford's Inn, who officiated after the great fire of London, in the proceedings of adjudication. The crowning glory however of the Guildhall is the splendid crypt dated from 1412. It formerly bore the name of Welsh Hall, because the Welsh used it in 1789 as a market for their manufactures and commodities. The crypt has three splendidly proportioned aisles, with groined ceilings upborn by six clusters of columns circular in form composed of Purbeck marble, and it measures about 75 feet long by 45 feet wide. The vista from any part of the hall may be pronounced perfect, and it seems strange that so few Londoners know about it. In the library of the Guildhall which is entirely modern, is an excellently arranged collection of Londoniana, consisting of old books, plays, and pamphlets, which affords much valuable information to those interested in the history of the City of London—to which the present writer owes much. There is also a splendid collection of drawings of old London Bridge which should be removed to the National Gallery. It is quite buried here.

London's present Royal Exchange is of course the headquarters of the modern system of commerce. It was inaugurated by Queen Victoria on October 28, 1844. It has a set of chimes, and a carillon and tambour, which

is operated mechanically, and its ambulatory, or arcade, is embellished with some good mural paintings by Sir Frederick Leighton, J. Seymour Lucas, Ernest Normand, Henrietta Rae, Sigismund Goetze, Ernest Crofts, S. J. Solomon, Stanhope Forbes and Robert Macbeth.

The antiquary will be delighted with the collection of ancient signboards contained in the city museum, the most famous and unique of which is the sign of the "Boar's Head," from the old tavern of that name, which dates from the year 1668, and stood in "East Cheap." This tavern, mentioned in Shakespeare's Henry VIII (Act II, Scene 2) was a favorite resort of Falstaff. There are also the signboards of the "Three Kings" from the village of Bucklersbury; the "Three Crowns" from Lambeth, and "St. George and the Dragon" from Snow Hill, together with the curious colored statue of Gerard the Giant, which, before its removal, about seventy-five years ago, ornamented the quaint Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane. There are also various relics of every day London life of the Plantagenet, Tudor, Carlean and Georgian periods.

In strict accordance with the ancient and most picturesque formula, the inauguration and "swearing in" of the Lord Mayor takes place each November on a certain day before the so-called "Lord Mayor's day" at Guildhall, and in the presence of the members of the Court of Aldermen, the Masters and Warders of the

Stationers, Gold and Silver Wire Drawers, glaziers, coach makers, and various other "companies." The ceremonies are most punctiliously observed, many of them being both quaint and amusing. There is much bowing and many "reverencies" on the part of high officials arrayed in gowns and picturesque uniforms, when the very venerable Chamberlain hands over the diamond scepter, the purse and the seal. The mace bearer surrenders the mace, the bearer of the sword his splendid blade, and the comptroller the indenture of the city plate. Finally the retiring Lord Mayor hands over the key to his successor and the ceremony is over.

The residence of the Lord Mayor is called the Mansion House, a rather gloomy looking building of portland stone with a handsome portico of Corinthian pillars. It is completely detached and has a splendid ball room. Mansion House is renowned for its hospitality, some sort of entertainment or State banquet is always going on in its state salons. The government of the city's civic square mile consists of the Lord Mayor, twenty Aldermen, and two hundred and thirty-six deputies from the wards.

The City Companies with Halls are—(as follows and not at all arranged in the order of their importance) Vintner's Hall in Upper Thames Street, near Southwark Bridge. This Hall was the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and built after the fire, the present front being a

restoration and fairly well done. The Great Hall is most richly carved (by Grinling Gibbons and his pupils) and wainscoted and the court room has some curious old tapestry and several portraits and a painting attributed to Van Dyck. The portraits are those of James II and King Charles II. The tutelar saint of this guild is St. Martin, and it possesses priceless relics of its former power and place in London. The Guild was incorporated under the name of the "Wine Tonners" in the time of Edward III. There are a number of life size swans in the hall, and these commemorate the right of this company in connection with the Queen and the "Dyers Company" alone to own and hold all swans on the river Thames.

The Company annually celebrates what is known as "Swan Upping" day at Henley, and then mark the cygnets "with two nicks." From this custom comes the sign of "The Swan with two Necks," sometimes seen on taverns.

One of the most famous of the Companies has no Hall of its own but uses a room in the Guildhall. This is the Horners, perhaps the most ancient as well, for its office was to make sure that the narrow streets of London of its time were properly lighted by Horn lanterns (spelled "lanthorns" in the old documents).

There are others likewise of the ancient Companies which are homeless, such as The Spectacle Makers, the

Northumberland House and Monument from the National Gallery

[illegible] The Great Hall is [illegible] pupils) [illegible] old [illegible] and several [illegible] The portraits [illegible] II. The tutelar saint of this [illegible] and it possesses priceless [illegible] and place in Lo[illegible] under the [illegible] of Edward III [illegible] a number of life size swans in the hall and [illegible] commemorate the right of this company in connection with the Queen and the "Dyers Com[illegible] Th[illegible]

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Northumberland House
and Monument from the National Gallery

Joiners, the Plumbers, the latter an organization dating back more than five hundred years, and the Loriners (bridlemakers).

The Tallow Chandlers at No. 4 Dowgate Hill have a fine hall arched with colonnades in the manner of Sir Christopher Wren. Stationers' Hall, incorporated 1557, was entirely rebuilt in 1800. Formerly a splendid musical festival was held here on St. Cecilia's day. It has a fine court room in which hangs Benjamin West's painting "Alfred Dividing His Loaf with the Pilgrim."

In former times the Stationers Company controlled the printing of all books in England, and when that right was terminated, it continued its right as sole printer of almanacs, from which it derived a large revenue. Copyright, however, is still secured in England by the act of books, being "entered at Stationers' Hall." It is said that from this Hall the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was one of its most powerful members, used to issue summons and warrants to the Wardens of the Company ordering them upon pain of prosecution by the Church, and consequent forfeiture of their rights and liberties, to visit and diligently search the houses of suspected persons for printing presses and copies of proscribed books and pamphlets, which were to be seized and publicly burned in the garden of the Hall.

"Old Moore's Almanack," a most quaint and highly valued calendar is published annually by this Company.

The Hall of the Skinners' Company situated on the west side of Dowgate Hill was incorporated in 1327. It has a curious front of red and black bricks, and a well designed porch without sustaining pillars. It was rebuilt in 1790. "Six Kings, Five Queens, One Prince, Nine Dukes, Two Earls and a Baron" are on the great list of members, from which, it is proudly recorded, "more than thirty Lord Mayors have been elected." Its court room has a fine portrait of Sir Andrew Judde, who was a "Skinner" and who was the founder of Tunbridge School. His tomb may be seen in Great St. Helen's. In this Hall is what is said to be "the noblest old room in London," which is entirely paneled in cedar wood and richly gilded. Its dining hall is in the ornate Italian style, with a heavily molded ceiling, and has an Ionic gallery for musicians.

The Salters (properly the Dry Salters) Company is in St. Swithin's Lane. The splendid banqueting hall has an ornate music gallery in which from the ceiling hang an array of ancient silken banners. The great collection of silver plate is a delight to behold, and is shown and explained by an old retainer who has a remarkable flow of language and a prodigious memory for dates and facts.

Near the general Post Office, at Cheapside is the Saddlers' Hall with a very noticeable gateway of modern construction. In the early days the Saddlers officiated at all State funerals, and in their Hall is shown a remark-

able ceremonial pall of dark crimson velvet, with a raised and stuffed center of yellow silk all embroidered with gold bullion upon which the arms of the Company are emblazoned at the head and foot. This pall is still in excellent preservation. Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was himself a Saddler, was once master of this Guild, and his portrait painted by Frye hangs in the Hall.

Pewterers' Hall is at number 15 Lime Street. There is an old wainscoted room here, which is now rented out to a firm of hatters who are civil to visitors. It is of the period of Charles I, and there is a very remarkable collection of ancient pewter, numbering hundreds of pieces, and all in fine order. One was told of one famous piece dating from the eighteenth century, which should be seen, but on this occasion it was not visible.

In Mincing Lane will be found an iron gate, the entrance to the Hall of the Clothworkers, a good modern reproduction of a Jacobean Mansion in red brick.

The badge or insignia of the Clothworkers' Company is a ram. Annually on the 16th of May, "one hundred and ten poor men and the same number of women are clothed throughout by the Company, and receive one guinea each after attending service in the neighboring church of All Hallows Staining." The bequest is that of one William Lamb, "citizen and clothworker," of the year 1480.

Clothworkers' Hall is a handsome room with stained glass and fine gilt statues of James I and Charles I which according to the records were "miraculously" saved from the Great Fire. Here Queen Elizabeth is said to have come on one occasion and Pepys was a frequent guest—even presented a silver cup, which is preserved and shown by the Company as one of its treasures.

The Mercers' claim to be the oldest and the wealthiest of the City Companies, incorporated in 1393, by grant of Henry VIII. The Hall was rebuilt after the Great Fire by Jarman, and has splendid oak carving of the period. The entrance is in Ironmonger's Lane, but the façade is in Cheapside, number 87. Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London, was a Mercer. "Flos Mercatorum." At least sixty of the Mercers have been elected and have served as Lord Mayors. The Hall is raised, and lavishly carved and wainscoted. The Committees of the Royal Exchange sit here in conclave. The Mercers are trustees of St. Paul's School, of which two of the founders were Dean Colet and Sir Thomas Gresham, whose portraits hang on their walls.

A great silver "Tun" [or cask] on wheels presented to the Company by Whittington at one of the banquets is preserved and shown in the Hall, together with numerous other treasures.

The Merchant Taylors Company is in Threadneedle Street, at number 30. It was in Merchant Taylors Hall,

Mansion House, Home of the Lord Mayor

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Mansion House, Home of the Lord Mayor

Mansion
House
Home of the
Lord Mayor.

according to tradition, that the national anthem was first sung in public. Written by Ben Jonson at the request of the Company, the music was composed by Dr. John Bull. The occasion of its performance was an entertainment given to King James I, on July 16, 1607, in congratulation upon his escape from the gunpowder plot. The Hall is larger than that of any of the other City Companies. It has a stately and beautifully designed screen, a fine music gallery and some richly painted glass windows, while the walls are adorned with the emblazoned arms of many notable members, of which it has a very distinguished list, embracing no less than "eleven sovereigns, eleven royal princes, thirteen dukes, two duchesses, thirty bishops and prelates and fifteen abbots and pryors." Surely enough to distinguish it among the other companies.

The Merchant Taylors' Guild holds in trust certain great estates, and also a great school which bears its name.

The Hall of the Ironmongers' Company is opposite Mark Lane, Fenchurch Street. It was incorporated by Charter of Edward IV. Although not of great size, its banqueting hall is of impressive character, with a fine ceiling, and wainscoted walls all hung with beautiful old flags in groups, and an emblazonry of the arms of its masters. Isaak Walton, whose portrait hangs in the Hall was, according to record, made a freeman of the

Company in 1618. At the foot of the staircase is an ancient wooden statue of St. Laurence, their patron saint, and an ostrich, "the bird which digests iron."

One Capel de Cure, 1351, is enrolled as first Master, and from the records we learn that Thomas Belton, dying in 1723, left by bequest the sum of twenty thousand guineas, to be applied to the redemption of Christian Slaves taken by pirates. This bequest of late years has increased enormously in value, a portion of the building land purchased for £9000 having been sold for £87,000. In 1874 The Company got a law passed by which the freemen and widows of the Company participated in the bequest, as well as eight hundred national schools in England and Wales.

The Grocers' Hall, which faces the Bank of England, was formerly The Pepperers, and although the Company is an old one, the Hall is very young, being as the custode stated gravely, only about one hundred years old. Its chief feature is the beautiful carved staircase, which is worth a long journey to see and enjoy. It has a spacious Hall with a music gallery in which the fine orchestra, a feature of their banquets, performs with taste and skill. It has also a fine portrait of Sir Thomas Moore, and a most interesting collection of MSS. relating to the history of the Pepperers.

In Foster Lane is found the great pillared front of the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, a site which it has

occupied for nearly six centuries, being incorporated by Edward III in the year 1327, but existing as a guild from much earlier times. The Hall was rebuilt by Hardwicke in 1835 and boasts of "the most magnificent marble staircase in London." The Hall (80 feet long, 40 feet wide, 35 feet high) is of selected Portland stone. There are broad open galleries supported by pillars of colored marble, and the whole is most sumptuous in character. Its plate is superb, naturally, as it is the wealthiest of the City Companies. The Guild assays and stamps with its "Hall Mark" most of the gold and silver work of England, charging a very trifling fee for its trouble. Four fine paintings of English sovereigns adorn its walls—George IV by Northcote, William IV by Hayter, Queen Adelaide, by M. A. Shee, and Queen Victoria, by Hayter. There is also shown in the Committee Room a painting by Cornelius Jansen, of Sir Hugh Middleton, 1644, who was a famous goldsmith, and the donor of New River to London.

The great golden cup out of which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation is one of the treasures.

Fishmongers' Hall is at the entrance of London Bridge. It was rebuilt by H. Roberts on the site of the original hall by Jarnan, which was erected after the Great Fire. The splendid Hall, which overlooks the Thames, is most elaborately ornamented with carvings of the character prevailing in the other Halls, and has also

among its treasures a remarkable embroidered pall, the work of nuns of the time, of Henry VIII, used at the funeral ceremonies of its members, and a chair made in 1832 from a piece of one of the pillars of old London Bridge, said to have been for six centuries or more buried in the mud of the river.

In a glass case in the Hall is the "Dagger of Walworth" (William Walworth, 1381). A representation of the "pageant of the Fishmongers" is shown in several old pictures in the waiting room. This pageant took place on October 29, 1616, in celebration of the election of Sir John Leman, Fishmonger, as Lord Mayor of London. The Fishmongers' Company still exercises control of all fish entering London, and its power is shown by the fact that in 1825, when London Bridge was built from designs by John Rennie and his sons John and George, the designs were submitted for approval of the Fishmongers' Company. Furthermore it is stated that it was this Company which in 1879 saved London Bridge from proposed alterations which would have ruined it. Many bequests from deceased members have made Fishmongers' Company wealthy. Some of these bequests are of curious character. In 1829 one Thomas Dogget, Whig, died, leaving a sum of money to be expended each year in the month of August in the purchase of "an orange coat and a silver badge of Hanover," to be rowed for on the Thames by six watermen.

Guildhall

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- Guildhall -
George Wharton Edwards
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It is said that the banquets of the Fishmongers' Company are most notable for the lavishness of the menu, and the vintages offered to the guests, who on leaving are each presented with an elaborately carved mahogany chest filled with rare candied fruits.

In the Court Dining Room is a portrait by Romney of Frederick Christian, Margrave of Anspach, who was the nephew of Caroline, Queen of George II, who in 1800 sold his principalities to the King of Prussia and took up his residence in London.

In the street called London Wall is the most picturesque and modern Hall of the Curriers' Company, which organization, however, dates from the remote year of 1363, and which has a curious custom of serving rare wine at its banquets in "magnums" upon carved mahogany stands in the form of vine leaves, the toasts offered by the toast master being preceded by a note, long drawn out, on a quaint pipe or horn blown by a costumed servant.

The Hall of the Cutters (who were also called "Bladers") is in Cloak Lane, Dowgate Hill. The arms of the Company are on the front of an old house, showing an elephant and castle with an undecipherable inscription or motto.

The Hall of the Carpenters' Company is at the entrance of Throgmorton Avenue, London Wall, and was built in 1877 on the site of a noble building which was

ruthlessly and unnecessarily destroyed at the time. Some of the carvings and medallions were preserved however, and these, designed by Bacon, now embellish the present Hall. In its library are MSS., and books containing records of work done for the crown, "under compulsion," and some of the curious caps worn by the wardens and master carpenters are preserved in cases, together with ancient silver ceremonial cups used on election day, and borne on this occasion in state around the table in the banquet hall.

The Brewers' Company Hall, organized in 1438, is in Addle Street. It dates from the time of Henry VI, who granted it incorporation.

The Butchers' Company may be found in Bartholomew Close.

The Barber-Surgeons' Company now, it is said, has neither barbers nor surgeons among its members, nor has it a Hall. The title is now, "The Barber-Surgeons Court Room," and it is in Monkwell Street. It has a fine old porch dating from the time of Charles II, and in the court room is shown the great painting by Holbein of Henry VIII granting the charter to the Barber-Surgeons. (£12,000, it is said, has been offered for this painting and refused not long ago.) Pepys records in his diary, "29th Aug. 1668. Harris and I to the Chyrurgeons Hall, where they are building it now very fine; and thence to see their theater, which stood all the Fire and,

which was our business, their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of M. Pierce, for a little money. I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000, but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

Careful inspection fails to reveal, at this present time, just where it is "spoiled" as Pepys records. It is a splendid example of Holbein's art, with every evidence of the remarkable "finish" and carefully carried out detail characteristic of the work of the great master.

In the court room is shown a rather ordinary looking screen, presented to the company, it is alleged, in gratitude by an individual who had been hanged at Tyburn for crime and his body being given over to the surgeons for their use, they "by their art succeeded in bringing him back to life, whereupon, etc., etc." This is indeed vouched for in records of Tyburn, and the name of the prisoner and the date of the hanging and the other details are all fully set forth.

A very handsome array of silver plate owned by the Company is preserved in the Hall, the special "piece" being the splendid silver cup presented by Charles II, representing the oak of Boscobel. Its stem is embellished with a fringe of hanging small acorns cunningly arranged to act as tinkling bells, which sound as the cup is passed around the table.

The Hall of the Armourers' Company, formerly known as "The Brothers and Sisters of the Gild of St. George," which was founded by Henry VI, in 1453, is in Coleman Street. Its ornate seal shows St. George slaying the dragon. Although the Hall has been rebuilt, it has existed here for five hundred years. It owns a splendid portrait of Roger Tindall, who was "Master of the Gild," in 1585, but the portrait is unsigned.

In his will Tindall bequeaths his "counterfeit" which bears the lines

> "Tyme glides away
> One God obey,
> Let Truth bear sway,
> So Tindall still did say,
> Whatever thou dost, mark thy end."

A most curious relic shown here is the Tilting Gauntlet, which was suppressed and its use forbidden, "because it locked down and the tilting spear could not be wrested from a hand thus protected."

This "Guild" has much fine silver plate, and a splendid and most noteworthy collection of suits of armor of the time of Charles I, Edward VI, and curious German swords of the XV and XVI centuries. In the time of William III, armor having been abandoned, the skill of the armorers was no longer required, so the Company languished until the reign of Anne, when it is recorded as

Fishmongers' Wharf, London Bridge

The Hall of the Armourers' Company, formerly known as "The Brothers and [illegible] of the Gild of St. [illegible] VI, in 1453, is [illegible]

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Fishmongers Wharf
London Bridge

joining the Company of the Braziers, for mutual advantage.

The Bakers' Company are housed in an ancient building in Harp Lane, Great Tower Street, and claim vehemently that theirs is one of the oldest of the Guilds of the City of London, being incorporated in the twelfth century, and having a charter granted to it by Henry VIII, naming it "a Gild of freemen and Freewomen of London and the suburbs thereof," with many rights and privileges most carefully specified.

Perhaps the busiest and most useful of all of the City Companies is that of the Apothecaries in New Bridge Street. It has now upwards of five hundred members, and annually conducts examinations of students applying for licenses as apothecaries. The Company was founded in the reign of King James I. It has a fine gallery of black oak, which looks on the court called by the students "The Funking Room," where they are examined by the masters. It has many old records and treasures, and stained glass windows, together with a marble bust of Gideon de Laune, who was physician of Queen Anne of Denmark, from whom the Company's charter was obtained. The British army still obtains its supplies of drugs and chemicals from the Apothecaries' Company.

One of the smallest of the Companies is that of the Girdlers, which is of great antiquity. Its master is the

Lord Mayor and it is said to have a most curious ritual, during which, at the election of a member, he is crowned with an ornate sort of cap and subjected to a rather trying but very dignified ordeal. The Company in olden times made "girdles" or gridirons, and this appears as a quartering upon their arms displayed upon a shield. Hanging upon the wall of the banqueting Hall and inclosed in a frame, is a large Persian rug, which was presented to the Company in the year 1634 by one of its members, Robert Bell.

The Company of the Inn Holders, which dates from 1515, is at College Street, Dowgate Hill, and in Great Winchester Street is the Hall of the Pinners' Company, and at number 24 Silver Street is the domicile of the Parish Clerks. A large number of the minor Companies have no Halls of their own, and some of these are to be found domiciled in the Guildhall, where information concerning them may be obtained.

Whitehall

LONDON tourists rarely do more than glance casually at the palladian exterior of the ancient banqueting hall, with the famous weather cock on the northern end, which King James II had set up to warn him of the approach of the Dutch fleet, but those interested may have access to the splendid hall during certain specified hours, and be sufficiently rewarded for their pains. The chief feature of interest is the glorious painted ceiling representing the apotheosis of King James, painted by Peter Paul Rubens, assisted by Jordaens, in the year 1635. The paintings were skillfully restored by the painter Cipriani in 1839 under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke.

It would require a book in itself to trace and record the history of the Banqueting House and Whitehall from the year of its erection to its Georgian transformation into a chapel, nor is there space to write of it here as the theater of Ben Jonson's masques, and the buffooneries of Cromwell. In the time of King Charles II it was the scene of magnificent receptions and stately and impressive ceremonies, and it was here in the Banqueting

House that Charles begged his honorable House of Commons (relates that eminent authority Mr. Austin Dobson) to amend the road ways about Whitehall so that Catherine of Braganza might not, upon her arrival, find it "surrounded by water." Here it was that Charles "gravely" went through that half solemn, half ludicrous business of "touching" for evil (according to superstitious belief, the King had the power to cure leprosy by "touching" or laying hands upon the sufferer), and it was in the Banqueting House that, coming from the Tower of London with a splendid cavalcade, he "created" at one time, "six earls and six barons."

Under this magnificently painted ceiling he most royally entertained the French Ambassador Colbert, on which occasion "he presented Mr. Evelyn, from his own royal plate with a piece of that newly imported luxury from Barbados, the King Pineapple."

Here also he received the Russian Ambassador, who brought him gifts of sables and "tapissry," and the swarthy envoys from Morocco clad in white "alhagas," bearing great jeweled scymetars and trainers with chained lions and "estridges" (ostriches). Pepys records the sights he witnessed from its roof in August, 1662.

"Mr. Creed and I walked down to the Tylt yard, and so all along Thames Street but could not get a boat; I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the

Queene's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to Whitehall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into Whitehall garden, and so to the Bowling-greene, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House. There, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted of chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queene, with her mydes of honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queene is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon came the King and Queene in a barge under a canopy with 1000 barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King and Queene. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice of one another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice of one another but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it. . . . Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked along with. And by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep off the

wind. But it become her mightily, as everything else do."

The Diary of Evelyn has an entry as follows; "Q. Jan. 1698. White Hall burnt, nothing but walls and ruins left."

The fine old Banqueting House designed by Inigo Jones with its massive classic columns of Northamptonshire stone, of simple and impressive dignity, while towered over by the surrounding buildings, quite lords it over the stumpy, squatty quarters of the Horse Guards. Impressive as it is, it represented only a part of Jones's original plan, as shown in Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus." The present House was in fact only one out of four similar pavillions in a great structure which was to have extended eleven hundred and fifty feet towards Northumberland House.

It was from this splendid fragment of a palace that Charles I went to his execution. Inigo Jones, moved by the genius of Wren, imitated his style in the grandiose manner of the master, and produced an example perfect alike in symmetry and proportion evident even in the existing fragment. Its apparent lack of entrance portal is due to its unfinished state, and its two stories externally incloses only the great room. It is understood that there were to have been four splendid blocks of which one was to have been a magnificent chapel surrounded by galleries, the other divided into two sumptuous tiers of

apartments. Turned into a chapel by George I, it was, though never consecrated, called the Chapel Royal of Whitehall. It is stated that it was intended that the walls should be covered by great canvases painted by Van Dyck, depicting the History of the Order of the Garter. In the courtyard was originally the splendid statue of King James II, by Grinling Gibbons. This statue, one of the best in London, was removed in 1897 and now faces the roadway of Whitehall.

It is a matter of history that Inigo Jones, the designer of Whitehall, received eight shillings four pence a day while he was at work on the plans, and to this paltry sum was added "forty-six pounds per annum for house rent." In Brayley's "Londoniana" are reproductions of two of Lord Burlington's prints of the façades showing practically the same design in each, having square cornered towers, and splendidly designed central compartments. The front toward the river has an embankment with flights of stairs leading to the water; that toward the street looks upon an ornamental pond surrounded with shrubs and statues. The detail does not, however, correspond with the Banqueting House as it now appears.

The Whitehall of Inigo Jones is therefore an unrealized dream, and his Banqueting House, which George I turned into a chapel, now serves chiefly as a landmark by which in these days of restoration its ancient environments may be identified. With Grinling Gibbons'

splendid statue of James I, it constitutes the sole surviving portion of ancient Whitehall as it appears in Fisher's famous plan of 1680. In the time of Henry VII and Elizabeth it was surrounded by a curious conglomeration of buildings and disorder, which in Jacobean and Caroline days was known and styled as "our palace of Westminster." Roughly speaking, this was bounded on the north by St. James Park; on the south by the Thames; on the east by Scotland Yard and on the west by Cannon Row (according to Fisher's plan).

Mr. Austin Dobson, in his account of old Whitehall, finds the "largest and more important portion of old Whitehall lay to the south of the road between Westminster and Charing Cross. To the west of the Banqueting House, and corresponding in width to the distance between the two great gates, was the "Privy Garden," where in May 1662 Mr. Pepys, to his great solace and content, saw "my Lady Castlemaine's laced smocks and linen petticoats floating gayly in the breeze." Here in a range of buildings nearly at right angles to the house lived Evelyn's friend, Sir Robert Murray, and here too were the apartments of the Lord Chamberlain, where in November 1679, Evelyn witnessed the marriage of his Lordship's daughter, a child of twelve years (!) to the Duke of Grafton, the natural son of the King by Barbara Palmer. Opposite, in the central walk was a famous sun dial which was placed there by King James, and was

Whitehall

splendid statue of James [illegible]
ing portion of an [illegible]
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were the apartments of the Lord Chamberlain [illegible]
Lordship's daughter, a child of twelve years [illegible]
Duke of Grafton, the natural son of the King, [illegible]
Palmer. Opposite, in the central walk were [illegible]

Whitehall
Banquet Hall

described in a book by Edmund Gunter, dated 1624.

Of the gateway of Whitehall which was designed by Holbein "in brick of two colors, glazed and disposed in a tesselated fashion," Mr. Dobson says, "This charming structure fell in a sacrifice to conveniency within my memory."

When Charles II returned to his native city after his exile in the dull towns of the Netherlands, where he was compelled to dwell in poverty, how he must have appreciated the wealth of opulence and color which greeted him on that 29th of May, 1660. The account relates that after a hearty breakfast on shipboard at Dover, consisting of "pease and pork and boiled beef," he set out on his triumphal entry of London by way of Canterbury and Blackheath through Rochester. Charles chose the 29th of May for his triumphant entry, because it was his birthday. The vast chambers of the Palace of Westminster were elaborately hung with rare "tapissrys" (as tapestries was spelt in those days) and flowers and were crowded with courtiers and lackeys waiting to do him honor. The route of entry was past St. Saviour's at Southwark, to and across old London Bridge, where from a space between the ancient houses that lined both sides of the way and on which a temporary platform was built, Charles paused for a view of the river Thames covered with flag-decked barges and ships, with tall masts, above which the dark mass of the Tower loomed

against a gray sky through the smoke of the great guns which were fired from the castellated walls in his welcome.

The procession paused at the Royal Exchange for Charles to receive the address of the Lord Mayor conveying the loyal congratulations of the City, and then slowly continued along Cheapside to old St. Paul's which looked very different in those days, for it lacked a finish of any sort, and had a stumpy sort of tower which matched badly with the noble specimen of severe Gothic designed by Inigo Jones. The written account says that "At the Poultry, the Great Conduit flowed with good red wine," which was free to all, and that beautiful spire of Bow Church had festoons of lanterns which were lighted after dark to guide citizens and strangers to the locality.

At Ludgate Hill was a great stone gate, and statues of the King and Queen Elizabeth guarding the road into the Strand, even then as now the chief thoroughfare of London. Then on through Covent Garden, by the villages of St. Martin's and St. Giles, which then were literally "in the Fields" to the village of Charing, where there was a splendid statue of good Queen Elinor, and thence across the meadows to the Palace of Whitehall, lying in closed spacious gardens all trimmed in the Dutch style, which Charles had ordered. This taste for Dutch fashions was further exemplified in all the decorations of the household. In the garden was the famous

sun dial, the work of Professor Gunter, which Charles had ordered when he was Prince of Wales, and which was on one occasion injured by a roystering lordling in a spirit of bravado, and called forth bitter denunciation from the poet Andrew Marvel—

> "This place for a dial was too insecure,
> Since a guard and a garden could not it defend;
> For so near to the Court they will never endure
> Any witness to show how their time they misspend."

Pepys recorded in his diary his experience at the Ball at Whitehall crowded with "fine ladies to whom the King and Queen came in with the Duke and Duchess of York and all the great ones . . . and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York, and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham . . . and so other lords other ladies, and they danced the Brantle [sic] . . . very noble it was, and great pleasure to see."

The scenes of pleasure and profligacy of the court were scornfully described by Evelyn, who wrote. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, dissoluteness, and as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a

bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust." This state of affairs at Whitehall continued until the death of Charles on February 6, 1684. Whitehall was then completely changed as a residence by his successor James II, who of a religious turn, invited the priesthood to establish a Roman Catholic chapel there, of which Evelyn records:

"March 5, 1685. To my great griefe I saw the new pulpit set up in the Popish Oratoric at Whitehall, for the Lent preaching, masse being said publicly, and the Romanists swarming at court with greater confidence than ever before seene in England since the Reformation."

Three years later (1688) Queen Mary Beatrice was hurried away in the night of December 9th from the palace in disguise, by the Count de Lauzon and a certain M. de St. Victor, "a gentleman of Avignon" together with the infant Prince James and two nurses.

To Lauzon the King said, "I confide my queen and my son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them with utmost speed to France." They fled across the Great Gallery, and thence by a back stairway gained the Gardens, and at a gate found the waiting coach, which carried them to the Horse Ferry at Westminster, where lay a boat in waiting in which the party crossed safely

to Lambeth. King James himself, two days afterwards, fled from the Palace at three in the morning, by a boat from the river entrance, the Dutch troops having entered London with little or no opposition from Lord Craven. But at Feversham he was discovered and stopped by the people, who hailed him with every appearance of loyalty and affection, and carried him back in state to Whitehall, but in the middle of that very night he made his escape again, accompanied by his son-in-law, and going by river down to Rochester, he there embarked on a vessel on December 23rd, 1688, for France, which he reached in safety.

The Princess Anne was previously (Nov. 25th) enabled to escape from her lodgings in the northwest corner of the palace overlooking St. James Park, by the assistance of Compton, the Lord Bishop of London, who gave her sanctuary in his house in Aldersgate street.

Evelyn records in his diary, concerning the arrival of Mary II, who arrived in London in February following that—"She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding, seeming quite transported with joy. . . . She rose early in the morning, and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the conveniences of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed where the Queen of James II had slept, and within a night or two sat down to basset. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed

to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, but takes nothing to heart."

Here ends the glories of Whitehall as a royal residence. It had no attraction for William III, who preferred Hampton Court and Kensington. Mary, too, overburdened by her conscience in remembrance of her treatment of her father, who had fondly loved her and had ever surrounded her with evidences of his affection, and recollections of her stepmother for whom she had protested deep affection, shunned Whitehall. Two fires, one in 1691, the other seven years later, gutted the historic palace, and left little but the fragment which now remains at the Banqueting House.

The Tower

IN a series of gardens below Tower Hill, where in olden times were a wide moat and heavy ramparts, is the hoary pile of fortifications from which rises a squat sort of building lacking in architectural distinction and surmounted by four large conical capped towers. The effect of this building upon one, seeing it for the first time is distinctly disappointing. Its picturesqueness is not at once evident, and it is only after one has carefully sought for and considered its quality, that it is at all satisfying. One expects too much of it—expects something perhaps like unto the Château of the Counts in Ghent; that great gloomy gray pile of stone, with its huge heavy bastions and buttresses looming magnificently against the skyline. Nothing of the sort is to be seen here. Yet certainly no other building appeals so forcibly to the Anglo-Saxons as this rather mean and insignificant looking pile of brick and stone, which has remained practically as it is now for eight hundred years. Begun in 1078 by William the Conqueror, to replace the small Norman château on the site of the Roman bas-

tions, the buildings cover a space of about twelve acres. The Tower is what is known as a concentric fortress, that is, its "keep" is situated in the center of the castle. Thirteen towers surmount the walls of the inner ward surrounding the keep, which is known as the White Tower. The famous palace in which dwelt the British Kings down to Charles II, and which was close to the Wakefield Tower was pulled down in the time of Cromwell, and a dingy warehouse now occupies its site. William Rufus added a great deal to the original castle. The money was collected for the work by Rufus, and Henry of Huntingdon describing his methods sarcastically says, "He pitted and shaved the people with tribute especially to spend about the Tower of London."

The Tower of St. Thomas over the Traitor's Gate was built by both Rufus and Henry I. This is shown to visitors, as is also the Regalia in the Jewel House. The Banqueting Chamber, the great White Tower, the Norman Chapel of St. John, the Council Chamber, the State Floor, the Armoury, the fatal Tower Green where in Tudor times the executions were held, of fine noble women and the Earl of Essex, and lastly the great Beauchamp Tower, on the walls of which are written many names and messages by the hapless prisoners long incarcerated there. This is all that the general public is allowed to see. The small church of St. Peter and Vincula contains the tombs of Anne Boleyn, the hapless con-

sort of the uxorious Henry VIII; those of the Countess of Salisbury, Katherine Howard, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Gray and her husband, and many more. Likewise the public may not visit the Bloody Tower, where were murdered the young princes Edward and Richard, and where Henry VI died. Here lived Sir Walter Raleigh for a time. Nor may the public enter the Bell Tower wherein was imprisoned Elizabeth when she was Princess; nor may ordinary visitors enter the gloomy dungeon under the central keep where Guy Fawkes was confined, the cell being so small that he could touch the walls on either hand by stretching out his arms. The Queen's House is also closed to visitors; from it on the night before he was to be executed, Lord Nithsdale made his escape in 1715.

The death of Henry VI was most mysterious, and according to Fabian and Hall, it was at the hand of the Duke of Gloucester, who "murthered the said Kyng with a dagger." At any rate the King died in some manner just after the Battle of Tewkesbury.

In 1747 George, Duke of Clarence and brother of Edward IV, was executed in the Tower where Queen Margaret was imprisoned. It is not possible here to chronicle save in the very briefest manner the events which followed the death of Edward VI, it would take several chapters at least to enumerate them. The history of the Tower of London has been written many times, and

those interested may read Timbs' "Romance of London" with great profit.

The public is admitted freely to the Armoury and the Jewel Tower, but strangely enough these are the least interesting of all. Many restrictions, for some reason best known to the authorities, are placed in the way of those who seek entrance to the rest of the Tower. One must make application to the Chief Constable, and then after many delays it may please him to grant certain favors. The recipient is then permitted to present himself at the office and, provided his credentials are found satisfactory, he is placed in charge of one of the picturesquely clad "beefeaters," as the wardens of the Tower are called. These men are still dressed in the uniform of the yeomen of Henry VIII, and their order is said to have been established by Edward VI in the year 1285. The name "Beefeater" is said to be derived from the commissary. In the reign of Henry VIII, beef was the cheapest of meats, at a half penny per pound, mutton being three farthings, the price fixed by law. The guard was therefore fed upon beef, and in derision the men were called "beefeaters" by the people, and the name has stuck to them ever since. They are not however objects of derision nowadays,—on the contary the position of member of the guard is eagerly sought and held in honor.

To enter the Tower, before reaching the great moat,

The Tower of London

these interested [illegible] "Romance of London" with great [illegible]

The public [illegible] and the [illegible] interesting [illegible] best known [illegible] those who seek entrance to the [illegible] must make application to the Chief Constable, and [illegible] after many delays it may please him to grant certain favors. The recipient is then permitted to present himself at the office and, provided his credentials are found satisfactory, he is placed in charge of one of the pic- [illegible] said to have been established by Edward VI [illegible] year 1285. The name "Beefeater" is said to be [illegible] the commissary. In the reign of Henry VIII [illegible] the cheapest of meats, at a half penny per pound [illegible] ton being three farthings, the price fixed by law. [illegible] guard was therefore fed upon beef, and [illegible] men were called "beefeaters" by the people [illegible] has stuck to them ever since. They are [illegible] objects of derision nowadays,—on the contrary [illegible] in honor.

[illegible]

one comes to the middle gate beyond "The Spur," which gate has been altered out of all semblance to the ancient arch with its iron portcullis, shown in the old prints. This middle gate is memorable as that before which Elizabeth, on the journey from Canonbury for the Coronation ceremonies, stopped the cavalcade and getting down from the "litter" knelt in the roadway and gave devout thanks to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent. For this had been her prison from which she had so miraculously been delivered. As she herself expresses it (according to Burnet's History of the Reformation) "An escape as miraculous as that of Daniel out of the mouths of the lions." Near this was the so called Lion tower where Henry III kept the wild beasts in a pen to carry out the idea of the royal arms.

The splendid terrace gives a fine view here of the Thames with the crowded mass of shipping in the Pool. Under the terrace is the entrance to the Traitor's Gate, where the gloomy walls on either hand and on the river front are pierced with narrow ways and furnished with slits to enable the watchful guardians to follow the movements of arriving friends or foes. The Thames formerly flowed to the very stairway under the archway, and it was here that unfortunate Anne Boleyn was brought by guard from the Greenwich Tournament where she had betrayed herself under the watchful eyes of the uxorious monarch, who was only too anxious to find means of getting rid

of her. Here she fell upon her knees, calling upon God to defend her, innocent as she was of any crime. There is a proverb quoted by Fuller—"A loyal heart may be landed at Traitor's Gate." Rogers speaks of it in his "Human Life" as "That gate misnamed."

The fortifications beyond guarding the river side were known as The Galleyman Tower, the Cradle Tower and the Well Tower. This last contained and guarded the great wells containing water for use of the castle. At the top of the stone steps up from the passage to the Traitor's Gate is the spot where Sir Thomas More embraced his daughter Margaret for the last time as he was conducted to prison after his trial and condemnation, the headsman proceeding before him carrying his ax reversed as the law required—"the blade being turned toward him" as a sign of conviction.

At the end of the nineteenth century, during the restoration of the Tower, the major part of the Traitor's Gate was destroyed. The old stone steps, which had been trodden and worn by the feet of hundreds of famous and illustrious men and women prisoners, were removed together with the stone upon which Elizabeth sat when she was brought here a prisoner. The great and venerable gates were taken down and it is said, sold to a junk dealer of Whitechapel for the paltry sum of fifteen shillings. P. T. Barnum, who was then in London, bought them from the man for fifty pounds sterling,

and sent them to New York, where he placed them on exhibition in his circus museum. It is not now known what has become of them.

A splendid and gloomy old portal admits one to the Inner Ward, and the custode points out the very ring in the archway used to fasten the barge which brought the hapless prisoners. Above rises the bulk of what is known in history as the Bloody Tower. In one of the stone chambers the Princes of Edward IV were done to death by the assassins Dighton and Forrest at the command of their uncle Richard III, and beyond the gate is pointed out the very spot where the unfortunate youths were hastily buried in the night. Authorities claim that there is no proof of this. However, some bones were found buried here long afterwards, and these are interred in Westminster Abbey.

Many quaint ceremonies survive here. Even now, says the custode, each night at eleven the officer of the guard comes to the warder in charge of the keys and the following ceremony is carried out.

"Who goes there?" calls out the guard.

The warder answers "The Keys."

"Whose Keys?"

"The Keys of King George." The Warder then calls out loudly, "God bless King George!" The guard is then changed, and with the new password given the gate is closed for the night.

The chamber in which the princes were done to death is a small one with a window opening upon a very narrow flagged passageway by which the two ruffians entered from the roadway on the battlement. In one of the rooms Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for sixteen years for a plot against the crown for Lady Arabella Stuart. Here, it is said, he wrote his "History of the World," and received visits from Ben Jonson and other friends.

The Royal Regalia is kept in the Wakefield Tower, named from the Battle of Wakefield. There is a remarkable vaulted roof, and one is shown the oratory of King Henry VI, in which he was murdered. Here is kept the great glass inclosed case which contains the Regalia, and the remarkable collection of gold plate which is used at the Banquet upon the occasion of a coronation, and the various crowns and scepters of the monarchs of England. The most curious of the objects is perhaps the great Orb, a ball of gold set with splendid jewels and surmounted by a cross. This Orb is held by British sovereigns in the right hand during coronation ceremonies, and carried in the left hand on the return from Westminster. It is a badge of authority borrowed from the Roman Emperors.

There is also the Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, which contains the sacred consecrated oil used at coronations. The spoon with it is said to be the oldest piece of plate

The Middle Tower

galia, and the remarkable collection of gold plate which is used at the Banquet upon the occasion of a coronation, and the various crowns and sceptres of the monarchs of England. The most curious of the objects is perhaps the great Orb, a ball of gold set with splendid jewels and surmounted by a cross. This Orb is held by

the Roman Emperors.

The Middle Tower

in the collection, which is valued at three millions of pounds sterling.

It is said that there have been several abortive attempts to steal these precious objects, the most notable being that of one Blood during the time of Charles II. This man Blood seems to have been a picturesque sort of dare devil noted for his escapades against the law. He headed an uprising in Dublin, where the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant, and Blood and his band not only captured him and held him prisoner, but took him to Tyburn where he nearly prevailed upon the authorities to hang the noble Duke as a traitor. The details of this escapade are most curious and interesting, and serve to show Blood to have had both courage and imagination of no mean order. He hatched the plot to steal the Regalia with the aid of a notorious woman of uncommon beauty and intelligence, and together one day the two entered the room where they were kept and guarded by an old keeper, who lived there with his attractive young daughter. Blood and his (pretended) wife ingratiated themselves with the old man and the girl, and they soon became friendly and upon terms of intimacy, so that it was a comparatively easy matter for the Bloods to introduce a young man as their son, and after a while propose a marriage between the young people. Suspicion being removed, Blood when he judged the time propitious brought one day with him

to the Tower the "son" and several companions, and finding the old man alone in the Jewel Room, the men attacked him and after binding and gagging him, secured the keys of the case and were packing up the precious objects, when they were surprised, so says the story, by the son of the old keeper who had just returned from the wars in Flanders. Blood and one of his gang succeeded in getting out of the room with the Crown and the great Orb, but before they could make their escape from the Tower they were seized by the guard below, who had heard the shouts of the returned soldier.

The account relates that although taken in the act, Blood had influence enough, together with his own ingenuity and address, to induce the King to not only release and pardon him for his crime, but to grant him some sort of office in his entourage, with a substantial pension for his maintenance, while the unfortunate guardian of the Regalia was not only removed from his position, but died in poverty and disgrace.

The huge quadrangle all turreted and Norman arched in the Inner Ward, is the White Tower. Here are shown some large cannon, among which is the piece called Long Megg, of the time of Henry VIII. There are many such scattered over Europe, one in particular being in the City of Ghent, in Belgium, and, known as "Groote Meg." Here is shown also the piece called

the "Great Harry," and another of ornate design inscribed "Thomas Seymour Knyght was Master of Kings Ordynnaunce when John and Robert Owen Brethren made Thys Pece, Anno Domini 1546."

St. Johns Chapel here built in the year 1078 is said to be the most perfect Norman Chapel in England. Heavy pillars circular in form encircle it. It was in this chapel that the father-in-law of Lady Jane Gray, who was the Duke of Northumberland, came publicly to celebrate a mass before his execution. In the council chamber of the White Tower, King Richard III appeared from his prison all dressed in Regalia and abdicated the throne, handing over the scepter to the Duke of Lancaster, who in turn passed it over to the archbishop of Canterbury. The former monarch was then returned to his cell. Thus Henry IV was made King of England.

Here from a window Richard III watched the headsman and the assembled spectators during the execution on Tower Green. In one of the gloomy vaults of the White Tower are the holes in which the posts of the rack were held, upon which the fair body of the hapless Anne Askew was put to the torture. There is a cell, ironically called "Little Ease," where Guy Fawkes was racked for thirty minutes, after which he confessed his crime. It is related that Fawkes after his arrest, was dragged by the soldiers to Whitehall where James I lay ill in bed. Brought before the King he was asked by

James what he had intended to do with the Kegs of powder which were discovered piled up in the crypt, and Fawkes answered most insolently that he meant by their means to blow the Scotchmen back to Scotland.

Over the Bloody Gate are several rooms in which many historical personages have been imprisoned at various times. Here lay the Bishop of Ross, ally of Mary, Queen of Scots, who confessed and pronounced her as party to the assassination of Darnley. Here also was chained Felton, who killed Buckingham, and whom the crowds in the streets through which he passed "showered with their tears and their blessings." Here too died of drunkenness the notorious Judge Jeffreys, tool of James II. In this room was imprisoned one Margaret Cheyne, called the Wild Woman of the Pilgrim-Invasion of Yorkshire, who conspired to end the government of Cromwell and restore Catherine of Arragon to the throne. From this room, Earl Dudley was taken to execution. It was also the prison cell of Sir Thomas Overbury, who was slowly poisoned while being fed with choice viands by the Earl of Somerset and his countess. Here Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for a plot concerning Lady Arabella Stuart, but was graciously "allowed" to plant and cultivate a flower garden, as well as to write whatever he liked.

Below is preserved and shown the "great ax," always carried by the Chief Warder when he brought prisoners

Entrance to the Tower of London

[illegible]

[illegible] means to blow [illegible].

Over the [illegible] which many historical [illegible] various times. Here [illegible] Queen [illegible] party [illegible] of Darnley. Here [illegible] who killed Buckingham [illegible] in the streets through which he passed "showered with their tears and their blessings." Here too died of [illegible] called the Wild Woman of the Pilgrim-Invasion of Yorkshire, who conspired to end the [illegible] well and restore Catherine of Arragon to the throne. From this room, Earl Dudley was taken to execution. It was also the prison cell of Sir Thomas Overbury, [illegible] was slowly poisoned while being fed with choice [illegible] Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for a plot [illegible] Lady Arabella Stuart, but was graciously [illegible] to plant and cultivate a flower garden, as [illegible]

[illegible]

George Whatton Edwards.
Fatiguer to the
Tower of London.

to trial at the House of Lords. The shadow of the ax (according to Timbs' "Romance of London,") appears occasionally in the moonlight on the walls of the White Tower. Timbs records the strange experience of the keeper of the crown jewels, one Edward Newhall Swift, who solemnly affirms that "on a certain Saturday night in October of the year 1817, while supper was being served in the ordinary room of the apartment in the Tower, there being present the usual members of his household, namely, himself, his wife, his sister-in-law, and his young son, he was alarmed by a loud cry from his wife, who sat at the supper table, 'Oh, God! Look! What is that?'—and they saw a strange object, something like a large glass cylinder of the length and thickness of his arm, seemingly suspended in midair between the table and the ceiling, and containing a vaporous white and pale blue substance in violent motion. This object remained thus suspended for a short space of time, and then slowly commenced to rotate about the room over their heads. As it passed his wife, she cried out in great fright, 'Oh, Christ; it has seized me!' "

Although Mr. Swift plainly saw the object, his sister-in-law and his young son saw nothing whatever out of the ordinary. The story is left thus incomplete, but, it is gravely related in connection with this remarkable tale, "Some days later the guard at the door of the jewel house saw an apparition resembling the figure of a huge

bear, which so unnerved him that he fell in a fit, from the effects of which he died."

The White Tower contains the room in which Pepys "at his ordinary table" dined with Sir J. Robinson, and the Lieutenant's apartments in which James, Duke of Monmouth, captured after his flight from Sedgemoor was incarcerated until the day of his execution in 1685. In one of these apartments was born the celebrated Mrs. Hutchinson, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, the Lieutenant. The Bell Tower, it is said, was once the prison of Princess Elizabeth, and here was confined for four long and terrible years after her arrest while endeavoring to accompany her beloved husband, Sir William Stuart to Normandy,—the hapless "childe of woe," Arabella Stuart, who, as Disraeli said ("Curiosities of Literature") "had no one about her whom she might trust."

The Bell Tower is so named because it has a turret surmounting it containing a bell used to summon the garrison. In it is a chamber of fine proportions which served as the prison cell of J. Fisher who was the Bishop of Rochester, a man of eighty years of age when he was tried and condemned for treason. The treason aforesaid consisted in his affirmed belief in one of the prophesies of the Maid of Kent, in effect that "a judgment will follow the divorce of Henry VIII from Catherine of Arragon." Here he languished in sickness and hunger, his piteous appeals for help from Cromwell

bringing no response. Upon this predicament being made known to the Pope, he sent the prisoner the red hat of a Cardinal. Henry VIII remarked, "'Fore God, if he wear it, he shall wear it on his shoulders," and signed at once his death warrant, adding, "His cardinal's hat and his head shall never meet together." And they never did.

In one of the halls upon a great chimney place is an inscription recording "Upon the twentieth daie of June in yere of our Lord a thousand five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable Countes of Lenox Grace committede prysoner to thys lodgynge for the Marredge of her sonne my Lord Henry Darnle (Darnley) and the Queen of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys place—M. Elizh. Hussey, M. Jane Bailey, M. Elizh. Chamberlain, M. Robarte Partington, Edward Cuffin, Anno Domini 1566." The Countess was released from this prison after Darnley was murdered, and dying in the greatest poverty thereafter, she was buried in Westminster in great pomp by order of Queen Elizabeth.

Beauchamp Tower is, according to authorities, the most interesting of the towers. It was named for Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who spent solitary years of imprisonment within its walls, until Richard II consented in the year of 1397, to his transfer to a castle in the Isle of Man. On the walls and the arched em-

brazures are many names and piteous appeals written by the hapless wretches who were here entombed, until many of them were taken out, drawn, quartered and beheaded "on the Green within the Tower." A place where, it is gravely stated, "grass has never since consented to grow." The "green" is now covered with gravel.

Some of the great historical personages beheaded on this "green" were: the beautiful Anne Boleyn, the aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, Queen Catherine Howard, Lady Rockford, Lady Jane Gray, "who had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of the middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parents' offenses." (Holy State, page 311.)

Here in the chapel, when repairs were being made in 1876, were found beneath the flooring some fragments of the skeleton of a female, which in some way were identified as being those of Anne Boleyn. Burnet states that after her decapitation "her body was thrown into a common chest of elm tree, that was made to put arrows in, and buried within the Tower before twelve o'clock."

The Devereux Tower is in the north angle of the wall behind the Chapel of St. Peter. It was called, and known in the time of Henry VIII, The Develin

The Bloody Gate

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[

The Bloody Gate.
George Wharton Edwards.
©

(Dev'lin) Tower, also "Robin the Devyll's Tower." Here, among others less noteworthy, was imprisoned the Earl of Essex.

Then follows the Bowyer's or Bowmen's Tower, and the Brick Tower, in which last Lady Jane Gray languished until her execution. It is said that while waiting her turn to be taken to the block, she saw from the window the headless body of her husband carried by in the tumbrel from Tower Hill.

In the Martin Tower, during the reign of James I, the Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned for sixteen years, until his daughter, Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle, who was renowned for her great beauty, procured his release. This was likewise the prison of the "Seven Bishops." In the East Wall are two towers, the Constable Tower, and the Broad Arrow Tower; in the latter, during the time of Queen Elizabeth, Roman Catholic priests were imprisoned and tortured.

In the churchyard of Holy Trinity is a stone inscribed with the date of 1745, under which is buried a collection of human bones brought from Culloden field, and in the church is preserved the skull of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded in the Tower Hill Garden; the very spot is marked by a stone where the gibbet was placed by Edward IV. The last decapitation was that of Lord Lovat in the reign of George II.

Where the Royal Palace formerly stood is now the Ordnance office of the Tower, and where one leaves the remains of the Cradle Tower is a lovely spot under the trees in a greenery with a never to be forgotten view of this great mediæval castle.

The Temple

I WAS born, and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple," (says Charles Lamb, in the paper entitled "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," "Essays of Elia"). "Its Church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places,—these are my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, when he speaks of this spot—

> 'Those bricky towers,
> The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> Where whylome wont the Templar Knights to ride,
> Till they decayed through pride!'

—Indeed it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses!

What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which from three sides overlooks the greater garden."

When Charles Lamb was born on the 10th of February, 1775, in Crown Office Row in the Temple, his father, John Lamb was clerk and body servant of Samuel Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple (described in the essay, "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" under the name of Lovel)—"a man of incorrigible and losing honesty . . . the liveliest little fellow breathing; had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble . . . possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry . . . made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits; and was altogether as brimful of roguery and invention as you could desire." Such was Elia's father. In 1775 when Lamb was born, Goldsmith had been dead a twelvemonth, Smollet four years, Richardson fourteen, Fielding twenty, Dr. Johnson had still nine years to live and Burke twenty-four. Of the more notable literary figures of Lamb's own generation, Wordsworth was five years his senior, Sir Walter Scott four, Coleridge three, Southey one and Jane Austen the same. Hazlitt was Lamb's junior by three years, Leigh Hunt nine, De Quincey ten and Byron thirteen.

When Thackeray was born in 1811, "Saint Charles," as he called Lamb, was thirty-six, and Lamb's life was finished before the author of "Round About Papers" had

Tombs of the Crusaders

What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which from three [illegible] the greater garden."

When [illegible] of [illegible] 1775, in [illegible] John Lamb was [illegible] a bencher of the Inner Temple ([illegible] "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" under [illegible] Lovel)—"a man of incorrigible and losing honesty [illegible] the liveliest little fellow breathing [illegible] a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly [illegible] possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry [illegible] gether as brimful of roguery and invention as you could desire." Such was Elia's father. In 177[illegible] [illegible] was born, Goldsmith had been dead a twelve[illegible] Smollet four years, Richardson fourteen, Fielding twenty, Dr. Johnson had still nine years to live [illegible] Burke twenty-four. Of the more notable literary [illegible] of Lamb's own generation, Wordsworth was [illegible] his senior, Sir Walter Scott four, Cole[illegible] Southey one and Jane Austen the same. [illegible] Lamb's junior by three years, Leigh Hunt [illegible] cey ten and Byron thirteen.

[illegible]

come to his literary kingdom. Dickens was born three years after Lamb died.

It was Samuel Salt, John Lamb's employer, and one of the most considerable and important influences on Charles Lamb's material life, who paved the way both to Christ's Hospital and to India House, and it was in Salt's library in the Temple that Lamb first had his way with books.

His biographers say that he matured early, "that intellectual maturity was his while yet his limbs were growing." His earliest letters to Coleridge (dated 1796) might have been written by a man of fifty so thoughtful are they. His boyishness came later in life. The best description of him extant is the following in the memoir of B. W. Proctor, "Barry Cornwall."

"Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden . . . might by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street, have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in manner, and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long melancholy face, a large head, with keen penetrating eyes, and he walked with a short resolute step, citywards. He looked no one in the face, yet contrived to see everything as he went on.

"No one who ever studied the human features could pass by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small half-clerical man was—Charles Lamb."

Proctor goes on: "Small and spare in person and with small legs (immaterial legs, Hood called them) he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair almost black, and a grave look lightening up occasionally and capable of sudden merriment. His laugh was seldom excited by jokes merely ludicrous; it was never spiteful, and his quiet smile was sometimes inexpressibly sweet; perhaps it had a touch of sadness in it. His mouth was well shaped; his lips tremulous with expression, his brown eyes were quick, restless and glittering, and he had a grand head, full of thought." Leigh Hunt said that "he had a head, worthy of Aristotle," Hazlitt calls it "a fine Titian head full of dumb eloquence."

But in spite of his many and various literary works, Lamb as a conscious literary artist, lives almost entirely in the "Essays of Elia," first published in the seventh number of the London Magazine, dated August 1820, and written when he was in his forty-fifth year,—essays which most fully represent his personality, its wisdom, wit and freakishness, its tenderness and charm—in a word, its richness. The origin of the title, "The

Entrance to the Temple

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tenance; it was

you like a new

upon after-

and you good.

Lamb."

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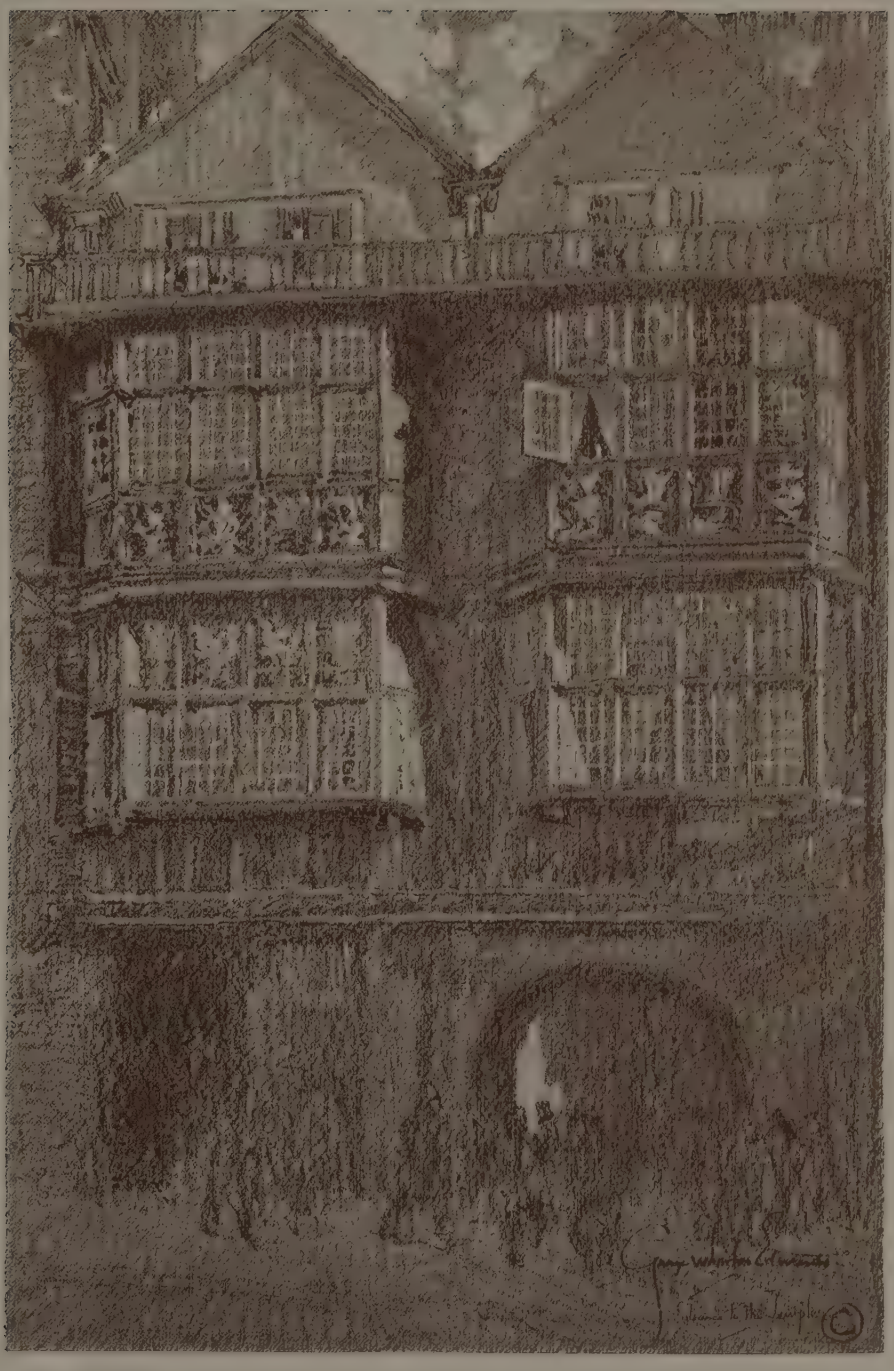

Essays of Elia" (the pseudonym) was explained in a letter to Taylor, one of the proprietors of the London Magazine, in 1821. "Poor Elia," Lamb wrote, "the real (for I am but the counterfeit) is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow clerk of mine at South Sea House thirty (not forty) years ago, when the characters I described there existed. . . . I went the other day, not having seen him for many a year, to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him alas! no more than a name, for he had died of consumption eleven years ago and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think, and 'tis all he has left me." The correct pronunciation of Elia, Lamb indicated in the same letter, was El-li-a. William Hone rhymed it to "Desire."

Since the reign of Edward III, excepting the troublous times of the Watt Tyler rebellion, the Temple has sheltered the lawyers in undisturbed security. They are an incorporated Society designated as "The students and Practisers of the Laws of England," by virtue of confirmatory documents and letters patent granted to them by James I. The property known as the Temple is greater in extent than that of any of the other Inns. It is bounded on the north by Fleet Street, on the east by Whitefriars, on the south by the Thames, and on the west by Essex Street. The eastern and western divisions are called the "Inner" and the "Middle," and are en-

tered respectively from Fleet Street by the Inner Temple lane and Middle Temple lane.

The former (Inner Temple) is the larger and more modern, and boasts of comforts and appointments unknown to the old Middle Temple, dating from Edward III's day. The Chapel shared by both is the magnificent and famous "Round" church of St. Mary and chapel of St. Ann, and the "Round" takes the place of a nave, unique in character. There are but four other Round churches in England, i. e., at Cambridge, Little Maplestead, Ludlow Castle and Northampton, and the arrangement architecturally is of very ancient design, dating according to authorities from the time of Homer.

The Round of the Temple was consecrated with great pomp and ceremony in the year 1185 by Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, but the Choir dates from 1240. The whole edifice was completely restored and in very good taste in 1842. It is supported by six clustered pillars of polished Purbeck marble, and is perhaps the most perfect example of the lancet, early English style, extant. It is famous as well for the splendid effigies of Knights Templars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries whose remains incased in leaden coffins rest beneath the flooring. The effigies are all in stone, recumbent, and although all have their armored legs crossed and are lying at full length upon their backs, each preserves a different appearance, and has its own individuality.

The Law Courts

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George Wharton Edwards.
The Law Courts

The faces show great character and one can well believe that they are more or less true likenesses of the Knights who invaded the Paynim lands and fought the good fight under the Scarlet Cross. There are many other tombs and memorials in the Choir, mainly those of Eminent Jurists, of which the most notable is that of Selden, which Pepys remarked and described as being much "plainer than the tomb of his "executor" who was buried near him.

Many other Templars rest beneath the flagstones outside the church, and one notes on its north side the tomb of Joshua Blew, with the date of 1763, who very curiously according to the inscription, officiated also as chief butler and librarian to the Inner Temple. And here lies the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," Oliver Goldsmith. In the register his death is recorded thus—"Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. late of Brick Court, Middle Temple, buried in the churchyard, 9. April 1774."

The heavy door in the Norman porch is usually fast locked, but if one should lift and let fall the large iron ring in the panel, the door will be opened by the grave faced custode, or his daughter, who will for a reasonable fee allow one to wander about the interior. The Sunday services are interesting, and if one chances to have the acquaintance of a Bencher, one may sit in great state in the Choir in one of the spacious pews, those of the Middle Temple being on the left of the entrance door.

The Inner Templars are seated opposite on the right; facing the altar are seats for the congregation, men and women are no longer, as in the past, separated. There is a large and splendid organ, said to be one of the oldest in the realm, and unequalled in power and sweetness of tone. It was built by one "Schmidt" who enjoyed great fame as an organ builder in 1670.

It will be recalled, by readers of "The Newcomes," that it was to the Temple church that Mrs. Mackenzie took her pretty daughter Rosey and young Olive Newcomb, at whom the lively little widow was openly making love:—"Why, even the grave old Benchers in the Temple church, when the ladies visited it on Sundays, winked their reverend eyes with pleasure, as they looked at those two uncommonly smart, pretty, well dressed, fashionable women. Ladies, go to the Temple church . . . not, of course, for the admiration which you will excite, and which you cannot help; but because the sermon is excellent, the choral services beautifully performed, and the church so interesting as a monument of the thirteenth century, and as it contains the tombs of those dear Knights Templars."

Of these Knights perhaps the most picturesque is the tomb of Sir William le Marchiel, the Earl of Pembroke, who lies at full length, his mailed hands clasping his great double handled sword, his legs crossed and one of

Hall of the Temple

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Hall of the
Temple

his steel clad feet resting upon the back of his faithful hound.

There is a splendid well stocked library on the Terrace which forms a cozy resting place, and there is too a charming well kept garden, in which the Royal Horticultural Society yearly holds its Exhibition. The Hall of the Middle Temple is of most noble Elizabethan architecture, with a splendid and massive oaken ceiling, lavishly decorated walls, an unusual Renaissance screen, and some rich stained glass. It was here that the remarkable performance of "Twelfth Night" was given during the period of Shakespeare's life, and under his direction.

The new Library is at the river end of the Garden Court, in the so-called Collegiate style, very handsomely equipped. The Garden is laid out in a very complicated series of pathways puzzling to the stranger, who often loses his way in seeking exit. These identical rose bordered walks are alluded to in King Henry VI, part I, act II, scene IV, where the Earl of Warwick as seer, says—

"And here I prophesy,—this brawl today,
Grown to this faction,
In this Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the rose red and the white,
A thousand souls to death and
deadly night."

Most alluring and suggestive are the names of these

walks, courts, Lanes and Rows: there are King's Bench Walk; Figtree Court; Hare Court; Elm Court; Pump Court; Fountain Court; Crown Office Row; and so on, each and all memorable with history and charm to the antiquary. And the Benchers are so generous that each year they issue an order throwing open the cool retreat to the poor during the hot summer days.

In chambers in the Inner Temple lived Dr. Johnson and the poet Cowper, amid many others of lesser fame. The ancient Roll bears the names of Nicholas Hare who was Queen Mary's Master of the Rolls, for whom Hare Court was named. The very learned Selden was a member, as were Coke and Littleton, and Sir Christopher Hatton, as well as Sir William Follett. The list is far too long to quote. The Middle Temple sheltered Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Thomas Overbury, and the great Juriot Plowden. The dramatists, John Ford, Congreve and Wycherly, Shadwell and Southerne, Richard Brinsley, Sheridan and Edmund Burke, Sir William Blackstone, Lord Eldon and Lord Ashburton. Francis Bacon, too, dwelt here for years before he gained fame. The judge who presided at the trial of Charles I was enrolled here as a Bencher. Will not the Temple ever be famous to lovers of Dickens, whose Tom Pinch, in Martin Chuzzlewit went there daily to the employment so mysteriously provided for him and where "every echo of his footsteps sounded to him like a sound from the

The Law Courts

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The Law Courts.

old walls and pavements, wanting language to relate the histories . . . to whisper of dark bins of rare old wine bricked up in vaults among the old foundations of the Halls . . . of the darker legends of the cross legged Knights whose marble effigies were in the Church." And they will recall that it was Fountain Court, with its charming and splashing fountain where the cooing of doves on the eaves above is the only other sound to break the silence, that Ruth Pinch and Westlock chose as trysting place.

It was in Lamb's Court in the Temple that Arthur Pendennis had chambers, while he read for the Bar, reviewing books for publishers for a stipend and contributing to the Pall Mall Gazette. "Mr. Harthur," said Morgan (the Major's valet), "lives three pair 'igh, sir," and one can well picture the view over the roofs from the windows of the "apartmince," as Jeames de la Pluche, Esq. called his own chambers in the Albany, although those of Jeames were on the first floor.

This is the only allusion to the Temple by Thackeray that one recalls. Dickens, on the other hand, was very fond of the Temple and the Inns of Court, Bleak House is especially rich in pictures of the haunts of the lawyers.

Each of the Societies of the Inns of Court is governed by a self appointed board of governors entitled K. C.'s (King's Councilors) Benchers, and their powers are absolute.

Each Inn includes a Chapel, a library, apartments or chambers for the use of the Benchers, and a large Hall in which the students qualify as barristers and councilors, and formerly underwent the picturesque ceremonies of being called to the bar, one of these ceremonies and by no means the most uninteresting, being the great banquet given each year.

The records show that in the fifteenth century no less than fourteen (Hostels, as they were styled) Inns for the education of lawyers were in operation, and that there were hundreds of apprentices in attendance, and that there were indeed so many applicants that associate organizations were formed, styled Inns of Chancery, to distinguish them from the original societies, and these were further distinguished by their excellent rules, and by their moderate fees, which attracted to them scholars from the middle class who were unable to pay the higher fees charged by the Inns of Court.

Originally the governing rules and laws of the Inns were derived from monastic institutions, for the Governors undertook the care of both the spiritual and personal conduct of the student members, and there was a sort of Star Chamber Inquisition into their moral character and behavior, the rule being that the student should never be absent from quarters in the Inn after specified hours, without special permission. It was furthermore forbidden for a student to carry any sort

Porch-Temple Church

[illegible]

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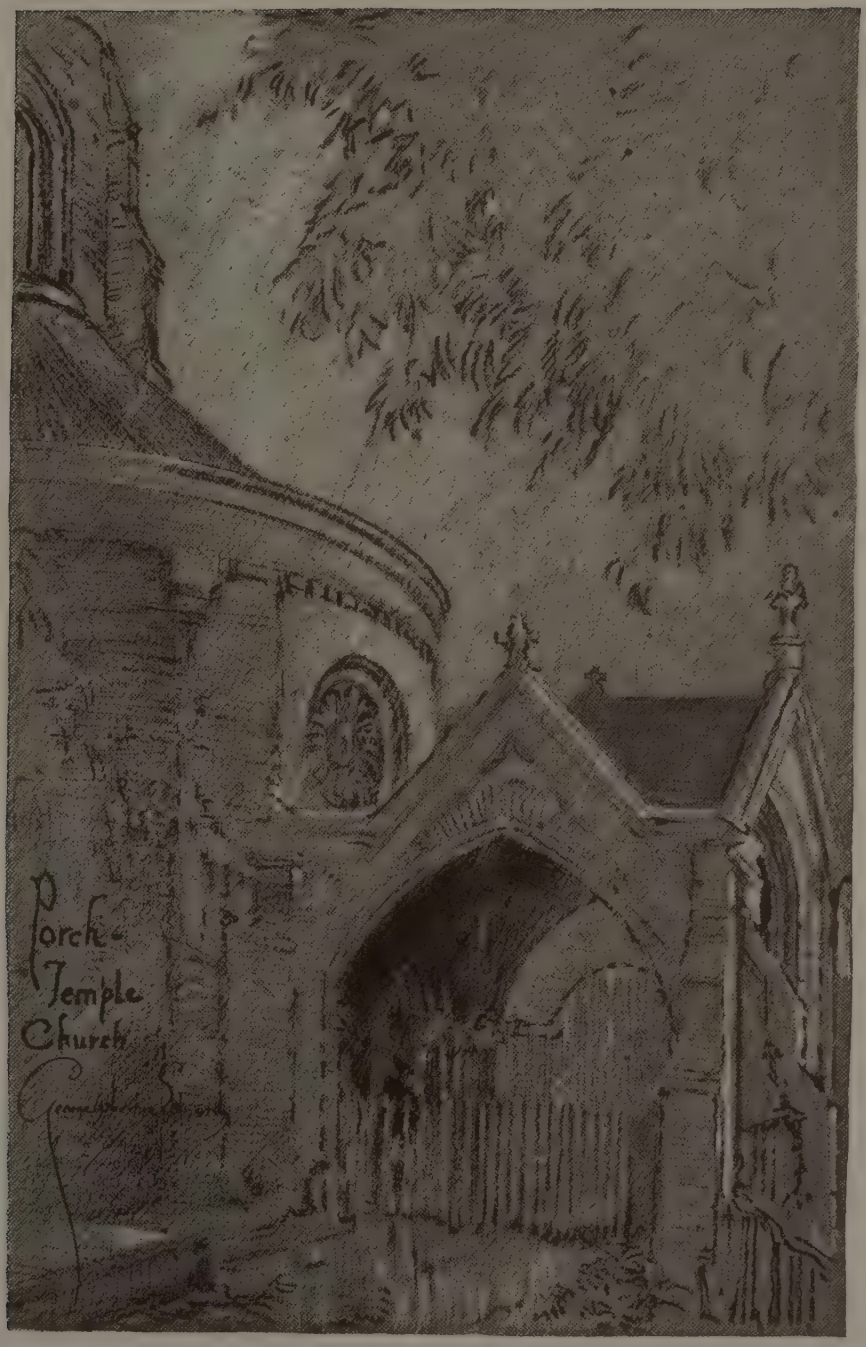
Porch -
Temple
Church

of weapon in or out of bounds. Other picturesque prohibitions covered their goings and comings, and all of these rules were rigidly enforced. The Reformation brought great change in the management of these Inns, which had been so intimately connected with the Church; Secularization ensued, and no religious ceremonies were celebrated in connection with the classes. The only remaining and visible bond between the Inns and the Church was the picturesque costume of the barristers and the Judges, and the mark of the "tonsure," a round black patch on the top of the wigs worn by the sergeants, called a "coif."

Of the original buildings of Lincoln's Inn, there remains not a trace. The mellow red brick gatehouse on Chancery Lane and the courts inside were built during the reign of both Henry VII and James I. Here were celebrated the "masques" and festivities recorded by diarists of the time, whose detailed accounts preserved in the libraries may be read and enjoyed by those interested. Here once sat in state the Lord Chancellor of England, "his court being in appearance a mixture of dignity and meanness." There is a "new hall" in the Lincoln's Inn Fields which was built about seventy-five years ago (1848–9) of considerable architectural character and dignity, in which are many splendid portraits of Jurists and dignitaries, and there is also a library containing manu-

scripts of the rarest sort and in splendid condition.

It is, however, to the picturesqueness of the Inner and Middle Temples that one's thoughts recur, their hold upon one's memory cannot be underestimated, and though numerous changes have been made in their details since the time of Shakespeare, the old "louvre" of the Middle Temple having been removed and the porch rebuilt, the main features of the interior are practically the same as they were originally. The beautiful oaken screen, and the magnificent carved oaken roof sufficed to convey to us an exact idea of the room in which the quaint humors of Malvalio delighted an Elizabethan audience.

The Inns of Court

LOVERS of Dickens will recall his graphic descriptions of the Inns of Court, and the quaint characters in the dusty offices of the various solicitors. How realistic in the portrait of Mr. Grewgious of Staple Inn; and the amusing Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There are Doddson and Fog of the Pickwick Papers; Mr. Vholes of Symond's Inn in Chancery Lane; the singular Mr. Wemmick, connoisseur of portable property, and the patient and industrious Brass and his sister Sally in their musty office, all drawn to the life. Even now, in and about the city one may happen upon just such dingy chambers, where prototypes of these characters exist. Bedford Row is one of these localities. As a rule the old-fashioned offices are to be found in the basements or on the first floor of these houses, to which the old time practitioner clings, and the rooms are often dingy and musty, but have a most delightful Dickensian character. Many of them have never had gas installed and are lighted at night by oil lamps. One, the writer found, was furnished with an array of brass candlesticks on the chimney piece, all highly polished too.

And under the chimney piece was a wonderful old "hob," all brass knobbed and trimmed, with a great copper kettle at the side all ready to heat for the regular afternoon "tea" at three o'clock. As a rule in such an office as this, the housekeeper and family occupy quarters tucked away mysteriously somewhere in the rear. The offices are all connected by green baize covered doors, and the walls are lined with shelves, filled with square Japanned tin boxes, each labeled with the name of some family or estate. Whatever space is left is filled with rows of bound law reports, and great worn calf bound law volumes. Few sounds of the outer world penetrate these retreats. Rarely are there telephones or typewriters. Some of these firms pride themselves upon the fact that all of their correspondence is written in long hand by pen, and copies are taken off on an old-fashioned screw hand press. The offices are furnished with roomy leather chairs, and the tables are littered with papers in various states of preparation by the "clerks," usually elderly men with smoothly shaven upper lips and chins and small closely cropped side whiskers, and looking as if "made up" for a stage performance of, say "Great Expectations."

But, of course, this does not by any means depict the usual law office of London of to-day. The successful criminal lawyer's days are spent in a far different environment. He occupies large quarters quite as close to

the legal districts as he can get: as near as possible to the Central Law Courts, with spacious apartments, splendidly furnished, and with a corps of liveried servants in attendance. Some of these offices, as for instance, those in the splendid modern buildings in Throgmorton Avenue, do not at all conform with one's idea of a law office. Beyond a few books of reference in the book cases there is little to suggest legal business, rather do these spacious rooms suggest finely furnished bachelor quarters, and the visitor need not be surprised should he be asked by the servant in livery while waiting, to have a cup of tea.

The money lending class of Attorneys are to be found in the quiet streets off the Strand, and elsewhere throughout the "City" are domiciled the horde of small legal practitioners and lawyer's solicitors, and the various other individuals, who depend upon the Courts for their daily sustenance. Some of these still cling to the old barracks and tenements of Lawrence Pountney Lane, Old Jewry.

The Inns of Court are quaint survivals of the great and most zealously guarded Guilds of the middle Ages, retaining curiously up to the present the right to determine just who may, and who may not, become practicing barristers. They are thus the oldest of Trades Unions. Five of the Ancient Inns remain, Danes Inn, Wych Street Strand; New Inn, nearby, is entered through an archway, and discloses a grassy space surrounded by tall brick

buildings, where the members of the Society who are styled the "Ancients" formerly gathered. Clements Inn, which since the erection of the Law Courts, has been deprived of much of its "green," still remains a small court with the prized leaden statue of a kneeling negro boy. Its rather plain Hall bears the date 1715, and the device of the Inn; an anchor minus its stock, with the letter C.

In an obscure lane is found Clifford's Inn; beyond the church of St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street, one enters through an obscure iron gateway in Fetter Lane, through narrow alleys in Chancery Lane and Fleet Street. In the ancient hall of this Inn met the Committee appointed to "sit" in the proceedings after the Great Fire, when the boundary questions were adjudicated.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all is the ancient Staple Inn, Guild of the Woolstaplers Company, at present now existent. It is the first court from Holborn, and one of the most charming bits of old London now to be found. Entrance is had through the old gabled buildings in Holborn. Here one finds a most interesting Hall with a fine old Tower containing a wheezy clock, and inside the Hall, a dais with the woolsack; some ancient furniture; some good painted glass of the sixteenth century, and the very elaborate carved and gilded arms of the Woolstaplers Company. There is also a way to the Inn from Chancery Lane, which is

Clifford's Inn

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through some finely designed gates in the Italian style of hammered iron, opening into a terrace in keeping with the character of the place. Here, after he had removed from Gough Square, lived Dr. Johnson, and it was here that he wrote his "Rasselas," which he sold to pay the expenses of his Mother's funeral.

Dickens most charmingly describes this same Staple Inn in "Edwin Drood,"—"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses of centuries ago still stand on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the old Bourne [brook] that has long since run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles called Staple Inn. It is one of the nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other 'Let us play at country'; and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover it is one of those nooks that are legal nooks; and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof; to what obstructive purpose devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not."

Hawthorne wrote of it—"In all the hundreds of years

since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tides over that little island of quiet—Staple Inn."

Barnard's Inn, the smallest of all of the ancient Inns of Court, is by no means the least interesting in history or appearance. Tucked away in a mass of buildings with an obscure entrance, easy to miss, if not hard to find, its name is derived from that of an individual who turned the old building ages ago into an Inn of Chancery, since which its rooms have been thronged by not only lawyers and solicitors, but by doctors, alchemists, and various individuals whose means of livelihood were often obscure. The rooms and halls of this quaint hive are redolent of romance.

Then there was Furnival's Inn, named for one Sir William Furnival, who owned the property. It was what is called an Inn of Chancery, and was attached to Lincoln's Inn. It was entirely rebuilt in 1818, and in the courtyard stands a statue of Henry Peto. Dickens lived here when he was writing "Pickwick Papers." (It was removed in 1898.)

Near this, and torn down at the same time as Furnival's, was Scroope's Inn, which stood on the north side of old Bourne Hill above the Bridge. Gray's Inn gardens are now closed to the public. But charming old Staple Inn still remains to delight the sentimental traveler, with its delightful green garden spot and its velvety

sward; all trimmed with rows of blooming sun flowers. And no one who explores the old building, and rests ruminative in its smallest of Halls, (it is only about thirty feet long) can fail to be impressed with the evidences of antiquity which here abounds, especially when one recalls the famous names associated with the Inns of Court, such as Dr. Johnson; Sir Thomas Moore; Sir Edward Coke and Lord Selden; Sir Walter Raleigh; Sir Thomas Overbury and Goldsmith (who lived and died in Brick Court) and a horde of others.

Westminster, the Hall and the Palace

ALMOST impressive picture of Westminster Hall is that on the south side, with the great doorway and the beautiful window above it between the two massive square towers, above which is the steep high gable of the roof overtopped with the splendid tower from which floats the Royal Standard. It is one of the largest Gothic buildings in the world, reminding one of the splendid Belgian Town Halls but lacking on close inspection something of their boldness. The ruined Cloth Hall of Ypres is at once called to mind when one views the towers from the river. These three towers are the Central Tower, something more than 300 feet high over the Octagon Hall; the Clock Tower, where hung for 400 years the ancient bell named Great Tom of Westminster, and the Victoria Tower.

Over the great doorway of the south side at the pitch of the gable, is the space where the spear was fastened upon which the decapitated head of Oliver Cromwell

was stuck at the Restoration. Here the ghastly object remained for twenty-five years, according to the records, (as copied from the account in *London Times* dated Dec. 31,1874) "Cromwell's head being embalmed . . . one stormy night was blown down . . . picked up by the sentry who hid it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney corner, . . . it was only on his death bed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russels, . . . it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who being a needy and a careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox who then owned a museum. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for £200 to three men at the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at a half crown a head. It is recorded that each of these three men died a sudden and violent death. The head has since remained in the possession of a Mr. Wilkinson." The account further relates, "It is the only head in history known to have been embalmed after being beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebræ, is the mark of the cut of an ax where the executioner, having perhaps no proper block struck too high, and laying the head in its soft embalmed state on the block flattened the nose on one side making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, stained to ex-

actly the color of the embalming fluid, and the beard is tucked up under the chin with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather. The iron spear head where it protrudes above the skull is rusted away by the action of the weather. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy, while the embalming is so beautifully done that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen."

This dreadful object is now said to be in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, Kent.

Two other heads were set up on Westminster Hall with that of Cromwell, those of Ireton and Bradshaw, but nothing now remains of them.

In the Great Hall of Westminster was held all the Coronation banquets, from that of William Rufus, to the remarkable feast of George IV. The chief performance was the ceremony of the challenge of the Royal Champion, (always a descendant of the house of Dymoke-Scrivelby), who rode in full steel armor on a splendid horse into the hall, and casting his gauntlet on the pavement between the standing dignitaries and Knights attending the Monarch, challenged in a loud voice any Knight to mortal combat who dared to question the

King's Sovereignty. This being done the King always invited the doughty defender to alight, and then and there, solemnly offered him a splendid silver cup filled with wine, which cup remained the property of the Challenger. For many years Cardinal Wolsey came hither on a gayly caparisoned mule from York Place, and his mule was tied to a certain ring in the wall of the porch.

The Hall of Westminster was erected first by William Rufus, but it was rebuilt by Richard II, according to legend "no spiders can live in the immense beams of Irish oak which support the roof," and this Hall in the long years of its remarkable history has been the scene of more tragic events than any other, excepting perhaps the Tower of London. Three great Queens in 1517, Catherine of Arragon, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary of France, sued the uxorious Henry VIII "long upon their knees" begging him to pardon and release the eleven women and four hundred and eighty men who were languishing in prison for the "Rising of the Prentices," and obtained their pardon.

Shakespeare puts a most touching speech into the mouth of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was tried here and condemned to death in 1522. (Henry VIII, act II, sc. 1.) The noble Hall is quite two hundred and seventy feet in length and seventy-five feet wide. Here in May 1535, Sir Thomas Moore was condemned, as were Somerset the Protector in 1551; How-

ard Duke of Norfolk in 1571; and the Earls of Arundel and Essex, and Southampton were led forth to the ax of the headsman. The full history of the Hall is of entrancing interest; here for eighteen long days in the year of the trial of the Earl of Stafford, Thomas Wentworth, King Charles I, and Henrietta Maria sat concealed behind a large tapestry in a cabinet, watching and listening to the testimony against the Earl. And afterwards in the irony of Fate, Charles himself on January 20, 1649 came here a prisoner, and heard himself cried out as "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor and murderer." It is recorded that "The King laughed as he sat, in the face of the Court," and that otherwise "he sat entirely unmoved in his chair, looking sometimes at the court and sometimes at the galleries, which were filled with richly clad people." Overhead hung the banners taken at the Battle of Naseby—(Edward Foss, Westminster Hall.) "Bradshaw in a scarlet robe covered by his broadbrimmed hat placed himself in a crimson velvet chair in the center of the court with a desk and velvet cushion before him; Say and Lisle on each side of him, and the two clerks of the court sitting below him at a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet on which lay the sword of State and the Mace. The rest of the court with their hats on took their seats on side benches hung with scarlet." (Trial of Charles I, Family History, XXXI.) The account continues—"The King, who during the reading of the sen-

Nelson Column

and Essex, and Southampton were led forth to the ax of the headsman. The tall historic [illegible] Hall is of entrancing interest. Here in [illegible] in the year of the trial of the Earl of [illegible]. Prince Wentworth, King Charles I. and Queen Maria sat [illegible] to record a large tapestry in a cabinet, watching [illegible] ing to the testimony against the Earl. And [illegible] in the irony of Fate, Charles himself on January 20, 1649, came here a prisoner, and heard himself cried out as "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor and murderer." It is recorded that "The King [illegible] times at the galleries, which were filled with richly clad people." Overhead hung the banners taken at the Battle of Naseby—(Edward Foss, Westminster Hall.)

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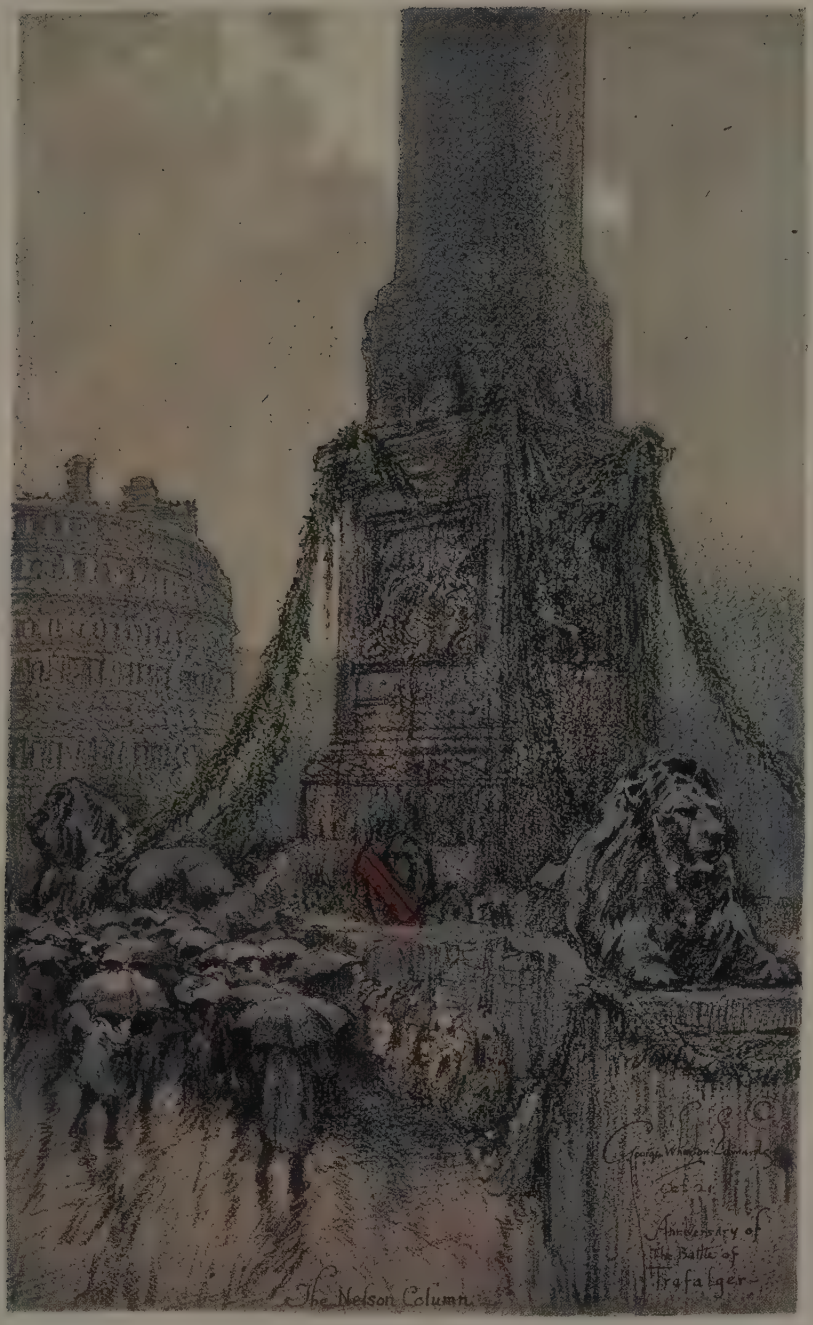
The Nelson Column.
Anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

tence had smiled and more than once had lifted his eyes to Heaven, said 'Will you hear me a word, Sir?'

Bradshaw, 'No Sir, by your favor—Guards, withdraw your prisoner.'

The King, 'No Sir?'

Bradshaw, 'No Sir, by your favor—Guards, withdraw your prisoner.'

The King, 'I may speak after the sentence, by your favor. Sir, I may speak after the sentence. *Ever* by your favor—'

Bradshaw, 'Hold!'

The King, 'The Sentence, Sir; I say, Sir, I do—'

Bradshaw, 'Hold!'

The King, 'I am not suffered to speak, expect what Justice other people will have—' Here he was seized by the guards and hustled out of the Chamber."

Coming down to later days, Lord Byron was tried for the murder of Mr. Chaworth in 1765. And the last great trial took place in the Hall in 1788, when Warren Hastings was tried, account of which may be read in Macaulay's work. Ben Jonson writes "The Great Hall of Westminster, the field where mutual frauds are fought and no side yields."

There is a frieze beneath the beautifully proportioned Gothic windows showing the badge of Richard II, a white Hart, *couchant*, which the monarch caused the architect to design for him, "that his stamp might forever be upon

the spot." In the Court of Queen's Bench, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice of England, which was formerly here, the celebrated Tichborne case was tried in 1872.

Projecting curiously into the courtyard is a charmingly designed small oratory, where according to popular belief was signed the death warrant of Charles I.

In making some alterations here a few years ago, the workmen came upon the embalmed remains of a priest buried beneath the pavement, which was found to be the body of Lyndwoode Bishop of St. Davids, the founder of a Chapel in 1646.

The Central Hall is a great octagonal apartment some twenty-five yards square, and lavishly embellished with well executed statues of ancient Kings and their Queens, and in the Commons' corridor are mural decorations by E. M. Ward, which are typical of modern English art at its very best. In the House of Commons, of such interest to American visitors who are familiar with Washington and the halls of our own lawmakers, the small size of the "principal Chamber," only 75 by 45 feet, is a matter of comment. Below the Speaker's chair, on a table resting on raised brackets is the Great Mace of England, which at the order of Cromwell, replaced the "Fools bauble," which he had removed in scorn at the time of the Restoration. The custode gravely points out to the tourist what are called "division lobbies," the

Aye's occupying the west side, the No's the east. The so-called Peers' corridor is decorated with mural paintings by E. W. Cope, setting forth events and scenes mainly from the life of Charles I, beginning with Lenthal asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles, and ending with his burial ceremony.

Attention to the very remarkable mural of "The Delivery of the Law of Moses" by Herbert in the Conference Room is attracted by the story of the painter who labored conscientiously for more than seven years upon the details of this fine work, for which he is said to have received but a paltry sum of money.

The House of Lords impresses one as being overdone and crowded with gilded ornament and painting. The windows alone redeem the room from mediocrity, and these splendid examples of painted glass are filled with nobly designed figures of Kings and Queens, and intricate ornament of fine character entirely worthy of the character of the Hall, the size of which is disappointing, being but 100 by 45 feet.

Two hundred and thirty-five peers of the Realm can be seated comfortably. The seats of the Bishops are nearest to the throne curiously enough. In the middle of the floor is a heavy table on which is the Woolsack beneath a scarlet cloth, of what seems to be velvet, and there are cushions upon which the Lord Chancelor kneels and reads at the opening of the ceremony. Fac-

ing the throne is a seat reserved for either the Prince or Princess of Wales. There are some good murals above the throne by W. Dyer, and C. W. Cope, and in the Strangers' Gallery are others by D. Maclise and T. C. Hornby.

The Robing Room of Queen Victoria is at the south end, and in it are five mural paintings of King Arthur by W. Dyce.

It is through what is known as Old Palace Yard that one approaches the magnificent Victoria's Tower. This is the ancient Square where Chaucer is said to have lived and written. The site of the old house, a picture of which is in the British Museum, is now where the Chapel of Henry VII stands. In this Square Guy Fawkes, or Faukes as it is variously spelled, and his companions in iniquity, Winter, Rookewoode and Heyes, in the Powder plot, were put to death on the gallows and the block.

In the *Weekly Newes*, of January 31, 1616, is a quaintly worded account of the Execution, in which after mentioning the lesser known conspirators, the writer says—"Last of all came the Great Devil of all, Guy Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with the torture and sickness he was scarce able to go up the ladder, yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck by the fall. He made no speech, but

by his crosses and idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block to the great joy of all beholders that the land was ended of *so* wicked a villainy."

London has never forgotten the great Gunpowder plot and Guy Fawkes, although the names of the other malfactors have slipped into oblivion as far as the common people are concerned. Each year in November a certain day, the fifth, is set apart by custom when the youngsters are permitted to blacken their faces, make up a dummy figure which they carry in mockery about the streets, and at night cast into bon-fires to a sort of doggeral chorus running something as follows:

Guy Fawkes, Guy—
Stick 'im in the eye—
Poke 'im up a lamp-post
And there let 'im die—
A pound of cheese to choke 'im
A pint o' beer to wash it down
An' a jolly good fire to roast 'im!
Guy Fawkes, Die!

It was in this courtyard that on Lord Mayor's day in the year of 1618, on a damp rainy and foggy morning at eight of the clock, Sir Walter Raleigh was "drawn from the Tower to the old Palace Yard in Westminster," where he is said to have smiled as he caught sight of the ax, saying "'Tis sharp medicine, but a cureall for disease"—and went to his execution without further comment.

According to the authorities his head was given to Lady Raleigh and enshrined by her in a crystal box or reliquary in her private chapel for the remainder of her life. It is now supposed to be in the Crypt at Horsley in Surrey.

Charing Cross, Covent Garden and The Strand

CHARING CROSS has been quaintly styled "The Central Pimple of London's Wen" by Grant Allen in one of his illuminating descriptions, and Dr. Johnson wrote "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross." Authorities variously give the derivation of the name as a corruption of "La Chère Reine." ("Cherry Ring," "Cherringe.") This was Eleanor, consort of Edward I,—that "sweete Queene" "*Mulier pia, Modesta, Anglicorum Omnium Amatrix*"; In this square Edward erected to her memory a large stone cross to mark the resting place of the catafalque of the Queen on the way to Westminster in 1291. The Cross was designed by one Roger de Coverdale, and the figures surmounting the pedestal were the work of Alexander of Abingdon. This cross was destroyed by the Puritans in the year 1647, and an old "broadside" published at the time showed the feelings of the people over the outrage.

"Methinks the common council should of it have taken pity,
'Cause good old cross, it always stood so firmly to the city,
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the King should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too."

The present cross standing before the railway station is said to be a faithful reproduction of the original. It was here in October of 1660 that the Regicides were publicly executed, among these were Cook of the republican council, Hugh Peters, who called Charles I "The Barabbas at Windsor," and Thomas Harrison, the Major General, who called out to the multitude gathered to see him die—"I seal the cause with my heart's blood." The noble statue of Charles I, the finest equestrian statue in all of London, is the work of Hubert Le Sueur (whose name is signed on the fore foot of the horse, thus—"Hubert Le Sueur Fecit 1633"). The pedestal was designed by Joshua Marshall. Walpole states that it was commissioned by Weston, the Lord Treasurer for his estate at Roehampton, and that it was taken down and sold to a dealer in old metal in Holborn to be broken up. For some reason it escaped this fate and years afterward the statue was discovered in one of the vaults of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and restored to its present site. Charing Cross was ever a place for publication and proclamation. Here authors and printers read and disposed of their verses and broadsides. Swift says—

CHARING CROSS

"Where all the passes "*inter nos*"
May be proclaimed at
Charing Cross."

Ever regarded as the gateway to the city of London, it opened upon the great highway from the Royal Palace at Westminster to the Royal Palace on the Fleet, and became from the first the popular gathering place of the aristocracy which erected the great palaces such as Durham House, Essex House and the palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards known as York House. In Elizabeth's day, one learns that all of these great houses were surrounded by green fields, and there were splendid gardens and velvety lawns stretching down to the River Thames.

Old prints of Charing Cross show the public pillory placed near the Statue of Charles I, and one of these depicts the punishment of a bookseller, named Edmund Curll, for publishing and selling seditious books.

Ben Jonson was born in Hartshorn Lane just off the place, and went to a school kept at the church of St. Martin in the Fields; here, he lived until early manhood with his mother, who, on the death of his father, married a brick layer, and it was at the banquet in honor of King James I that Jonson so distinguished himself in an impromptu speech, that the King ever on the lookout for talent of any sort was so highly entertained by his wit and humor, that he threw him a purse containing a hun-

dred pounds in gold. A large sum in those days. Poets and leaders in all walks of life have sung the praises of Charing Cross and enjoyed its excitements for centuries. Here have thronged the greatest, the most brilliant, and very worst of humanity.

On his last journey to the Tower after his trial and condemnation, (so Walpole wrote to Montague, letter of Aug. 2, 1746) Balmerino, hustled along by his escort of soldiers, asked them to stop long enough for him to buy some gooseberries from a market woman, who held them out to the old warrior as he passed her barrow at the Cross. And it was in Charing Cross adjoining Northumberland House, that Harry Vane the younger lived and busied himself with his ambitions. The famous preacher who was also a great mathematician, and who so interested King Charles II by his eloquent discourses that he dubbed him "The Unfair Preacher," because he "exhausted every subject under the sun," lived here in humble lodgings over the shop of a saddler. This was the Rev. Isaac Barrow, who died aged forty-seven in the year 1677.

It is the most interesting of the various approaches to the "City"; the great highway "down which," says Blanchard Jerrold, "the tide of labor flows daily to the City," and here Evelyn stood on May 29, 1660 "and beheld and blessed God," as he witnessed the triumphal entrance of Charles II. It was then the popular resi-

Doorway on the Thames; York House

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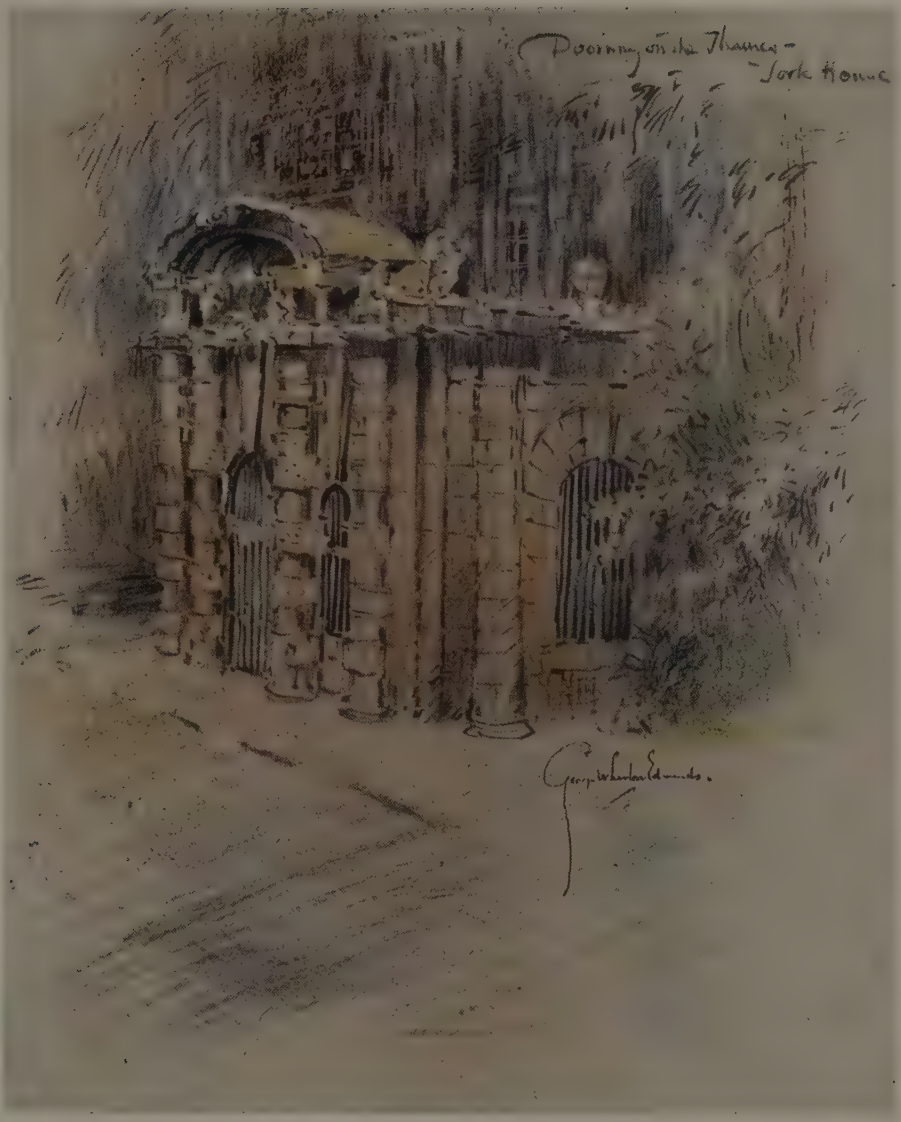
Entering on the Thames, York House


Boating on the Thames -
York House

dential street of the aristocracy. The costliest of these palatial houses were Essex House, Durham House, North House, and the Palace of the Bishops of Norwich. All those great houses were on the edge of green fields on the north side, and had splendid gardens on the south sloping to the Thames. All of these great places have disappeared, save York House, and there is little or nothing now to show where they stood, save the old maps in the museum. What remains of York House is immediately beyond Charing Cross Station. Sir Nichols Bacon, who was one of the Keepers of the Great Seal, acquired it from the Archbishops, and here the great Lord Bacon was born in the year 1560, and lived here as Chancellor of England—so deeply was he attached to the spot.

He wrote "York House is the House where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there I will yield my last breath, please God and the King."

The Duke of Buckingham under James I, had an idea of extending the Palace, but of his plans only the Watergate was completed, and thus it remained. Cromwell afterwards assigned the palace to the second Duke of Buckingham, where he was "permitted" to reside, until he was arrested for some reason and taken to a cell in the Tower, in which he remained a prisoner until the death of Cromwell. The Watergate is pronounced by authorities, among them Ralph, ("Critical Review of Public Buildings") to be perhaps the most perfect piece of

building which does honor to the name of Inigo Jones, and also one of the architectural monuments in London.

The only remaining part of the house of the Duke of Buckingham is behind this Watergate. In the upper part Peter the Great lived when he visited England, and opposite is the house in which Pepys lived and wrote. Charles Dickens occupied it as a residence for some time. Some of the rooms retain the fine old ceilings in painted stucco which are of great character, and boldness of design. It was beyond the gardens of York House and on the same side of the Strand where once stood, on the green banks of the river Thames, the splendid houses of the English nobility. There was Durham House, which old pictures show all embattlemented with walls and two great towers, dating from 1345. It was granted to Sir Walter Raleigh by Queen Elizabeth. Raleigh lived in it until, upon the death of Elizabeth, he was turned out of it by the Bishop of Durham.

Adelphia Terrace now occupies the site of this great castle. In one of the houses at the entrance of Ivy Bridge, lived Thomas Parr, who it is said, was tried at Alderbury Church and found guilty of being the father of an illegitimate child "He being at this time in the one hundred and first year of his age."

Southampton Street leads into Covent Garden, a corruption of the word "Convent," for this was the Convent Garden of Westminster, and was known in earlier days

as the Frère Pye Gardens, (or Friar Pye). The houses around this Square were built from designs by Inigo Jones. And even in those days a market was held under a row of fine trees by the wall of Bedford House. Sidney Smith speaks of it as "The Amorous and herbivorous parish of Covent Garden." Bedford House was the residence of Francis Duke of Bedford, and it was under his direction that the Square was laid out in 1630, and the "piazzas" or arcades were erected after Inigo Jones' designs. In the time of Charles II, it was the most fashionable quarter of London, and it will ever remain classic ground because of its association with the wits and literary men of England. On the north side is the remains of the ancient portico walk still called the piazza, and it was the custom in the time of William III, to lay foundlings at the doorstep of the house of the Bishop of Durham, and these foundlings were consequently registered by the parish under the name of Peter Paul Piazza or Mary Jane Piazza.

Bedford House was demolished in 1671. Upon its site Tavistock Row was erected, and the character of the place was changed to that of a public market which so grew in importance with the years that in 1830 the present market house was constructed, and the place was monopolized by a horde of gin dealers, bakers, pastry cooks, and purveyors of commodities, all to the detriment of the more respectable property owners. Authorities

declare that the aspect of the place has changed but little in the last hundred years, and that it is still in every part redolent of the times of Addison and Steele, of Smollett and Fielding, and of Dickens and Thackeray. One is assured by no less an authority than the late Mr. Austin Dobson, that St. Paul's still looks much the same as it did in the time of Hogarth. It was styled by Evelyn "The Handsomest Barn in England," when Inigo Jones built it in 1663 for Francis Duke of Bedford. In the Churchyard are the remains of the dwarf Richard Gibson and his wife of whom Waller the poet wrote:—

"Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme
As if the world held none but them."

These two celebrities attained the ages of three score and ten and the record shows that "they had nine children of proper size." It was the custom to choose and elect the members for Westminster on the steps of St. Paul's, and here took place certain bloody riots due to political party disputes in the years 1780–96, 1808 and 1816. In the old Hummums Tavern at the corner, died Parson Ford, of whom Boswell told the quaint ghost story of his double appearance in the cellar of the house.

The famous Beefsteak Club, founded in the reign of

St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Johnson Worshipped in the Strand

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Queen Anne, which met every Saturday in a room over Covent Garden Theater, was formed by the most illustrious men and chief wits of England, each of the members of which have as a badge a small golden gridiron suspended around the neck by a ribbon of green silk. Here too was the Fallstaff Club, beloved by amateurs of "Integer Vitæ," established in the old house known as Evan's, which has a most interesting history in which are recorded the names of the Lord Bishop of Durham, Danzill Holles, and Sir Kenelm Digby who here maintained his laboratory, and was known for a certain "sympathetic powder."

At the house of Edward Arne; the "Two Crowns and Cushions," were lodged in 1710 the Iroquois Indian "Kings," who came to visit Queen Anne. This Edward Arne was a writer in the "Tattler" under the "nom de plume" of the Political Upholsterer, and the father of Mrs. Cibber, the Actress.

Both Rowe and Garrick lived in this house, and at the corner in King Street Clarissa Harlowe, under the name of Mrs. Rachel Clarke, lay in hiding from Lovelace, and (says Mr. Dobson) it was while coming from morning prayers at St. Paul's, "out of the door pointing Bedford Street, that she was carried by the Sheriff's officers to the 'Spunging house.'" Here too lived Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir Peter Lely, (whose real name was Vanderyaes). The famous Bumper Tavern stood near

James Street and was known for the quality of its "red port wine" which could be had for five shillings a gallon, and near this was the house of Sir Humphrey Davy, and Sir James Thornhill here conducted his Academy of Fine Art, having for a pupil no less a personage than William Hogarth. In 1754 Macklin, the Actor, opened a tavern in the Grand Piazza "next door to the play house," of Covent Garden, which brought him into bankruptcy. It will be recalled that Macklin just before his death appeared in the character of Shylock at Covent Garden Theater at the age of one hundred. He was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797. Charles Lamb occupied rooms at number 20 Russell Street at one time, and Davies, the bookseller, kept a shop opposite, when he was not acting.

It was in Davies' rooms that Boswell first met Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds who were also frequent visitors. In St. Paul's churchyard are buried hosts of eminent personages who died when Covent Garden was a fashionable place of residence. There will be found the tomb of Tom Taylor, the "Water Poet," (1654) and also to mention only a few among the long list, Dr. John Donne, who was the son of the poet dean of St. Paul's; Dick Estcourt, the actor; Edward Kynaston, who was famed for his delineation of female parts, and who once kept King Charles II waiting because "the queen was not yet shaved,"

(1712); Grinling Gibbons, the famous sculptor (1721); Charles Macklin, actor (1797); Thomas Girtin, the father of water color painting, (1802) and Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras" (1680) are enumerated. At the extreme end of the piazza which was destroyed in a fire in 1769, where Tavistock Row begins, and which was popular as a place of residence of artists, stood a famous Puppet Show kept by Powell, which was called Punch's Theater, and showed among other attractions at intervals, some so-called "set pieces," such as "Whittington and his Cat," and "Suzanna, or Innocence Betrayed," and there was also another highly popular show there, conducted by Mr. Penkethman, entitled "Pantheon, or the Temple of Heathen Gods." The advertisement bill reads—"The Figures which are above 100, move their Heads, Legs, Arms, Fingers so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another like living creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteemed the greatest wonder of the age."

In other of the houses lived the artists Vandevelde, the younger, Zinke; Nathaniel Dance, portrait painter; and the engraver Thomas Major. In the house occupied by the old Castle Tavern, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Captain Matthews fought the duel for the beautiful St. Cecilia, Miss Linley.

Around in Maiden Lane, which runs parallel with the Strand to Covent Garden on the south, is the house

where the painter Turner was born in May 1775. His father was a hairdresser, and here kept a small shop. Farther on the Lane leads into Chandos Street, and here at the Tavern called the "Hole in the Wall," "on a dark rainy morning in February 1669," the highwayman Claude Duval was captured.

Bow Street, west of Covent Garden is alluded to in one of the plays of Dryden—

> "I've had today a dozen billets doux
> From Fops, and wits, and city and Bow Street beaux."

It was in Bow Street that Charles II visited Wycherly, who was so ill that the King gave him five hundred pounds so that he might go to the south of France for his health. At Tom's Coffee-house at number 17, came daily the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, spectacles on nose, his silver trumpet held at his ear, for he was very deaf, and scattering snuff all about from his splendid silver snuff box boomed out in his deep voice those aphorisms for which his pupils held him famous.

In the Wits Coffee House kept by Wills in Bow Street, which is described in Prior's "Town and Country House," the poet Dryden was seen by Pope, who described him as being "a plump man of fresh color with a down look and not very conversable." Wills Coffee House by the way, dated from the time of the Restoration and is mentioned more than once by Pepys in his diary. Dean Lockier relates, that Dryden speaking of his writings

said, "If anything of mine is good, 'tis 'MacFlecknoe, and I value myself the more upon it because it is the first piece of ridicule written in Heroics." Dryden was a regular daily visitor at Wills' until his death. In the summer his chair was placed on the balcony where he remained between certain hours, and in the winter he occupied a certain spot by the fire which no one else ever attempted to usurp. Colley Cibber recalled him as "a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes."

There was also the Tavern famous under the name of Buttons, kept by one Daniel Button in 1712, who was a retired servant of Addison, and Mr. Dobson relates that it was here that "Philips hung up the legendary rod that was to chastise Pope for his perfidies in the 'Guardian,' and as a post office to the same paper, was set up a lion's head letter box, designed upon the Venetian pattern which is still preserved at Woburn Abbey. When Button's Coffee House was taken down, this grotesque relic was transferred to 'Shakespeare's Head.' . . . Finally it came into the hands of Mr. Richardson who sold it to its present possessor, the Duke of Bedford."

The very best time to see Covent Garden now is on the market days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, when it is an amusing sight with its hordes of hucksters and their barrows of fruit and flowers. The Convent Garden of old has given way to a busy metropolitan Market. Its monks and nuns are gone forever, and 'Arrys and

'Arriets take their place. The former Convent is a world renowned play house; the cloistered garden, where as Walter Savage Landor says—"A salad was cut for a lady Abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life."

To-day Covent Garden appears much as it did to Thackeray when he wrote "The two great national theaters on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdotes or history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent; who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, a crystal palace —the representative of the present—which presses in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk, a squat building with a hundred columns, and chapel looking fronts which always stand knee deep in baskets of flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common center into which nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly prints of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems

Lincoln's Inn; The Great Gate

in every part with anecdotes or history; an arcade over

who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, a crystal palace —the representative of the present—which presses in

clerk, a squat building with a hundred columns, and

baskets of flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common

Lincoln's Inn; The Great Gate

to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the latest suppers and the earliest breakfasters jostle each other over the footways."

Few, perhaps, of the heedless, hurrying throng, passing and repassing the narrow opening of Villiers Street in the Strand, know or care that in this little grimy smoky passage way, the smudgy high walls of the terminal, beside and leading down to the Victoria embankment, is the house, numbered nineteen, in which Rudyard Kipling lived between 1889 and 1891, and wrote those remarkable tales of India which took the world of literature by storm. The house is the last one on the left going down to the river Thames, with a heavy sunken, paneled doorway, above which is an entablature on which is lettered "Embankment Chambers."

Kipling took the rooms on the third floor when he first came to London in 1889, being then twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. The story which brought him first into notice is "The man from Nowhere." This is the one London house identified with the early literary life of the author, and Villiers Street is celebrated as the background of "The Light that Failed," and it was in Embankment Chambers that the novelist Eustace Cheever sat and with growing amazement listened to Kipling's reading of the MS. of "A Conference of the Powers," realizing that the story was unique in literature

and the work of a master brain. In the story of "The Light That Failed," it was from the doorway of these Chambers in Villiers Street that Dick Helder in his blindness stumbled and groped his way down to the river that he might smell again those mysterious odors of cargoes from the East and feel upon his face the damp of the London fog.

So too it was this doorway in which Torpenhow found the little girl of the streets, Bessie Broke, who promptly fell in love with him, and then proceeded to revenge herself upon Dick Helder for his meddling with her affairs. And it is related that Kipling sitting at his writing table late one night and overworked, idly scratched on the edge of this table with a paper knife the words "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee," and then realizing their importance, incorporated them into the tale called "The Finest Story in the World," as the scrawled words of Charlie Mears, which all unmeaning to him, recorded the agony and despair of the galley slave in the trireme's hold, when he carved them on the great oar to which he was chained.

The street has changed much in character in the thirty-one years that have passed since Kipling last looked upon it from the windows of number nineteen. The ancient gateway "The Water Gate," through which Queen Elizabeth passed to her barge on the Thames,

is still there, but Gatti's restaurant opposite has passed out of existence, and a cinema or "movie" lends an air of modernity to the locality, which, however, is getting shabbier and smudgier with the grime and soot of the railway terminal; indeed and in fact "Abaft the Funnel."

St. Paul's

SMOKY, dark and grandiose in its proportions, St. Paul's rises above its surroundings with a dignity all its own. Seen near by, it is true, something, if not much of that dignity and nobility of design is lost because of its surroundings, and on first view the effect of the mighty dome is minimized, but always one retains a deep inward consciousness of its immensity. The heavy coating of soot which it has gathered with the years quite obliterates the original color of the stone where it is exposed to the weather, but close examination shows here and there clean patches showing its original color. The smoke of London, however, has toned it in perfect keeping with its surroundings, and one really would not have it different, or ask no better justification of its present condition.

Speaking of its drapery of soot, Nathaniel Hawthorne said (in his English notebook) "It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black."

ST. PAUL'S

Seen in the early morning its dome lighted by the beams of the rising sun, it is a never to be forgotten sight, and from the heights of Hampstead the view of London with its countless spires is centralized by this great dome of Wren's masterpiece.

St. Paul's is remarkable apart from the dome for the noble proportions of every pillar and capital of this great masterpiece of architecture.

Five times consumed by fire; thrice struck and destroyed by lightning, it is said to have achieved its greatest magnificence of English Gothic supremacy in the thirteenth century, when it had a perspective of Gothic arches upwards of seven hundred feet in length. The nave and the choir were furnished with twelve great 'bays and there was a splendid "wheel" window at the east end (see W. Longman). But it is St. Paul's of today which claims our attention; the St. Paul's of Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, Architect, who on the 21st day of June 1675, laid the first stone of the new St. Paul's, which was to consume thirty-five years in the building, and the cost was seven hundred and forty-seven thousand, nine hundred and fifty-four pounds, two shillings and ninepence, which amount was paid by levying a tax upon all coal brought into the port of London. According to a story in the Parentalia, the first stone selected by Wren from the débris of the old church to mark the center of the great dome, bore the Latin word

"Resurgam," (I shall rise again). Wren was assisted in the work of building the cathedral by Edward Strong, a master mason, and Nicholas Hawksmoor as "clerk of works." This Hawksmoor who was himself a talented architect, and had designed other London churches, received for his work under Wren, the paltry sum of one shilling eightpence a day. M. Tijou was selected by Wren to design the iron work, which is of highly artistic character, and to Grinling Gibbons, the master carver, was intrusted the magnificent embellishment in the choir and other parts of the cathedral. Altogether it was a wonderful and remarkable combination of genius and artistic harmony which united in one great effort to build a great and noble cathedral worthy of England. Wren never had been in Rome, but without doubt he had seen and studied the plans of St. Peter's, and competent authorities declare that while Wren did not copy, his plans bear the strongest affinity to those of San Gallo the younger's plan for St. Peter's.

It is an interesting fact vouched for by eminent authorities that St. Paul's, as it now appears, is not at all according to the original plans of Wren, who was so interfered with in his work and tormented by those over him, that he often shed bitter tears of despair. For his labors he received the paltry salary, grudgingly paid, of two hundred pounds a year. He did not live to see the inscription in his honor over the north porch, which

concludes with the words "Si momentum requiris circumspice." The exterior consists of two orders of architecture, the lower is Corinthian and the upper Composite. Architects say that it has not a single "detail" deserving of praise, and that "the upper order is nothing but a screen to hide the flying buttresses carried across from the outer walls to resist the thrust of the great vaulting." (W. Longman.)

As for its interior, bitter controversies have been evoked by the details, for the subject was and is of national importance. St. Paul's is the largest and the greatest Protestant Cathedral in the world, and the statues and ornaments which are the work of a very incompetent sculptor, named Bird, are still objectionable in the eyes of experts, whatever the public may think of them.

One more word regarding the exterior. It will be noted that the Cathedral does not exactly face Ludgate Hill, and this is explained by the authorities as due to the fact that after the great fire, the city plans were made without regard to the placing of the new Cathedral.

The interior impresses one as of considerable grandeur, but upon first inspection the detail seems cold and bare. It was Wren's plan to have the great dome lined with splendid decorations in Mosaic.

There are with a wealth of color now to be seen here and there some feebly designed and executed frescos by the Father of Hogarth, Thornhill, who was quite incom-

petent to do work of this sort. According to Leslie & Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," the latter was desirous of decorating the walls with paintings, and promised himself to furnish "The Nativity." Other great painters, such as Benjamin West, Dance, Barry, and Cipriani were to paint the remaining spaces, but these plans came to nothing through the opposition of Terrick, who was then Bishop of London, to anything resembling what he called "Popery."

W. Longman says, "Many persons entering the Cathedral suppose that the dome over their heads is the actual lining of the external dome. They are not aware that it is a shell, of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it and the outer skin—so to speak; that the brick cone is supported by the main walls of the great arches of the Cathedral, and that the brick cone also supports the outer structure, the lantern, the upper cupola, and the gilt cross and ball; or that again between the brick cone and the outer skin is a curious network of wooden beams supporting the latter."

Wren died at the age of ninety-one in a house at Hampton Court to which he had retired after his dismissal in 1718 as supervising architect by the Commissioners, who from the very first had placed every sort of obstacle in his way. It is said that they acted by order of King George, who desired the office for one of his favorites, William Benson. Benson was not a success;

St. Paul's

desirous of decorating the walls with paintings, and

brick cone also supports the outer structure, the lantern, the upper cupola, and the gilt cross and ball; or that

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sioners, who from the very first had placed every sort

he held office for only one year. His chief claim to fame rests upon the inclusion of his name in Pope's "Dunciad."

The chief material used in building St. Paul's is Portland Stone, and it is again remarkable for this reason, since nearly if not all, of the great churches on the continent are built up of brick.

Structurally, the dome is a building of the greatest interest and displays Wren's consummate skill and resource in a remarkable manner. Those who ascend to study the subjects of Thornhill's paintings, perhaps do not realize that above them are as stated three distinct domes. The paintings adorn a shell which is of a different form from the outer structure, with a "cone" of brick between it and the external dome. This "cone" is supported by the great arches of the Cathedral and sustains the whole weight of the lantern with the cross and ball. The cone is 145 feet in outward diameter; the inner diameter is 108 feet, and between the inner and outer domes are stairs leading to the lantern. There is said to be a great double iron chain laid in lead in a channel of stone to sustain the walls supporting the dome. As designed by Sir Christopher Wren, St. Paul's consisted of two definite and distinct churches. First was the great open space of dome, nave, aisles and transepts. All of the church to the east was enclosed by screens and formed of itself a complete inner church. This was all changed in 1858, the choir screen and organ

removed to their present position and the inner church opened to the other parts of the Cathedral, in spite of great opposition offered by admirers of the original plan. The choir, in consequence, has been considerably narrowed due to placing the two parts of the organ on either side, and the effect spoiled. Under the Southern Bell Tower will be found a most beautifully designed and executed stairway known as the Dean's stair, and also as the Geometrical Staircase, but the designers name is, unfortunately, not recorded. The magnificent carved stalls in the choir are the very best examples of the skill and work of Grinling Gibbons, who received for them the sum of fourteen thousand pounds, or about seventy thousand dollars.

The great ornamental iron gates and gratings shutting off the north and south aisles, during services, are the work of Tijou, who was a famous iron master. One is struck by the great beauty of the choir, which is sustained by the splendid character of the Bishop's throne, the Lord Mayor's seat and the stalls, all being contiguous, and compose one splendid body of carved work constituting three sides of a quadrangle.

The organ gallery, with four stalls, contains a magnificent organ case enriched with cherubs, cherubims, and garlands of fruit and beautifully wrought foliage, and sustained by fluted Corinthian columns of polished white marble veined with blue, and the gilded organ pipes are

protected from dust by sashes. The whole was designed by Grinling Gibbons.

The stalls number sixty-two; thirty-one on either side of the choir. Each stall, excepting that of the Lord Bishop, bears a name and a superscription in Latin. The plan of the Reredos is semi-circular. The altar stands against the middle of the curve, and on either hand is a small door of pierced brass giving access to the apse behind. In the center of the screen is a group of sculpture flanked by twisted columns of rich Brescia marble, with wreathed foliage of gilded bronze. These support an entablature and pediment above which is a great central niche, flanked and crowned with sculptured figures. The extreme height of the screen is about seventy feet from the floor. The screen and sculptures illustrate the incarnation and life of the Savior.

The designing and execution of this splendid Reredos required only eighteen months, and the cost borne by the Dean and chapter of St. Paul's, was thirty-seven thousand pounds, or about one hundred and eighty five thousand dollars.

The eight mural paintings by Thornhill, very appropriately illustrate the life of St. Paul. They are: The Miraculous Conversion of St. Paul; The punishment of Elymas the Sorceror, and Paul preaching before Sergius Paulus; The Sacrifice of Lystra; The Conversion of the Jailor at Philippi; St. Paul preaching at Athens; The

burning of the books at Ephesus; The defense before Agrippa; and St. Paul's shipwreck at Melita.

It is an astounding fact that the unfortunate Thornhill was paid only the miserable sum of "forty shillings" (!) a square yard for these remarkable paintings.

It is related that when Thornhill was engaged in painting on a scaffold in the dome, he on one occasion, in order to examine the effect of his work, took a few steps backward keeping his eyes fixed intently on the canvas. Another step would have precipitated him into the depths below, had not his assistant, seeing his danger, smeared his brush across the painting and so startled Thornhill that he sprang forward to save his work from harm, and so saved his own life!

The filling of the Spandrels under the dome with decorations in Mosaic was begun soon after the public thanksgiving for the recovery from illness of King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) in 1872, and in 1892, under the supervision and the design of Sir William Richmond, the dome was so decorated. It is due to the generosity of J. Pierpont Morgan that St. Paul's is so effectively lighted by electricity.

The stained glass, though of excellent design and color from capable workmen in Munich, is not regarded as successful by the best authorities. The need of stronger color effect is felt in the church. Mr. William Long-

The Bishop's Throne, St. Paul's

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ward VII (then Prince of Wales) in 1872, and in 18

The Bishop's Throne, St. Paul's

The Bishop's Throne
St Paul's +
George Wharton Edwards

man says regarding St. Paul's, "Color in a classical, as opposed to a Gothic building, must inevitably be given by one of the three methods, viz., by painting, by marble, or by Mosaic . . . that is that color must come from appliances to the interior and *not* from the exterior . . . that no strong color should be admitted from the windows, but that light through them should be lessened as little as possible . . . and that it would not be difficult to devise some delicate color for the glass with which the windows are filled, and thus even heighten the beauty of the interior."

There the matter rests, for nothing apparently has since been done regarding it, and the large west windows are filled with glass representing historical subjects, while those in the north and south transepts designed by Sir William Richmond and presented by the late Duke of Westminster, are filled with figures of Anglo-Saxon Kings and Saints. The sculptural enrichment of the exterior consists of bas reliefs of the conversion of St. Paul over the western porch, the work of the sculptor Bird; a Phœnix carved by Cibber over the south doorway commemorating the rebuilding of the Cathedral; statues, fifteen feet in height, of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. James together with five figures of the Apostles; the gilded Gallery; and the great gilded ball and the cross.

Before the Cathedral the statue of Queen Anne is a

Sicilian marble copy by the sculptors, Mowlem, Freeman and Burt (1886) of the original figure designed and erected by Francis Bird in 1712.

It is not perhaps generally known that the great sarcophagus in the crypt in which reposes the body of Lord Nelson, was that which was made long before at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, by Benedetto da Rovenza in Italy, to contain the remains of King Henry VIII at Windsor. The crypt is also known as the Church of St. Faith, and contains besides the sarcophagus of Nelson, the gigantic funeral car of the Duke of Wellington, made of captured guns and inscribed with the names of his chief victories. Nelson's coffin is made from a portion of the mainmast of *L'Orient* battleship, which was presented to him by his friend Captain Hallowell of the *Swift Sure*—"I sent it," wrote Hallowell, "that when you are tired of this life, you may be buried in one of your own trophies."

Nelson, delighted with the idea, accepted the gift and whimsically had it placed upright with the lid on, against the bulkhead of his cabin, behind the chair on which he sat at dinner.

England as ever honored her artists, and following is alphabetically a list of the English painters whose remains are interred in the crypt: James Barry 1806; Sir Joseph Boehm, 1890; Randolph Caldicott, 1886; George Cruikshank, 1878; C. R. Cockerell, 1863; George Dance,

1825; George Dawe, 1829; John H. Foley, 1874; Henry Fuselli, 1825; F. M. Holl, 1888; Sir Edwin Landseer, 1873; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1830; Lord Leighton, P. R. A., 1896; Sir John Millais, P. R. A., 1896; Sir John Opie, 1807; Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A., 1792; George Richmond, 1896; J. M. W. Turner, 1851; Benjamin West, P. R. A. 1820; the list is completed by the name of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, whose modest epitaph read:—

Here lieth
Sir Christopher Wren, Knight,
The builder of this Cathedral
Church of St. Paul,
who died
In the year of our Lord
MDCCXXIII
and of his age XCI.

In addition the crypt contains notably the monuments, saved from the great fire, of Nicholas Bacon; William Cockayne; Thomas Heneage and his wife; William Hewitt, and John Wolley, together with memorial tablets of various war correspondents from 1878 to 1904.

The great organ is said to rank at least among the finest in the world. It was built in the year 1695 by Bernard Schmidt, and cost the (then great) sum of two thousand pounds, not including, of course, the case, which is the work of Grinling Gibbons.

The organ is furnished and equipped with no less than

five rows of keys and pedals, 4822 "speaking" pipes, 76 sounding stops including couplers, or 102 in all. And some idea of its strength and capacity may be formed from the fact that in order to provide sufficient wind for the most powerful of the stops, a pressure of about three tons is put on the bellows.

The earliest mention of the Bells of St. Paul's is in the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. The Host speaks—

"Yea, quod our Hoste,
By Saint Paule's Bell
Ye say right sooth."

The Bell referred to is one which hung in old St. Paul's, which was rung to call the citizens of London to a "Folk-note" or fair, held close beside it. This bell stood in the timber spire of the first cathedral, where it hung with four other great bells called "Jesus Bells," until Sir Miles Partridge, Knight, in the time of Henry VIII, won them from the King at one cast of the dice. This same Knight afterwards (*scil*, *temp.* Ed. VI) suffered death on Tower Hill for "matters" relating to the Duke of Somerset." (Dugdale.)

In the south bell tower hangs the largest of the bells of St. Paul's, used now for tolling the hour, and at the death of the Sovereign or a member of the Royal family. It bears the inscription:—

Richard Phelps made me,
1716.

The Geometrical Staircase, St. Paul's

the most powerful of the single pressure of about three

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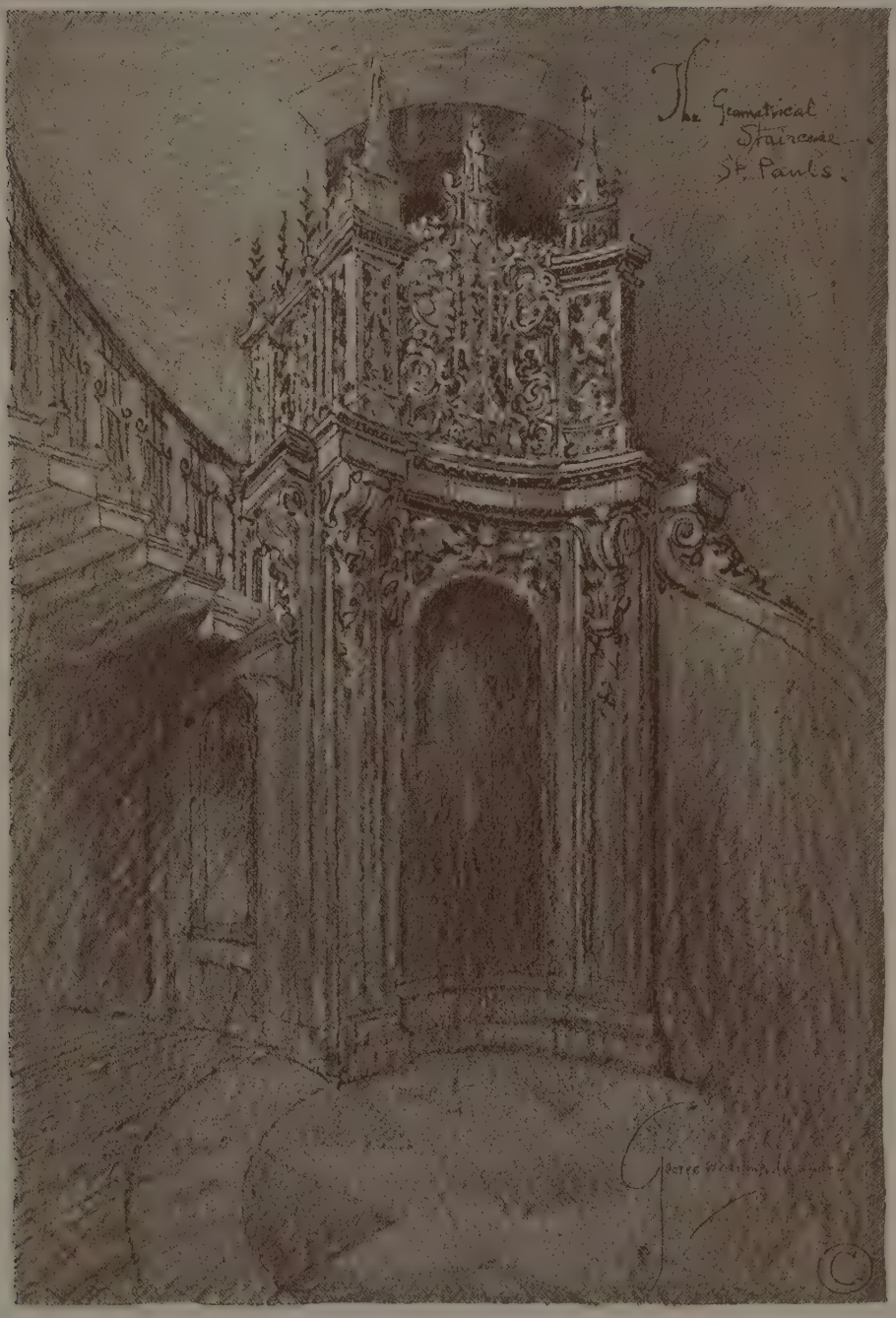
The Grammatical Staircase St. Paul's.

In diameter it measures nearly six feet eleven inches, and it weighs five tons. It is remarked that while its note is A flat, the sound at a distance is E flat.

The bell now used for the daily services is smaller, being less than five feet in diameter and hangs in the north bell tower. It was inscribed "made by Philip Wightman, 1700." This is no less than the famous Great Tom of Westminster, and before the Reformation it was named "Edward" after Edward the Confessor. The name was changed to "Great Tom" by order of Henry VIII.

It originally hung in the clock tower opposite Westminster Hall Gate, and this tower together with its furnishings was given by William III to the Parish of St. Margaret for the benefit of the poor. The interesting records relate that it was sold to the Dean of St. Paul's at the rate of "ten pence per pound," and thus brought in the sum of three hundred and eighty-five pounds sterling. While being taken down from the belfry it fell and was broken. Recast by Philip Wightman in 1708, it hung at St. Paul's, and was the "hour bell" for some time when it again cracked and had to be recast, this time by Richard Phelps in 1716. The sound of this bell, it is stated, can be heard at times as far distant as the North Downs in Surrey. The peal of twelve bells hanging in the north tower is said to be the heaviest and most tuneful in all England. The ringers are members of the

Society of College Youths, a Guild formed in 1637.

The Bell called the New Great Paul hangs in the south bell tower, and weighs nearly seventeen tons. It is the work of Taylor of Loughborough and is rung for five minutes daily at one o'clock, and also serves as the "five minute bell" on Sundays and Holy days. The first Bishop of St. Paul's and London was, it is believed, Mellitus, 604-619, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the Emissary of Pope Gregory, the Great, but records mention Restitutus, as Bishop of London in the year 314. Since then one hundred and nine Bishops have borne the title, the present Lord Bishop being (1901) A. F. Wynnington-Ingram. [1]

[1] Bibliography. The following authorities have been consulted in the foregoing:
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The Abbey

ONE is appalled by the wealth of detail and beauty of Westminster Abbey. It is impossible to understand or appreciate its glories in a single visit. There are so many pictures, and such a mulititude of remarkable objects that one's brain reels with it all. A single visit "à la" tourist leaves one's mind with a confused jumble of poets, warriors, kings and statesmen, in a fantastic Gothic setting without any sort of coherence. It is simply impossible to adequately describe it within the limits of a single chapter. Th best one can do is point out briefly a few of the glories, in as simple language as possible, and let the reader search the remainder for himself, if he be so disposed. Perhaps the best approach is from Parliament Street, emerging into the open square called the Broad Sanctuary. Here appears before one the whole splendid fabric of the edifice.

From this Sanctuary rises the splendid fabric of the Abbey, its lines very beautifully and most artistically broken by the details of St. Margaret's Church. This, the North Transept with its beautiful rose window and

its great triple entrance, recalling some of the French Cathedrals, is the very richest and most splendid example of what is called "the pointed style," in all England. Entering the portal called "Solomon's Porch" one passes behind the Gothic tracery of the Chapel of Henry VII, under the great flying buttresses of the Chapler House, and reaches the doorway of the Abbey.

Washington Irving tells how the place impressed him:—"The eye gazes in wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height, it seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence." The name "Poet's Corner" is said to have been first mentioned by Goldsmith, and here one may linger with profit to himself for future recollection. The noble vista of slender pillars was suggested without doubt to the master builders, by the tall trees of primæval forests. They realized that a cathedral should be a creation in stone of man's aspiration and demand for a harmonious temple in which to worship God.

One rambles through the great minster, on a first visit, without any definite plan of inspection. It is only by subsequent thought and study that its treasures are really divulged understandingly. The usual tour is by the way of the Baptistry in the Southwest Tower, which was

named "The Little Poets' Corner" by Dean Stanley, where there are marble busts of Wordsworth, Keble, Dr. Arnold of Rugby and his son Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley. Then through the north and south aisles, where one may enter the Cloisters in which are tombs of the early abbots; to the so-called Little Cloisters; the Chapel of the Pyx containing the Treasure Chests of the Abbey; through the splendid Chapter House, the greatest in all England, where in early times the House of Commons met, to the Crypt below, the Ancient Royal Treasury, "which has a massive oaken door, lined with human skins stridded with iron nails, and covered with a lace work of iron bars, upon which are seven great locks with secret mechanism." The human skins are said to be those of "robbers" who were taken and flayed alive in punishment for attempting to steal the treasure. Then through the Transepts, noting the lantern soaring upwards at the apex of the four lofty roofs of the transepts, nave, and the choir. Then the Sanctuary with its treasures of Reredos of Cornish spar and Alabaster of Staffordshire, and its super altar of cedarwood and black and green marble. Here there is a splendid old mosaic pavement, and tapestries of harmoniously faded colors all in keeping with its character. Here, on what is known as "The Mound" is the Chapel of Edward, the Confessor, founded by

Henry III as a "Holy of Holies" to contain the bones of his revered predecessor. This Chapel remains practically as it was planned and built in 1279.

Edward died, it will be recalled, in the year 1066, and was buried before the great altar "with his crown upon his head, a golden chain and a crucifix around his neck and his pilgrim ring upon his finger." When, upon order of Henry I, his coffin was opened in the presence of Gundulf, the Bishop, it is said that the latter tried to secure unperceived a hair from the white beard of the Confessor, but the Chronicle fails to record either his failure or success. The remains were frequently disturbed. Later, Henry II removed the sacred bones to a "precious feratry" after his canonization (1161) by Pope Alexander III.

His successor, Henry III, saw the coffin opened, and inside the "incorrupt body" which he caused to be carried in great state upon the shoulders of princes of the royal house of Plantagenet, to its present resting place. The remains are contained in a stone sarcophagus within the marble shrine, and even to-day it is still the object of pilgrimages in the Roman Catholic Church. The Confessor is surrounded by the remains of his family. Pennant says that "before the shrine, the "Spolia Opima" (the Scottish regalia) were displayed and offered. Behind the tomb, in the chantry of Henry V (picture) were preserved the relics presented to the church by Edward.

Dividing the choir from the Chapel, is a great screen, with archaic sculpture depicting the legend of the Confessor.

Indeed it is a quaint and curious fact that on the thirteenth day of October of each year Roman Catholics are accustomed and permitted to offer "orisons" at the Shrine for the conversion of England to the faith. The thirteenth of October being the anniversary of the day in 1163 when King Edward was canonized. The Roman Catholic order thus celebrating is named "the Ransomers."

Before the screen facing the foot of the Shrine is the Coronation Chair. This old chair, so battered and defaced, is that said to have been emblazoned by "William the painter" for Edward I. It incloses the precious "Fatal Stone" of Scone, upon which the Scotch Kings were anointed and crowned. According to legend this was the pillow upon which rested the head of the Patriarch Jacob at Bethel, "When he beheld the Vision of the Ladder reaching to Heaven." It was carried from Scotland to England by Edward I who himself placed it in Westminster. In this chair all the Kings of England, since the time of Edward I, have been crowned. Beside it leaning against the wall is the sword of Edward III, which was alluded to by Dryden, as "The Monumental Sword that Conquered France." The stone is described in King Kenneth's Couplet:—

"Or Fate is blind, or Scots shall find
Where'er this stone, the Royal Throne"

The English people have always believed that this stone beneath the seat of this old chair, upon which the Kings of England have been crowned in Westminster Abbey since the reign of Edward I, is the identical stone upon which Jacob rested his head when he dreamed of the Celestial ladder, and that it was brought from the Holy Land through Spain to Ireland where it was used in the Coronation of the Irish Kings on the Hill of Tara, and afterwards removed to Dunnestaffnage Castle in Scotland. It was taken from there to the Abbey of Scone, where it remained for three hundred years, during which period all the Kings of Scotland were crowned seated upon it. In 1296 Edward I had it removed to London, and encased in the present oaken chair which served as the actual throne of King Edward, the Confessor.

The chair is six feet seven inches high, with a seat two feet deep and two feet four inches wide. The historic stone, of a dull purplish red hue, is said to be sandstone, and bears chisel marks. It is fastened under the seat with two iron chains of unmistakable antiquity and is about twenty-six inches long by sixteen inches wide and something over ten inches deep. The chair in which it was encased by order of King Edward I, dates from the time of the Confessor prior to the Norman Conquest in

Westminster

stone beneath the seat of the coronation chair upon which the

the middle of the eleventh century, and as before stated is in a very dilapidated condition, much of the gilding and painting has disappeared, and the Latin inscription described by authorities is no longer to be found. Many of the pointed and carved arches are missing, and there is evidence of tawdry repairs most unskillfully done. It is said that at the Coronation of Queen Victoria the stone was covered with a piece of cloth of gold which the upholsterers fastened with tacks to the seat of the chair. Shreds of this remain attached to these tacks, and are plainly visible.

The authenticity of this famous relic has been attacked by Professor Mitchell Ramsay, who stated on the occasion of the Coronation of King George V in 1910, that this so-called Stone of Destiny had indeed never been brought from the Holy Land; that it was identical with the stone used in the construction of Dunnestaffnage Castle in Scotland, and that he has proof that the Spanish and Irish legends in connection with it are mere myths of late origin and unworthy of belief! That, furthermore, its origin goes no further back than the coronation of the Scottish Kings who were crowned at Dunnestaffnage as aforesaid, and that no stone of the kind is to be found in Palestine. In consequence of this statement of the Professor a very pretty tempest has raged ever since in antiquarian circles, and the Scotch who venerate the stone, and consider it indispensable to

their sovereignty have many times demanded its return to them.

The Poets Corner, to which one is always inclined to return "for just one more look," contains the tomb of Chaucer, "Father of Poets," which was not however placed here until more than one hundred years after his death in 1551. Here one lingers enthralled by the wonderful beauty of the spot, of the grace of the columns and their capitals, and charm of the triform arcades with their exquisitely designed "Rose" windows. Indeed one needs no technical knowledge of architecture to be entranced with the union of sculpture and color, which is here exemplified. It is true that the Abbey is filled with many grotesque and cumbersome, inappropriate and often absurd tombs, but one learns to avoid and ignore these, only remembering the Abbey as the silent meeting place of the great dead of eight centuries, "whom," as Macauley says, "England has delighted to honor with sepulture in the great temple of silence and reconciliation."

"Here," says Addison, "There are many poets who have no monuments, and many monuments which have no poets." There are some wax effigies shown to the curious visitor. These are all that remain of a large collection of "Waxen Royalties," which even as far back as 1750, were in a wretched condition of dilapidation.

There are now several of these which are shown to

the tourists upon presentation of proper credentials. These waxworks, it is stated, have not been publicly exhibited for many years, and the reason is obvious. Of these perhaps the best preserved are two figures, wearing royal robes and shown together in a glass covered case, which represent William and Mary, and there is the effigy of Queen Elizabeth in royal robes and a huge lace ruff, who looks quite as one has always pictured her mentally. That of the Duchess of Richmond, who was called La Belle Stuart, is the effigy of the lady who posed for the figure of Britannia on the coins of the realm of the time of Charles II. A stuffed parrot of which she was fond is at her side. The various other figures are in a wretched state of dilapidation. A figure of Charles II is perhaps as interesting as any in this curious collection, but it must be said that none of them are for one moment worthy of serious attention, and the custode said that they should be consigned to the ash heap. One learns that in the chamber is a chest, properly inscribed, which contains the body of Major André, brought to England from the United States in 1821.

The dominating feature of the North Transept is the magnificent Rose Window carefully and skillfully restored in 1722, which measures thirty-two feet in diameter, and contains what authorities pronounce to be the finest glass in England. Since the remains of the Duke of Newcastle were buried here beneath his monument

two hundred years ago, it has become the "Tomb of Admirals," while the center aisle is given over to the Statesmen since the time of Earl of Chatham. Pitt was laid there in the year of 1778.

Of the various other monuments which crowd the space between the arches, one hesitates to speak. To those who are of artistic sensibility their name is Anathema. Works of art they are not. They are remarkable as examples of what should not be done in sculpture. Absurdly posed figures, utterly without originality or variety, are shown always sustaining in strained attitudes huge masses of masonry, or crowning with wreaths countless rows of busts; and there are urns and columns of every variety. These are frequently alternated with badly proportioned figures of Victory, Fame or Britannia, to which other and worsely conceived effigies point in attitudes of either despair or exultation. It is an appalling collection! The very acme of the commonplace—of offensive enormity.

Westminster Abbey is of course the National Campo Santo of England. As Dean Farrar has said, "Neither the Parthenon, nor the Temple of Jupiter can take precedence over it for the magnitude of its associations in the minds of the English speaking races. Through its classic portals have coursed the majestic stream of a great nation's history." And for this one values and remembers it.

THE ABBEY

World wide attention has been called to the Abbey by the marriage of Princess Mary, and many facts hitherto known to but few have come to light concerning it. There always has been a certain element of mystery about it. In the first place it is not an Abbey at all, we are told by authorities, for the monastic period in its story together with its Abbots, came to an end with the year 1540.

Its proper official title described in all legal and clerical documents is "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster."

A Collegiate Church means a body of Clergy and various lay officers who though they do not, like monks, occupy a common refectory and dormitory, still are united by a certain common rule in that they are chosen to devote their time and energies to the service of some non-parochial church. Though long years ago the black robed Benedictines, monks and lay brothers, disappeared forever from the Cloisters and chambers of the Abbey, and under the Tudors were replaced by the Collegiate Deans and Canons, yet many of the mediæval customs remain to the present day.

According to my informant, the Abbey forms a territory all its own outside of any diocese. Its nearest neighbor the Bishopric of London has no jurisdiction within the church or in the adjoining precinct. The Bishop can only don his robes inside the Abbey by permis-

sion of the Dean of the Abbey, who is supreme in authority. This rule applies likewise to the Bishop of Canterbury, who save at a Coronation, can only officiate by special consent of the Dean.

One is told that not long ago it was customary to read a most solemn protest in the Jerusalem Chapel prior to any ecclesiastical function in which the primate of England took part.

The wedding of Princess Mary was an exceptional ceremony altogether, for there was no precedent for it so far as the Abbey is concerned. It is an understood thing that members of the royal family are "Parociani Archiepiscopali Centuariensis," so it was only fitting for the Archbishop to officiate on this occasion. But it was remarked by many that the Dean of Westminster asserted his authority at the close, and in due form and solemnity pronounced one of the benedictions.

So rigorous is the observance of established rule with the royal house of England, even in these extremely democratic times, that it was noted that Viscount Lascelles was not among the royal party when the members entered Westminster, and it was explained that a commoner marrying a Princess does not partake of or occupy her rank as does a commoner marrying a Prince, but the reason for this was not given. The Viscount did not appear to be disturbed by it. After the ceremony when the party emerged from the Abbey, the Princess paused at

The Coronation Throne and the "Stone" at Westminster

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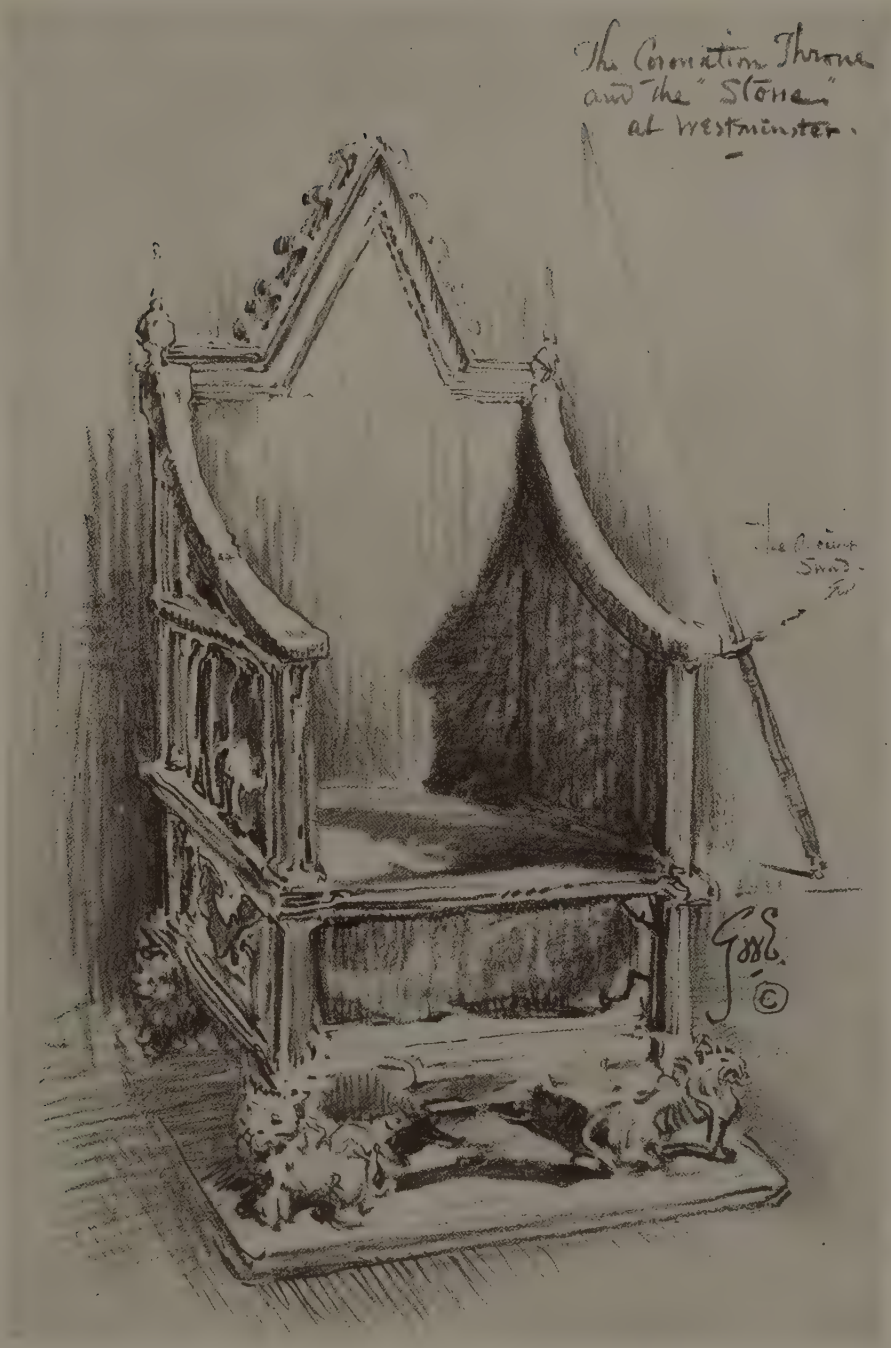
The Coronation Throne
and the "Stone"
at Westminster.

the great cenotaph to the Unknown Soldiers, and laid her bridal bouquet upon the tablet amid the cheers of the people, many of whom were moved to tears.

Westminster Abbey has ever been associated with great pageantry and ceremonies, and pageantry is closely allied to drama and court entertainments, such as masques and disguisings. The miracle plays themselves were a part of the pageantry of the Trades Guilds, and the state progress of a Prince was usually but the preliminary of a more elaborate spectacle held at court after the procession had passed through the streets.

Next in importance to the Coronation of the Monarch is the Lord Mayor's annual procession through the streets of London. The Lord Mayor's Show dates from the year 1209, surely an amazing length of time for an annual ceremony to persist, although it is true that as a "show" the great yearly cavalcade of pomp and ceremony has passed through many vicissitudes, it has maintained its character. Originally a ceremonial call of the Lord Mayor upon the King in his Palace at Westminster, and feudal in purpose, it has kept up, as many old customs are, long after the original meaning had been forgotten. It may be imagined that the Lord Mayor's Show in Elizabethan times was at the height of its glory. In 1585, no less a person than George Peele, the dramatist, was engaged to write the text of the Lord Mayor's address. "In this year the symbolical figure of London

first appeared; a figure that has survived to the 'shows' of our own time" ("English Pageantry" by Robert Withington. Vol. II). Following Peele, who wrote the text for another pageant in 1588, other dramatists, such as Anthony Munday, were employed.

It had lost much of its spontaneous character in the eighteenth century, but later was revived and celebrated with all its old time splendor and seriousness. It is typical of the stability of the citizens of London that it has not lost its hold upon the imagination of the London public as a popular spectacle. During the World War, for example, use was made of this annual procession to stimulate recruiting and patriotism. It is to-day the one survival of an ancient spectacle of which the meaning and purpose have undergone no change. One characteristic feature of the parade which will be missed is the splendid team of six cream colored ponies which formerly drew the heavy gilded carriage of the Lord Mayor through the crowded streets. It is announced officially that these will never appear again as part of the procession, for owing to inbreeding the stock has deteriorated and grown too small for ceremonial purposes, and in place of these a team of six "royal blacks" will appear in the future. It is further stated in the published announcement that the stock of "creams" will not be allowed to die out altogether, for the King has presented

them to the Army Council, and they will henceforth be used as cavalry drum horses.

King Street, so we are told, was formerly the principal avenue leading to Westminster. Now, little more than an unimportant lane or byway, it is notable from the fact of its being the spot where many sightseers were trampled upon and crushed to death during the time of Queen Elizabeth, when she and her attendant nobles came in state to attend the opening of her first Parliament. In one of the houses (there is some dispute as to which one) dwelt "That Sweet Poet," Edmund Spenser, in such poverty that he died for lack of bread, his friends having deserted him. Such was his extreme pride and sensitiveness that he hid his real state from every one, even refusing to accept a purse sent to him by Lord Essex, while he lay in his garret starving, saying to the servant who found him thus,—"take it back to my Lord Essex, and tell him that really I have no time to spend money." Many other poets, painters, and soldiers of fortune lived in this little street and made it famous, including Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, and it was through this street that King Charles I passed in a sedan chair, surrounded by soldiers and accompanied by the headsman who carried his ax on shoulder, on his way to trial for treason at Westminster Hall, while Cromwell watched from an upper window.

After the death of Cromwell, the catafalque with the coffin containing his remains passed through this street on the way from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. The accounts relate that a wax image of the Protector was modeled by an artist, life size, and placed upon the coffin and carried thus through the streets, so that all might see, because the coffin containing the remains had been sealed in lead. There is not sufficient space to even enumerate the many points of interest hereabouts, nor even touch upon the stories concerning the many great personages of history who lived and died here. Inside the Gatehouse, which was demolished in 1776-7 on the site now occupied by Westminster Hospital, was a great Norman tower of square form, named the Sanctuary, on the top of which hung a "peal" of great bells, mentioned by Pepys in his diary. In this Norman tower were two Chapels of cruciform shape, one surmounting the other, which gave shelter and protection to "any criminal, no matter of what degree, or any debtor who might seek shelter therein craving protection and sanctuary," hence the name. Queen Elizabeth in 1470 sought refuge in it, with her mother and three daughters, and she was here again at a later date (1483) when her two sons were murdered in the Tower. Every inch of ground here has its tragic story.

In what was known as the "Almonry," William Cax-

Chantry of Henry V; Westminster Abbey

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(Tomb of Henry V: Westminster Abbey)

Chantry of Henry V. Westminster Abbey.

ton set up his printing press in the year 1474 from Cologne. (He is buried in the churchyard of St. Margaret's.) His first book, the first ever printed in England, was entitled "The Game and Play of Chess." Caxton next printed and issued the Poems of Chaucer, as well as the great work of Gower "Confessio Amantis." The hoary tower called the "King's Jewel House," entrance to which is at number 6 Old Palace Yard, is said to be the most ancient part of the Abbey.

The original MS. of the "Book of Common Prayer," which is now in the House of Lords, was formerly kept in a room in this tower, which was at one time the Royal Wardrobe of King Henry VIII. In the lower story is a magnificently vaulted room, ornamented with "bosses" each of which shows double and triple masks or faces, which are evidently portraits of the monks who occupied it during the time of the Confessor. A great curiosity are the six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails, which legend says were used to test the intelligence of the Sheriffs of London when they were being sworn in. According to the story, in the time of Edward II only the educated could count above ten, and it was considered a test to be able to count the nails up to sixty-one, "which being done, the Sheriff furthermore as proof of his strength, should take the knife and before the appointed witnesses should cut a bundle of faggots with as few

strokes as he could manage." The custode shows the knife to any one who is interested, and affirms that the test is still a law.

Lovers of the Poet Milton will seek in vain for the house in which he lived and worked. It was at number 19 York Street, a "pretty garden house" says Haydon (autobiography, i 211). The house was demolished in 1877 but there is a tablet on a wall nearby inscribed "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." Here he became blind after the death of his first wife who was Mary Powell, and here he married Catherine Woodcoke who only lived a little more than a year after he wed her. At the end of Bridge Street one comes to the splendid Westminister Bridge, opened with great ceremony in 1750, but entirely rebuilt in 1861. The Bridge is twice the width of the other Thames bridges, and from it a fine view of the Houses of Parliament and Lambeth may be had, recalling the lines of Wordsworth—

"A sight so touching in its majesty:—
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,
And all the mighty heart is lying still!"

Number 10 Downing Street was presented by George II to Walpole as "residence in perpetuity." Walpole and Pitt both occupied it, and Mr. Gladstone lived in it while in office. Its exterior is commonplace in the

extreme, one might say shabby, but the room where Gladstone and his colleagues met and disposed of affairs of state is quite impressive and handsome, with a splendid ceiling and ornate empaneled walls, hung with portraits of the great ministers of state. The formal and splendid state dinners of Lord Beaconsfield were given in the dining hall of this house.

In the ancient admiralty building the body of Lord Nelson lay in state on the day of his funeral. The custode relates, that on the roof before the days of the telegraph, was a large semaphore by means of which communication was relayed to the seaports, and messages received from them. The Colonial office was described by Carlyle as "a world wide jungle of red tape, inhabited by doleful creatures deaf or nearly so to human reason or entreaty." Long years ago the conservative Londoners established their business methods to their satisfaction. They are slow to change.

The East End and a typical "Doss House"

LONDON has been called[1] "The Paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the wise, and the hell of the poor." A discriminating friend upon reading this chapter in MS. suggested that I would better confine myself to the first two mentioned above and leave out the last; extremely unpleasant reading and unnecessary in a book of this sort. I ventured to disagree.

I have described one class of coffee house, the resort of the mellowed and historic past of endless groups of famous wits and town dandies, pamphleteers, and cavaliers of Grub Street, why not then the coffee house of today in the East End?

Though the coffee house is understood to be a place where coffee is sold to people who drink it on the premises, in the East End, for instance Wapping, one cannot obtain coffee for love nor money. One may ask for it and receive a cup purporting to be coffee, but coffee it is not. What it is—is a mystery! but the hapless wretches accept and drink it, for it is hot, and there is in it what

[1] Theodore Parker.

is courteously called milk, also sugar. Tea likewise is sold and by the pint, but it is no more tea than it is coffee. These specifications likewise apply to the coffee houses, and the quality of the eatables served in them to the customers, who are laborers, street pedlars and the poorer class of loafers and tramps—the flotsam and jetsam of the alleyways. Dirty greasy places they are in the extreme without an iota of picturesqueness. Resorts of the same order in Paris at least have character and interesting quality; these have nothing of the sort. In the shadiest resorts of the "Maquereaux" of Paris there is an attempt at cleanliness and order; not so in London. Here there is nothing to suggest decency of living or to stimulate the quality of self respect in a man. Napkins and tablecloths are unknown. There is little or no noise among the frequenters of these places even when the wretched evil smelling rooms are filled. The people crowded at the tables are morose. They eat amid the débris left by their predecessors, and each when he has eaten as a rule scrapes what may be left on the table on to the floor. A meal for a hungry man here would be a pint mug of "tea" or "coffee," a kipper or bloater (herring) and a couple of thick cuts of fairly good bread and what is called "butter" (oleomargarine). For this meal he will pay three or fourpence and be satisfied. Needless to say there are "no tips" either expected or offered.

If one is interested one may see in the early morning in the streets of the East End long lines of poorly clad women, young and old, seated on the curbing, their feet in the uncleansed gutter, with sacks of bread in their laps or beside them. This bread they sell to the workmen on their way to their "jobs." The men buy and eat the dry bread as they walk, without even a drink of water to wash it down. How a working man can do a day's hard work on such food is a mystery, but such is the fact.

Let us go into one of these sordid streets where the sun rarely shines, and watch the scrambling pushing horde of beshawled unkempt women young and old, eagerly turning over the terrible looking mess of raw meat in scraps and shreds dumped into the wooden barrows outside of the butcher shops. It is said to be beef and mutton but it might be anything else. It is sold by the pound or down to the smallest fraction, for whatever price the astute merchant thinks he can get for it by argument or coercion. The stranger will have much difficulty in understanding his vocabulary, not so the intending purchaser of the neighborhood, who most elequently answers argument or vituperation as his or her fancy urges.

There are other barrows filled with fish heads and débris which seem to be highly in favor and demand, and

there is also great quantities of decayed fruit and vegetables. The people gathered here are not all criminals and bad characters. Most of them, as the patient "bobby" at the corner will inform you, are simply poor and unfortunate. But among the swarming crowd there are rogues and pickpockets of marvelous skill, and it were well not to tempt them, so the "bobby" advises the tourist not to tarry.

One learns from statistics that while 300,000 people of London live in one room tenements, and 900,000 are illegally housed, 40,000 and more are registered as living in the lodging houses called "Doss houses." Of these there are various degrees in size and so-called respectability. However, in one respect they are all similar. They are profitable to their owners to whom it is said they pay upwards of five percent on the costs and investments. In these "Doss houses," the poor man's hotels, each lodger pays each night in advance for a "bed" in a lighted and well heated loft. In such a loft there will be sometimes as many as twenty-five beds ranged side by side and foot to foot with a narrow passage way between, and all will be occupied. There is of course no privacy whatever.

In the morning soon after daylight (in the winter long before) the lodgers are rudely awakened and forced out onto the street without ceremony, giving them hardly

time to dress themselves. It is claimed that all of these places are under constant inspection by the authorities, and that many if not all of the former abuses complained of have been remedied, and that the strictest watch and constant supervision is maintained upon the more notorious places, but certainly, while they may now furnish better accommodations to the hapless patrons, who are said to be respectable working men and laborers, than before, they are at best unhomelike and unwholesome to the last degree.

There are various kinds of these "Doss houses," but they differ only in size and in being more or less squalid and filthy, and abounding in unmitigated horrors. It must be understood that this applies to only the unofficial places. The great municipal lodging houses and workingmen's homes are as far as practicable free from the atrocities above hinted at.

Near Middlesex Street, Whitechapel, is a workingmen's home of somber gloomy exterior; a five story building with steps leading down to a basement or cellar, where in a series of great gloomy damp smelling rooms, illy lighted by infrequent gas jets, I saw long lines of pallid wretched looking men sitting about on benches, or thronged about a range cooking some sort of food. There was little of disorder or noise, save for the rattling of the pans and dishes. Over all was a most

villainous damp fog of steam or smoke, and an overpowering rancid smell of cooking fish from the great range. At the long bare table, not more untidy than one would expect in such a place, sat many discouraged looking, ill dressed men busily eating, and drinking hot "tea" from large yellow glazed earthenware mugs. The men did not converse as they ate. Discouragement, discontent, and gloom was upon them, and the nauseating smell forced the present writer out into the damp street for a breath of air, hardly any fresher but certainly of different quality.

Climbing the stairs after an interval one paid a grave looking man at the door the sum of fivepence, receiving from him a large brass token, stamped with a number which entitled one to a night's accommodation in a "cabin" with a bed, from ten P. M to five A. M. The cabin space is about five feet by seven; there is no door to it. In it is a narrow cot bed with clean bed clothing consisting of two sheets, a thin blanket and a pillow. These cabins occupy all of the upper floors. They resemble huge egg crates; the partitions are between six and seven feet high, leaving an open space above to the ceiling. These partitions are so thin that every movement of the occupant is plainly heard, so there is no privacy whatever. One the walls of each of these cubicles beneath a row of hooks for the clothing of the occupant, is pasted a notice

to the "Guest," regulating his conduct and actions in words so specific and understandable as to leave little or nothing to the imagination. The "sitting room" is cleared on signal at half past nine at night, and the intending lodgers descend to the basement where the brass checks are collected by the official, and they then again mount the stairs to the upper floors designated by the check numbers. Lights are ordered out at ten o'clock; the lower doors are fastened, and the wretched guests lying in the cubicles are sheltered again for the night at least. And night again casts its pall over the great city. Gloom by day—gloom by night in these dismal streets. Children swarm here, and the wonder is how do they thrive?

In many of the streets, sunlight rarely enters, and the inner courts are in twilight. The atmosphere within the dwellings is invariably foul, owing to the saturated condition of the walls and ceilings which for years have absorbed the exhalations of the occupants into their porous material.

Singular testimony as to the absence of sunlight and air in these courts was furnished by the action of the Committee of Parks and Gardens, who desired to brighten the homes of the poorest classes by gifts of growing plants and blooming flowers in window boxes. But these gifts were found useless in localities such as

described, "As flowers and plants were susceptible to the unwholesome surroundings and would not live." (Report.) And so the matter is thus dismissed by the appointed authorities.

The Cockney and His Amusements

IT is at Hampstead Heath, on a Bank Holiday that one sees the Cockney at his very best. The Cockney cannot pronounce Hampstead as it is spelled of course. He calls it" 'Empstead 'Eath." And sometimes in his enthusiasm adds unctuously "lor' lummy." There are four of these Bank Holidays during the year, and they are sacred to, and appropriated by the " 'Arrys and 'Arriets." On a Bank Holiday everything savoring of work, no matter how important, is supposed to give way—does give way, and it begins the day before, when in the evening one finds the 'busses and the "tuppeny tubes" crowded with the exuberant 'Arrys and 'Arriets, departing from town, country bound to celebrate the holiday. There are those however who for one reason or another cannot go as far away as the seashore or the country, and for these Hampstead Heath is the goal. This is the Cockney Paradise, and here "he and she" luxuriate and romp, and litter up miles of charming by-ways

and grassy places with empty paper bags, biscuit tins, bottles and whatever rubbish they bring with them for the day's pleasure. "'Empstead 'Eath" is to the Cockney, what Coney Island is to the "people" of New York, and the sport enjoyed here is of a very similar order, with this difference however, that Hampstead Heath on other days than these, is a beautiful green space, tree embowered and in spring and summer redolent of roses and honeysuckle, fringed with charming villas, and luxurious private residences. We have nothing like it in America.

The cultured Londoner thinks of Hampstead Heath in connection with Leigh Hunt, Keats, Rossetti, and Charles Lamb, and it was here that Turner and Constable and Whistler and Millais found inspiration for many of their famous paintings. On other than Bank Holidays these charming green downs and lanes are filled with the melody of song birds, with the occasional creak of a farm wain lumbering along the fragrant byways, and the lowing of distant cattle. But on the day before this holiday, by express permission and warrant of his most gracious majesty King George, all the roads leading to this beautiful park are thronged with carts and wagons of almost every conceivable sort laden with the impedimenta of the purveyors of amusement for the oncoming crowds of the following day. The Heath is then quite covered over with tents and booths, large and small, humble and ornate. There are great gayly

painted vans whose sides let down disclosing stage and footlights for theatrical performances; costers wagons, donkey drawn and by the hundreds; resplendent merry-go-rounds, driven by noisy steam engines, and tented in with gorgeous striped and painted canvas, with swings of wooden lions, unicorns, camels and galloping horses, over which 'Arriet goes simply crazy; circus tents housing more wonders than are in the ken of man; each seemingly more wonderful than the other, abound, and apparently every other form of pleasure for the delectation of "'Array" and his "'Arriet," and the "clarks"; who flock here by the thousand from the gloom of the city.

It must be said that over all of this swarming mass of strange looking people, and its impedimenta, there is a certain order and a picturesqueness entirely lacking in our Coney Island. The latter is a fixture, its ugly buildings, its hugeness, its commonness and vulgarity is put to stay. It caters to a different audience every six days, and lastly it is distinctly *not* picturesque, and it *is* distinctly vulgar.

There is something of the pathetic in the very obvious endeavors of "'Arriet" to have a good time, and she has it, *willy-nilly*. She is in and of her class. It never occurs to her to step out of it for one instant. She could not if she would for class lines are rigidly drawn. Compare "'Arriet" with those young creatures, bobbed haired, lip sticked, short skirted, who throng the beach of Coney

Island, who are adept at the "shimmy" and other forms of dancing in vogue at present. Is there not more of vulgarity to be seen there than here amid the whirling merry-go-rounds of Hampstead? Or is it simply different?

The English showman bows to authority. He pitches his tent or his merry-go-round exactly where the authorities tell him he may, and his license duly stamped, and bearing the Royal Arms, is nailed up on a pole conspicuously and according to law. His license tells him exactly what he may do, and he does it, and nothing else. It is this wholesome respect for and observance of the law that prevents such a place as Hampstead Heath from becoming a resort for bad characters and a nuisance. It is, per contra, this disrespect for and ability to evade the law that makes of Coney Island, which might be a beauty spot, the disorderly place it is.

The English showman has an energetic helpmate in his wife. He does the manual part of the work, while she attends to the finances of the stall, behind which is placed the gaudily painted wagon, its shafts propped up, and part of its roof flap invariably sheltering a shaggy pony or a diminutive donkey. In these wagons, often models of economy of space, the family live in comfort, and in them they travel from fair to fair all over the country. Some of these nomadic people are said to be quite well off, and their wagons and paraphernalia repre-

sent no small outlay in capital, but as a rule the van dwellers as they are called live wretched lives of a hand to mouth existence.

On Hampstead Heath the favorite sport seems to be throwing rubber balls at imitation "darky" heads, thrust through a hole in a hanging curtain of canvas. This is a never failing attraction to " 'Arry," who is thus enabled to show off his skill to admiring " 'Arriet," who, for some reason unexplained, rarely takes active part in this sport.

" 'It the nigger in the heye, an' get a cigar. Nah then!" bawls the showman waving his arms at " 'Arry,"—"Tyke a pot shot at 'im—try your skill—'ee carn't 'it ye back! Tyke a shot and win a cigar." So, 'Arry "tykes" a shot. As a rule he is not a skillful tosser of the balls, if he were so, the showman would soon go out of business, not that the cigars are worth much, for they are not as far as smoking them is concerned. But he rarely leaves off until he has captured at least one of the heavily banded "smokers" to the manifest pride and delight of his "girl." This sort of exercise does not personally interest " 'Arriet" as a pastime. She confines herself either to caustic comment, or hysterical pretended approval as occasion warrants. 'Arriet's longings incline to the whirling joys of the "merry-go-rounds"; the fascinations of which must be explained by or attributed to purely feminine causes. The riders on these whirling machines on Hampstead Heath outnumber the men ten to one. The circular motion

Battersea Bridge

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Battersea Bridge

seems to exert a sort of hypnotic spell upon these fantastically garbed women and girls, who once seated upon the cushioned backs of the swaying and rocking wooden animals, give themselves up completely to the exhilarating rotary, gathering and lessening speed to the blaring and wheezing drone of the barrel organs connected with the mechanism, which is rotated sometimes by a small donkey, hidden by a canvas curtain, who patiently runs 'round and 'round harnessed to an iron stanchion attached to the center pole. The waiting women are packed deep about these machines all day long and far into the night until the time comes for the last "bus" to depart for town. Then, there is a scramble for seats: Bank Holiday is over.

Another form of diversion strange to foreign eyes, is "skipping the Rope" which is very popular among the young women and girls. Here and there on the crowded "Heath," wherever there is a vacant spot, one will find women skipping the rope, held in the hands of loud tongued, hoarse voiced fellows, who for a ha'penny will "turn her up" to a thousand—if she can stand it. This is 'Arriet's chance to charm her "man," and gladly does she avail herself of the opportunity.

" 'Ere you" said she to the man who had paid the ha'-penny for her, "tyke me 'at," handing him her large and gorgeously plumed velvet hat, without which no 'Arriet considers herself properly dressed.

Then tightening the ribbon binding her hair, and grabbing her skirts about her knees with both hands, she bawled out to the men at either end of the rope—"Nah then—let 'er aht" (impossible to convey the intonation in print). Then, after a dozen jerky hops—"Right-o!—Nah then—let 'er go steady loike!" Round and round went the rope in the practiced hands of the men, sounding whack whack-whack against the ground. The ring of spectators contracted; the dust rose as faster and faster turned the rope while 'Arriet crimson faced, and holding her breath to the motion leaped to its rythmic beat, punctuated by the hoarse breathing of the two men. Then all at once the bystanders became aware of a little comedy. A rival 'Arriet stepped forth, and it dawned upon them that these two were rivals, and openly so, for the affections of this particular 'Arry. Indeed they made no secret of their rivalry.

Our own Sadies and Mamies are not so frank in their rivalries for the favor of their knights, although perhaps not a whit less intense, but here in this class, subterfuge is unknown, and it is, I am informed, quite customary for 'Arriet to frankly invite the object of her affection to be her knight commander for a day's outing and cheerfully pay all expenses. It is not rare either for two girls to thus openly court one of these hucksters or small clerks, each exerting her charms to outdo the other. Thus the

eternal triangle at Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

Both of these girls were in gay apparel; one was clad in a skirt of brilliant solferino purple hue with a black silk waist lavishly trimmed with large jet beads. On her head was a wide brimmed purple velvet hat with ostrich feathers. She was the elder of the two, and the first mentioned. The other was much younger—of a blowsy sort of beauty, brimming with health apparently. She was arrayed in a costume of black satin and imitation lace, and likewise wore a large flaring hat with bobbing ostrich plumes and scarlet poppies. Unlike the first she scorned to discard the flaring hat, perhaps realizing that its charm gave her an advantage. She bounded up and down; her hands akimbo on her hips; her head saucily held on one side; her eyes flashing upon the beholders in conscious recognition of her fancied advantages over her rival. 'Arry watched her with gleaming eyes. She absorbed his attention altogether. In vain the other leaped and bounded. She was outclassed by both superior charms and greater agility—and she knew it. She gave up the fight. There was a burst of applause from the onlookers as the winner with a final leap sprang into the outstretched arms of the admiring 'Arry, who fairly dragged her out of the ring. The loser sheepishly followed after, re-arranging her hair and smoothing out her skirts, and it is to be recorded that the three went most

amicably (apparently) over to a stall where waffles were being fried in odorous grease, and sat themselves down at the counter to eat of the dainties.

Waffles and whelks are very popular at Hampstead Heath. They call the whelks "wilkies." These are large shell fish shaped something like a huge snail. The stall has a large pan full of them all smoking hot for sale at a penny a portion. The portion consists of three or four of the "wilkies" together with butter, salt and pepper, and strong vinegar ad lib. The acrid smell of it is over all. Cockles too may be had, served in the same way, and these are cheaper still, and with a huge earthenware pot of tea, completes the repast.

In response to the demand there are merry-go-rounds by the score in all stages of magnificence, bespangled with mirrors, and crimson plush curtains covering the gorgeously painted lions, zebras, and galloping ponies. These are always surrounded by patient crowds of women and girls waiting their turn for a whirl. Most of these machines are run and managed by women who grow up in the "profession" as they will proudly inform the questioner. The men are mere adjuncts, and act as "barkers" to call out the turns, and see that the " 'Arriets" are properly dislodged from their perches on the animals when they have had the number of turns to which they are entitled, for 'Arriet is usually in a trance of delight, entirely incompetent, and oblivious to every-

thing except the pleasure of the whirling motion on the back of the animal of her choice. Nor can she easily be persuaded to descend without being plucked off by the "barker," at which she is invariably eloquent in her specific attacks upon his parentage and his ultimate destination.

Hampstead Heath is, of course, the paradise of the children on these Bank Holidays. They swarm here clad in their best bibs and tuckers, but this does not prevent them from partaking of the joys of the mud pond, which consists of wading knee deep in the muddy water and seeking the pennies which are thrown in by generous contributors. They call pennies "mouldies" at Hampstead Heath. One is afraid to ask why, for the Cockney hates to be quizzed, or, as he terms it "spoofed." Ask an idler down in the city any sort of question in ordinary, and the chances are that he will stick his tongue in his cheek and leer at one, with the scornful exclamation "Garn!—wot ye up to,"—or, "I say, I'll 'ave ye up for jeerin',"—and persistence may even result in an assault upon the questioner. Discretion is necessary. This mud pond is about a foot deep with a soft bottom, and the children search for the pennies with their bare feet as they are thrown in. Their shouts or screams of delight or disappointment show how popular is the sport. Toy balloons, rubber balls, ticklers (feathers on a stick) and paper pin wheels, are hawked about among the

crowds. The children are fairly well clad. The girls in "pig tail" or with stringy locks hanging on their shoulders, dressed in heavily starched skirts of colored cotton; some of them in aprons with pockets. The small girls all wear " 'ats wiv bloomink flow'rs," as they pronounce it. For a girl or woman to be seen in public without a hat is not respectable upon a Bank Holiday.

Questioned as to the state of "business" the vendors and the stall keepers at once assume an injured air, most comical to behold, and volubly curse the times and the manners of the present day, alleging variously that 'Em'stead 'Eath is no longer what it used to be, and proceed to give elaborately detailed reasons for their dissatisfaction, and proof of their contentions as long as one will listen, and all in terms and language that is as picturesque as it is difficult to set down in print, for on Hampstead Heath English is not spelled as it is pronounced, nor is it easy to translate.

The House of Lords and Commons

THE stranger in London making his first visit to the Parliament is surprised at the great difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The latter is a small chamber of unimpressive character entirely at variance with one's preconceived ideas of what such a hall should be, showing no effort whatever on the part of the architect to achieve an appearance of grandeur, or even dignity. It is simply a plain, ordinary sized room devoid of any decorative effect, and devoted to the business which fills so large a place in the affairs of the world. The House of Lords, on the contrary, more nearly comes up to one's expectation; a very handsome and roomy hall of broad and lofty proportions, with splendid stained glass windows letting in a richly colored and soft light over the fine furniture and decorations.

While in the Commons the entire floor space is devoted to the work of the members, and the visitors are relegated to a row of benches placed underneath the gal-

lery and denied admission to the floor, in the House of Lords at both ends of the room are comfortable roomy seats for visitors, including ladies, who are provided with well arranged seats in spaces close to the bar. The members of the Commons are here admitted at will to standing room only during the proceedings. Space for the Privy Councilors and sons of the peers is at the opposite end round about the throne, the seat of the Prime Minister being at the side of the bench reserved for the bishops. My host, on the occasion of my first visit to the House of Commons, explained that formerly great difficulty was experienced by the members in making themselves heard because of lack of acoustics, but that this had been remedied by experiments resulting in the installment of the curious glass roof or ceiling. It is not generally known that this glass ceiling hides a magnificently designed and carved roof, upon which great artists labored for a number of years, but which it was found completely spoiled the chamber for oratorical effect, so they decided to sacrifice art to utility.

In the House of Lords, however, they seem to care more for architectural grandeur, and the voices of the peers of the realm are often almost inaudible in the press gallery, but this may be due rather to the individual speakers than to structural defects in the hall. The stranger discovers that in the House of Lords there is no such thing

as debate in the sense that obtains in the Commons. There are only a few members whose opinion is required, and when this is given and heard only the vote remains.

It is explained that the peers have no constituents and consequently there is little or no need of appearing in person, so that as a rule debate in the House of Lords on any great subject of the moment reaches a much higher level than a debate in the House of Commons. This explanation does not very well enlighten one, but I give it as stated by my informant, who continued, "In the House of Commons controversy is often woefully diluted with wordiness, and the men who have really something important to set forth, which the House would willingly hear, are so handicapped by fluent mediocrity of speech that the debate is upon a painfully low level, whereas in the House of Lords only the great men speak, and when they have finished the matter is ended."

In no respect is the physical and material difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons more strongly marked than in respect of the lobbies. That of the House of Commons is one of its most important appanages. I am told that the recent regulations have somewhat robbed it of its former appearance of bustling activity, but certainly it now seems busy enough to satisfy almost any one. My informant tells me that

as a matter of fact more real business is transacted in the lobby of the House of Commons than under the eye of the Speaker.

The lobby of the House of Lords is not so large as the other, but it has a splendid gate of bronze that is a joy to the eye of the art lover, and is worth a journey to examine. Here the members of the Commons gather to stroll and talk with each other. There are hooks and pegs for hats and coats along the wall all labeled with names famous the world over, and here twice a year the corridor resounds to the tread and clamor of crowds in attendance upon the ceremony of the opening of Parliament or its prorogation, when first comes the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing upon his shoulder the Mace, and behind him, the Speaker in horsehair wig, and a gown the train of which is borne by an individual of most dignified appearance, following him is the Chaplain and several ministers, and finally His Majesty's most faithful Commons who crowd and push each other with small regard for dignity.

The ceremony of installing a new Peer in the House of Lords is a quaint and interesting survival of the ancient customs. The newly made Peer is accompanied and introduced by his two sponsors. The three dressed in robes of scarlet trimmed lavishly with ermine, and preceded by the very dignified master of the Black Rod and the King-at-Arms, who is more gorgeously arrayed

in royal emblazonry march up to the Lord Chancellor, where the new Peer on bended knee presents his "Patent," takes solemn oath of fealty, and subscribes to the roll at the table.

Accompanied again by his sponsors, who conduct him most solemnly to the Baron's bench, he goes through the strange formality of three times rising and seating himself, and saluting the Lord Chancellor, who each time acknowledges the salute by raising his three cornered hat.

The Peer now has to be conducted to the Woolsack, where he is welcomed by the Lord Chancellor in stipulated form, after which, he is, so we are told, offered some less formal courtesies out of sight of the public.

Having changed his clothes he returns to the hall and takes his appointed seat in that particular section of the Chamber devoted to his party. One is assured that the ceremony described differs in no detail from that prescribed and observed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords, which is called "The Woolsack," is simply a large square bag or pillow of wool, without embroidery, covered with scarlet velvet, and dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth during which an act of Parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of wool; and that this great source of national wealth should be kept constantly in mind, sacks of wool were placed upon

the benches in the House of Lords for the Peers to sit upon. The object being attained, finally only one sack was retained for the seat of the Lord Chancellor, hence the expression "appointed to the Woolsack."

As for the Irish Peers, appropos of the new Free State of Ireland, it will be recalled that there was a kingdom of Ireland recognized by Great Britain and represented in Dublin by a House of Lords down to the end of the eighteenth century, and that by the act of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1800 the Dublin Parliament was abolished, and the Peers of Ireland, numbering more than one hundred and sixty, thus became entitled to elect some twenty-eight of their number for a life period to represent them in the House of Lords at Westminster. However, only those who had proved their right to their titles, to the satisfaction of the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, were allowed to take their seats with the right to vote. Now, by virtue of the Government of Ireland act of 1920, that the legislative union has come to an end, the Emerald Isle is getting home rule to the extent never contemplated by even the most sanguine of the original leaders, the clauses in the act of Union of 1800 providing for representation to the Irish Peerage at Westminster are set aside and ended, and one wonders whether the Irish Peers will be permitted to enjoy their privilege of retaining their seats in the English House of Commons;

the matter has not yet been decided (1922). Among those whose seats are thus in doubt are General the Earl of Cavan, who was principal military delegate of Great Britain at the Disarmament Conference at Washington, now Chief of Imperial Staff of the British Empire; Lord Kingston; Lord Inchiquin, Chief of the O'Brien clan and the lineal descendant of Brian Boru; Lord Darnley; Lord Castlemaine; Lord Mayo, and the Earl of Bandon who was kidnapped by Sinn Feiners and held prisoner for months.

The Irish Peers are meanwhile without a job and their seats are vacant.

My informant described the scene, as he recalled it, when in the reign of Queen Victoria, Lord Beaconsfield was Prime Minister, and the Queen opened Parliament in person. Then, said he, the scene in the Lords was worthy of the dignity of the historical chamber. Peers who were rarely seen in the place came then to render homage to the Queen; there were great ambassadors, their uniforms glittering with gold lace and jeweled orders seated in their appointed places; there were fair and noble peeresses and ladies thronging the galleries. All of the royal princes and princesses accompanied the Queen, and although nothing of real importance was done or said, the ceremony as such was most noteworthy.

But now, he continued, when it comes to the "Simu-

lacre," the opening of Parliament by Royal Commission. the grand pageant is replaced by a most pitiable imitation. The ceremony is in these days quite without practical value, and everything done makes it as ludicrous as it is useless. In the ceremony of prorogation, almost identical with the opening of Parliament, everything combines to render its dismal character more complete.

Upon the bench before the Woolsack, sit the five cloaked figures with three cornered hats quite disguising them. The cloaks are red, slashed with ermine, and of rather fantastic appearance, and certainly not calculated to lend dignity to the wearers. On the otherwise empty benches are a few ladies, the wives or friends of the members, and there are three or four peers of the realm in the seats.

Before the bar stands the Speaker, supported upon either hand by the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Chaplain. Over all is an air of deep solemnity or depression, which is not lessened in any way, so far as one can judge, by the rather ludicrous ceremony which follows.

The Speaker and Commons being assembled in obedience to the summons of the Master of the Black Rod, two bewigged and gowned clerks at the right and left end of the table rise and stand apart. One unfolds a large and crackling parchment sheet from which he reads in a loud voice, "These be our trusty and well beloved

cousins," and bows to the disguised and hatted figures on the bench before the Woolsack. As he names them, each in turn lifts the three cornered hat from his head, stiffly standing, and replaces it. Thus the five commissioners are identified with low bowing by the clerk, and their acknowledgment of title.

All this picturesque mummery takes up a great deal of the time which might otherwise have been devoted to the business of the session, but it is only the introduction to what follows. A great pile of bills which have already passed both Houses of Parliament now await royal confirmation.

The other clerk takes up these bills one by one, bowing low each time to the becloaked figures in the three cornered hats before mentioned, and reading out the title of the Bill, whereupon the clerk opposite, first bowing very low to the commissioners, calls out in a loud voice addressed to the Speaker and the House of Commons the words "Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult." If it be an ordinary Bill, he calls out with the same emphasis, but addressing himself to the Commons, the words, "Le Roy le veult." This amusing, if tedious, procedure must be gone through with in exactly the same manner whether there are five or twenty-five Bills to present, and I can well understand why my hard headed and entirely modern English friend

was so scornful of it all, but it certainly surprised me to have him so frankly express to an American his impatience with a ceremony which is the survival of the picturesque custom and procedure so dear to our English cousins.

London Parks

THE oldest, if perhaps not the most beautiful of the London parks is that called St. James, which dates from the days of Henry VIII, who seized the grounds forming the "coverts" of the Hospital of the Lepers at St. James, and established a coursing garden for the sport of "hawking" of which he was very fond. It formed a royal preserve from 1676 to 1688, when the court was removed to another castle. The grounds were then used as a parking place for deer, and used further in connection with the tilting yard of Whitehall. During the reign of Charles II, it became a botanical garden under the direction of Le Notre, whom Charles brought over from France. In those days, according to Pepys, who often wrote of it in his diary, it was called a "Physic" or nursery, and contained as well a varied collection of wild animals from Africa and Arabia. It was thereafter a favorite walk of Charles II, "the merry monarch" and his court, and large sums of money were expended upon its upkeep. A broad canal with running water was made from a small brook at one end and de-

signed after the Dutch fashion, and there was a "decoy" furnished with a clever system of pipes which formed a novel attraction. In the winter the court practiced skating on the canal after the manner of the Dutch, and for those who were ignorant of the art, there were most ornate sleds in the form of swans, in which the grand dames were propelled over the ice by their swains. After the passing of "the merry monarch" St. James Park was thrown open to the people, for James II cared little for its attractions, but its Mall was a favorite afternoon promenade for the so-called aristocracy up to the beginning of 1800.

Oliver Goldsmith, it is said, used to haunt the secluded spots of the park, hiding from his harassing debtors, for according to law "no warrant of arrest might be served within the Royal Demesne." From the beginning of the century until about 1825 the Park was frequented solely by idlers of the lower class, and finally the authorities were compelled to clear it out and transform it completely. The ancient canal was filled in and a charming ornamental lake with small islands substituted, on one of which is a quaint cottage, now used by the Ornithological Association. And there is a splendid collection of water fowl the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. According to an item in the *Times*, "the lake has to be drained periodically to remove a vast quantity of flotsam and jetsam consisting of cast off

boots, shoes, hats and clothing contributed by independent Londoners of liberal mind who may or may not be humorously inclined, but who nevertheless cause the authorities much trouble by their unvalued contributions."

One's first view of Hyde Park should be in the month of May or early June. Here in that part lying between Hyde Park corner and Albert Gate are splendid velvety green lawns, all bordered by great rows of noble trees, and most artistically spaced and grouped beds of rhododendrons and Japanese azaleas all aglow with color; splendid hawthorns and horsechestnuts abloom, and an astonishing variety of tropical plants in perfect condition; rows of young copper beeches and hedges of jeweled laburnams half hiding water pieces in the hollows where great cuplike water lilies grow. There are too the attractions of Rotten Row, (the name of which is derived from the French "Route du Roi") where in the afternoon is a gathering of fashionably dressed people, and a crowd of automobiles and carriages forming a most characteristic and unforgettable picture.

Near at hand are Kensington Gardens, indeed they are only separated from Hyde Park by a sunken wall. The Gardens enclose notably a splendid double avenue named the Broad Walk, and a round pond about which are crowds of children and their nurses; miles apparently of superb lawn, and an exquisitely kept flower bordered serpentine water course with a cascade and fountain,

all set amidst fine trees and well cared for shrubbery.

Kensington Gardens owed its origin to the fancy of William II, who saw its possibilities when he laid out the barren spot, and later on Queen Anne continued his plan in a small way, but it was the good and kind Queen Caroline who induced George II to make the Gardens really beautiful. Caroline loved the Gardens, and only admitted the public on Saturdays, when according to her rule "ladies and gentlemen must appear in full dress, and no gentleman shall smoke tobacco where the musicians play, nor yet in the pavillion."

In visiting Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, one passes socially from one extreme to another, for this is the popular resort of thousands of Londoners of the East End. Here one may study the working people and their families on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, and the fine walks and commons are crowded often to capacity, although it is nearly if not quite as large as Kensington. There is a fine cricket ground which is well patronized, and a large open air gymnasium of like popularity. Several well kept lakes are set apart for bathers, and these are so popular with the people that long lines are often in waiting for their turn. Strange to say in spite of the crowds there is little or no disorder in this park, and the police are rarely called into action, such is the regard for authority, law and order.

Regents Park, which contains nearly five hundred acres

within its boundaries, serves the northern district of London, as Hyde Park serves the western. It is due to the plan of George III, who commissioned John Nash in 1812 to design a parkway where lay formerly the so called "Pleasaunce" of Mary-le-bone. It is now a veritable beauty spot, kept in splendid order, with great flower beds filled with bloom in the summer, and well swept green lawns. There is a most curious piece of ornamental water, a lake designed by Nash in the form of the three legged symbol of the Isle of Man, and running across the eastern side of the park is a fine broad Mall all bordered with noble trees, which is filled with crowds of pedestrians and loungers on fine afternoons, listening to the popular music played by a regimental band in the kiosk.

At the intersection of New River, between Hornsey and Newington Green is the very pretty and modern Finsbury Park, opened about fifty years ago with ceremonies. It occupies about one hundred well appointed acres, and it too is generally thronged with the people of the district.

Battersea Park, which fronts on both Albert and Chelsea Bridges, is not much older than Newington. Its river frontage is a characteristic feature, and it is famous for its floral display, especially that in its sub-tropical garden. Running parallel with the river is its "Rotten Row" of which the locality is inordinately proud. It is

really a very beautiful spot, and certainly justifies the large amount of money and the care expended upon it.

Occupying the inner circle of Regent's Park are the Botanical Gardens of about fifteen or sixteen acres. It contains numerous well arranged conservatories, a herbal garden and a well kept small lake. It has also a museum and a library.

In the summer the Royal Botanic Society holds well attended floral exhibitions in the grounds, the rhododendron display with novel effects being especially noteworthy.

Kew Gardens, about five miles from Hyde Park, has its principal entrance at Kew Green, and is formed into the Botanic and Arboretum sections, and is generally recognized as headquarters or exchange of the horticulturalists. The Gardens are of seventy and one hundred and seventy-eight acres respectively, and contain several museums devoted to rare specimens of tropical woods and flora, so called temples of Æolus, Bellons and the Sun, and a spacious Herbarium.

The Arboretum contains a "temperate" house devoted to the culture of flora from the Orient, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape. There is also a temple of King William IV, and a really beautiful and well kept lake bordered with a bewildering variety of shrub and floriated plants, and there is the remarkable Palm House, the like of which perhaps will not be found the

world over, and containing a wonderful assemblage of the various species. Some of these grow so rapidly the gardener told me, that although the dome of the palm house is nearly seventy feet in height from the floor, the tender shoot at the top or crown of the growing palm tree soon reaches the glass and then the florists are forced to cut down the tree and replant the shoots. . . . Altogether a most delightful spot for the loiterer who may tarry here and enjoy himself free of any charge whatever, and this fact is certainly worthy of comment in this chronicle of post-war London.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street

IT is claimed that William Cobbett gave this name to the Bank of England in his "Political Register." Whether or not, at any rate this title has persisted for many years. The ancient and famous gray smoke begrimed building occupies about three acres, and is thought to be after the design of the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli. It occupies the site of the ancient church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, and is unique as well from the fact that it is situated in three London parishes. As designed by Sir John Sloane, it is of one story except on the Cornhill frontage, and here only are external windows to be found. The chief entrance from Threadneedle Street is on the Prince's Street side of the court, where the Chief Porter of the Bank of England clad in a gown and cocked hat and armed with a long staff of office like a beadle, stands in a pose of great dignity that is somehow ludicrous to the eye of a mere American, but

not at all so to the Londoner, who worships and even venerates "form." Be it said that this Chief Porter is somewhat of a personage in London, and is very well aware of the dignity of his office.

Entering what is called the private drawing office, one finds a busy banking room of considerable size, very well lighted, and furnished with many desks and "clarks" attending to their duties in the customary manner. The large windows look on an inner court containing the Bank Gardens in which one is surprised to find large and luxuriantly flourishing trees, under which a fountain splashes musically. The Chief Porter unbent sufficiently to inform the writer that it was true, as he had been informed, that in olden times the courtyard had been a graveyard, and that somewhere beneath the pavement was buried the body of one of the "clarks" who was not only honored for his faithful services to the Bank, but also enjoyed celebrity as a giant in stature, he being a trifle more than seven and a half feet in height. He informed me also that certain of the Bank officials reside within the Bank premises in apartments especially prepared for them, and he mentioned several other facts emphasized with startling figures up in the millions, which have not however remained with me. One of the officials, who resembled the portraits of Charles Dickens, and who had perhaps all the dignity and impressive bearing that any one man could have, showed me the splen-

didly bound Autograph Book, kept for the signatures of distinguished visitors, and curiously enough each being written on the face of a banknote. According to a custom originating at the time of the Gordon riots in 1780, a file of the Grenadier Guards each night marches into the courtyard of the Bank, is received with certain impressive ceremonies by the Chief Porter and the staff of the Bank including some one of the officers regularly appointed for the occasion, who apportion them to various positions for the night. It is said that they are very well cared for, and that the commanding officer always dines with one of the Governors. The dining room is handsomely furnished and curtained, and on the walls are several portraits that I should like to have examined, but could not because it was near closing time and the custode was rather nervously fingering the handle of the door. So I only paused to note a massive silver bowl on the sideboard, one of the largest I had ever seen, and some well-filled tall cut glass decanters handsomely mounted in silver, standing on either side of it. The carving over the mantel seemed to be from the hand of Grinling Gibbons or his pupils.

East of Tower Hill facing the entrance to St. Katherine's Dock will be found the Royal Mint, which was built by Sir R. Smith and Johnson. Here are smelted and coined all the gold, silver and copper coinage of the

The Bank of England and the Royal Exchange

didly bound Autograph Book [illegible] for the signatures of distinguished [illegible] enough each being written on the [illegible] to a custom [illegible] in 1780, [illegible] into [illegible] by the Chief Porter and the staff of [illegible] including some one of the [illegible] for the occasion, who apportion them to [illegible] portions for the night. It is said that they are very well [illegible] could not because it was near closing time and the custode was rather nervously fingering the handle of the door. So I only paused to note a massive silver bowl on the sideboard, one of the largest I had ever seen, and [illegible] mounted in silver, standing on either side of it. The [illegible] Grinling Gibbons or his pupils.

East of Tower Hill facing the entrance to St. Katherine's Dock will be found the Royal Mint, which was built by Sir R. Smith and Johnson. Here are smelted and coined all the gold, silver and copper coinage of the

The Bank of England.
and The Royal Exchange.
George Wheeler Edwards.

realm. The building is quadrangular in form, having an impressive façade, and an imposing portico adorned with fine columns of stone over which is a group of the Royal Arms. It contains a collection of rare coinage of the greatest interest to numismaticians, well arranged in cases with titles, the most curious perhaps being the gold coins called "Maunday Money" in £2 and £5 pieces, remarkable for the fact that this money is never in circulation, being coined for use in the curious ceremonies of "Maunday,-Thursday," which take place yearly not only in London, but in nearly all the other cities throughout England. Formerly the position and title of Master of the Mint was much sought; both Sir John Herschel and Sir Isaac Newton were Masters and enjoyed a yearly stipend from the Crown. The office was abolished in 1870. One learns with interest the curious fact that, contrary to belief, the funds of the Royal family of England are not kept at the Bank of England, but at Coutts's Bank between Buckingham and Durham Street, where the Royal funds have been deposited since the reign of Queen Anne. The oldest bank in England still occupies the premises just within what was Temple Bar. Here at the sign of "The Marigold," a shield with the emblazoned flower and the motto "Ainsi Mon Aime" and which is a water mark in all the "checques" of the banking house, one Francis Child in

the time of Charles I founded the business. Charles II, it is said, had always a large amount of money on deposit in this bank, and Nell Gwynne kept here her "frugal" store of coin *when she had it.* Pepys, Dryden and Prince Rupert were depositors, and the first named often refers to the bank in his diary.

There are other famous banks in this neighborhood, for instance at number 19 is "Goslings," which has a most curious sign showing three squirrels and was founded sometime during the reign of King Charles II. A few doors beyond is Hoare's Bank which bears the date of 1680, and it too has a curious sign over the door, "The Golden Bottle," referring to the leather bottle filled with ale and carried by the founder when he came on foot to the city of London seeking his fortune.

In Change Alley at Cornhill which leads into Lombard Street (lombards being the name given in ancient times to the money lenders) was the headquarters of the money transactions during the last century. Then the Stock Exchange was held in and about "Jonathan's Coffee House," which was where the Great South Sea Bubble burst in the year 1720, when thousands of the unfortunate investors in the scheme were ruined. The story is an intensely interesting one of incredible and childlike credulity on the one hand and clever criminality on the

other. Nearby in this alley will be found another and no less famous coffee house, that called "Garraways," and said to be the place where what was then called "The Drug" tea was first made and sold in London.

Lambeth Palace

LAMBETH PALACE is entered through a large gate of splendid proportions built of a mellow red toned brick trimmed with stone, forming a most worthy approach to the really beautiful palace, which was built in the dim period at the close of the fifteenth century—in 1490 to be exact, by Cardinal Moreton. Under the wall of the garden beneath the Lollards Tower is shown the very spot where Queen Mary Beatrice hid from her pursuers on the tragic night of December 9, 1688, when soaked with the falling rain and buffeted by the furious wind, this hapless woman clutching her child the prince in her arms here awaited the coming of the coach which was to conduct her in safety to Gravesend. It is recorded that Lambeth has been the palace of the archbishops of Canterbury for nearly eight hundred years since it was built by Baldwin, Archbishop in 1197. It is said that the now very commonplace church of St. Mary, Lambeth, was formerly one of the most interesting of all the London churches, but that it was rebuilt and practically spoilt in 1852 by Hardwicke. This claim is

borne out upon examining the interior. The so-called 'restoration" is really criminal from an artistic viewpoint. Most of the monuments which enriched its interior are displaced and concealed from view for no apparent reason. There is record of the burial here in 1611 of the eminent astrologer Simon Forman, and also, among a host of celebrities in all walks of life, Hannah Lightfoot, a Quakeress, mother of General Mackelcan, who according to the tales of the time, was married to King George III. The splendid stained glass windows mentioned in the records have been replaced by some very modern and commonplace colored glass. The custode pointed out a curiously designed altar piece with a confusion of detail defying description, which was erected in 1638 to the memory of two naturalists and explorers, John Tradescant and his son, popularly called "The Tradeskins," and otherwise noted as having fought against the pirates of Algeria or Algiers.

At the porter's lodge of Lambeth Palace is shown a dungeon where formerly prisoners of state were "entertained" and entering the gateway one has a fine view of the celebrated Lollards Tower at the end of the courtyard, which was built by Archbishop Chichelay in 1445. In the inner court of the modern Tudor Palace built in 1848 by Archbishop Howley, are shown several fig trees set out by Cardinal Pole in 1550. According to "Fuller's Worthies," Pole was Dean of Exeter, and Cardinal,

for whom Mary I, who was his cousin, lavishly furnished Lambeth and presented it to him as his palace.

There is here a fine portrait by Van Dyke of William Laud, 1633, who was styled the evil genius of King Charles I. He was beheaded by the Commons in his seventieth year, after having by his severities in the proceedings of the Star Chamber infuriated Puritanism. There is also among many others the portrait by Mrs. Beale of John Tillotson, 1691-94 as the first Bishop to have worn a wig "without powder." And in the dining room are portraits of Bishop Burnet, Chancellor of the Garter, Cardinal Pole, Queen Katherine Parr, Patrick, Bishop of Ely, 1691, Pearce, Bishop of Bangor, and a fine one of Berkeley, the first American Bishop.

The most ancient part of the palace is the chapel, 1270, which has however been so repaired, restored and modernized that it has lost its original character. In it are large supporting pillars and columns, only the capitals or little more now appear above the flooring, due to efforts to keep out the water of the river. In this room the Archbishops were consecrated from the time of Boniface. In this chapel is a beautiful Gothic confessional approached formerly by a flight of steps. Adjoining is the so-called Post Room, in the middle of which is a wooden post, to which offenders, the followers of Wyckliffe, were shackled and flogged. These men were called

The Charterhouse

for whom Mary I, who was his cousin, lavishly fur-[illegible]

There is here a fine portrait by [illegible] Dyke of William [illegible] Charles I. He was beheaded on the [illegible] in his seventieth year, after having by his [illegible] the pro-[illegible] Beale of John Tillotson, 1691-94 as the first Bishop to [illegible]

[illegible] which has however been so repaired, restored and modern-ized that it has lost its original character. In it are [illegible]

The Charterhouse.

Lollards after the name of their leader who was one Peter Lollard, a pastor of Waldensia.

The ceiling of this room with its quaint figures in low relief is of great interest to architects.

By a steep winding staircase of thick well worn oaken boards now black with age one ascends to the upper chambers of the remarkable Lollards' Tower, in one of which at the very top is a cleverly arranged trap, the use of which may be conjectured. Here condemned prisoners were confined, tortured and finally disposed of, the river below receiving their mangled bodies when all was done.

Down a steep flight of worn stone steps through the heavy nail studded door furnished with a huge wooden bolt, and a narrow grilled opening through which the jailor might observe the unfortunates, one enters the really terrible Prison of the Lollards', a chamber some three yards square, entirely encased in heavy oaken planks, all deeply scarred with cuts and scratches, the pastime of the hapless wretches who were left there to their fate, which often overtook them all too soon. A small barred window gives some feeble light to the room. Heavy iron rings and staples are here and there on the walls, and the rough boards above some of these rings still bear the marks of the red hot torture irons, used to force confessions from the unfortunates. One leaves the place with relief, and the air outside seems never so

clean and pure, for the gardens of this dingy old palace are far famed for their beauty and extent, and the fine embankment named for the Earl of Clarendon, as Clarendon's Walk, is a place of delight.

So one leaves Lambeth Palace "of a thousand tales," nor ever cares to go there again.

The Great Monuments

I AM assured by prominent citizens of London as well as by my own observations, that the city has very little, if any, connection with their home life. The city to them is merely the place which furnishes them with the means of livelihood; where they "do business." It would never occur to them to "live" in the city.

And yet, one hundred years ago, or even less, the Londoner did not dream of living anywhere else. No matter how exalted his degree, he would consider Tower Hill, or Covent Garden, or even Cheapside, as being a highly desirable locality for his town house, and in any of these districts he would dwell contentedly with his family and entertain his fellow citizens in great town houses that had been built by Sir Christopher Wren or his contemporaries and decorated by Grinling Gibbons. To these palatial houses came famous men and women from the neighboring districts, attending splendid banquets in the great oaken paneled dining rooms, which quite often in those days were over the office of the Merchant's counting houses.

In those far days classic Belgravia was a flat swampy region of melancholy aspect, and haunted by picturesque, speculative, and more or less skillful footpads lying in wait after nightfall for the belated traveler. Bayswater was recognized as an outlying and remote locality where no one could possibly live, and St. James' and Piccadilly, while fine spots for the coursing and country parties in the season, were never considered by fashion for one moment as a place of residence. So said my informant, in reply to my question, whose forebears had lived their lives as city merchants in this very house "for two hundred years and more," and in it he himself had been born.

Just around the corner was the fine old church with the Christopher Wren steeple, standing in the quaint dusty churchyard amid the mossy stones recording the names and dates of bygone Londoners of high degree. At the high marble altar in the dim interior his forbears had been christened and married, and here he and his children came for worship each Sunday. To this man, the "city" was certainly his beloved home, and so would remain as long as he lived, and he had for it an affection such as can only be felt by those who have dwelt in a house from generation to generation. Considering the antiquity and the incredibly vast wealth of London, the existing memories of its great citizens are much fewer than one is led to expect. My informant made

very plain the reason for this fact. One reason is that most of the famous old city churches, and this includes the Cathedral of St. Paul's, were totally destroyed in the great conflagration of 1666. But he told me furthermore that long before this the monuments to London citizens in the old churches had been ruthlessly mutilated and destroyed, not only for reasons of religious intolerance and fanaticism, but to obtain materials for the erection of houses for those in temporary power through favor. He instanced the fact that Somerset "The Protector" demolished the splendid old "Pardon Church" of St. Paul's with its treasures of cloisters and charnal chapel in order to obtain materials with which to build his own house. It is said that the statues, columns and ornaments in these destroyed chapels far surpassed both in numbers and artistic character those now existing in St. Paul's.

It appears that in the church of Grey Friars the site of which was occupied by the celebrated Bluecoat School, there were a number of splendid tombs of alabaster furnished with "palisados" of handwrought iron in the choir, which were pulled down and sold for a paltry sum of fifty pounds, on order of Sir Martin Bowes, a goldsmith, who had been elected alderman. Furthermore, in the reign of Edward VI no less a person than the Vicar of St. Michael Royal himself, fancying that the tomb of Whittington contained some great treasure, ordered it broken

open, and the body taken from its coffin and examined. Finding nothing of value this singular Vicar despoiled the tomb of the sheet lead which inclosed the remains and sold it openly for what it would bring.

The wonder is then that any of the great monuments should have survived and that such priceless remains as All Hallows' Barking, St. Helen's and St. Savior's Southwark should have remained intact to delight the antiquary, these great monuments dating as far back as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. One of the greatest and most interesting of these is that of the poet Gower in St. Savior's Southwark. Gower was the contemporary and personal friend of Chaucer, who took him for his pupil. Dr. Johnson claims that Gower was the father of English poetry, that "he was the first author who wrote in English."

Gower's chief works are the "Speculum Meditates," "Vox Clemantis" and "Confessio Amantis." Gower's monument is what is called a "canopied altar tomb of the early perpendicular style." The figure is clad in a long gown worn by the members of the Inner Temple, the hair is long and the head is crowned with a wreath. There is an inscription to the poet in old French, recently restored. This is by no means the only interesting monument in St. Savior's Church. There is that erected to Richard Humble, alderman of London, standing beneath a splendid arched opening, between great pillars, and

showing three quaint standing figures. R. Humble and his son Peter erected this splendid monument to the memory of his parents and furthermore bestowed a perpetual grant of £5 per annum to the parish. The inscription thought by some authorities to have been written by the poet Beaumont is:

"Like the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done!"

Opposite is another in the same style to John Trehearne, Gentleman Porter to King James I, all gilt and painted, showing Trehearne and his wife and children, with a long and curious epitaph prophesying that said Trehearne would go "to the King's court in Heaven," and giving the date as "22nd daie of October, Anno D'ni 1618."

Those interested in these monuments will find others no less notable perhaps, in St. Andrew Undershaft, the monument to John Stow, in St. Giles Cripplegate, the monument to Speed, 1669, who had an immense family of twelve sons and six daughters, and who is noted for his History of Great Britain among other voluminous works, and who had for patron Sir Fulke Greville.

One finds in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, the monument

to Sir T. Gresham; St. Catherine Cree, the monument to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Knight, Chief Butler of England, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Ambassador Leigie to the Queenes Majestie, Queen Elizabeth, in France, who had ten sons and three daughters. "He dyed 12th daye of February Anno Dom. 1570, aged 57 yeeres."

Throgmorton Street is named for this knight who is said to have been assassinated by order of Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The monument is a remarkably beautiful example in alabaster of the Renaissance period. The workmanship seems to be Flemish in character, and the figure is clad in the costume of the period with great buskins and trunk hose, the legs and feet in steel armor and the head elevated upon a bolster. The monument in the arched recess next to that of Trehearne in St. Savior's Southwark is pronounced by antiquarians to be that of one of the de Warrens, a family noted for their benefactions to the church. The recumbent figure beautifully carved in oak of a single piece is said to date from the thirteenth century, and this with the one of Sir John Crosby and his wife in St. Helen's may be said to represent the English school of sculpture of the period between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries. The effigies of the later monuments, save for those known to be the work of Flemish or Italian sculptors, are greatly inferior in workmanship. The deterioration is due of course to the influence

of the Reformation, which "reformed" art out of existence in England. Yet the splendid examples in both Ely and Lincoln cathedrals, for example the Angel Choir in the latter, is perhaps equal to anything to be found in France; certainly it is not surpassed, and this may be explained by the generous patronage which was extended by the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns to both Flemish and Italian sculptors of the period.

In studying the features of the Elizabethan and Jacobean effigies on the tombs, many have been struck by the varied expressions of intense melancholy on the chiseled faces. Some authorities have attributed this to the Puritanical times. From what we read of the character of the Tudor sovereigns, it would seem that they were not in any way concerned in rendering the lives of those who served them either happy or content. In their kindliest moments of leisure when appearing before the people, their playfulness might be likened to that of some savage brute, which might turn upon the nearest hapless one, and crush or rend him. Courtier and dignitary, it was all one to the sovereign, whose favor was but shown for the moment, while the headsman lurked ever in the background. The fate of Buckingham, Dudley, Empson, Cromwell, Moore and Wolsey occurs to one in studying these times. Think of the terrible and bloody spectacles common during the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, when in Spitalfields a wretched Protestant was hung in chains

and roasted in a bonfire before the people, or a Romanist carried in a cart to Tyburn and there more or less skillfully disemboweled. This was what John Bunyan saw from his window in the early morning and watching him out of sight at the corner of the street, he turned and said to his companion, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan."

Such sights could not have been in any way cheering to the people, and yet contemporary writings show that they were highly popular. They left an indelible mark upon the art of England.

The Great Fire

UNDOUBTEDLY, had it not been for the catastrophe, London of to-day would in spite of progress, show on every hand quaint survivals of architecture such as the ancient timbered and shuttered houses, which old Chester still has to carry one's imagination back to Shakespeare's time.

It was the great fire undoubtedly which made London what it is to-day, sweeping away the typical Elizabethan, towered and gated and walled city, straggling along the banks of the Thames. The fire gave us the present St. Paul's, replacing that really ignoble church which had been sacked and mutilated by the Puritans, but it likewise wiped out whole districts, which one wishes had been spared to us.

When the people had time to collect their senses after the flames subsided, there were attempts to fasten the blame for the fire upon the Dutch, and later upon the Catholics. Pepys gives some reasons in his diary. At length the consensus of opinion seems to have been that it was entirely accidental, beginning in the shop of a

baker at the end of Pudding Lane. At any rate upwards of twelve thousand houses were destroyed during the four days and nights when it raged, burning nearly all the important buildings except for a few round and about the Court. From the ashes arose the wonderful constructions of Sir Christopher Wren,—fifty noble churches, the noblest of which is St. Paul's.

The date of the beginning of the fire is given as Monday, September 3, 1666, and the accounts of both De Foe and Evelyn of the happenings are detailed and graphic, but it is to the diary of Pepys that one turns for the most perfect account of the event, much too long of course to include here, but a very brief extract may be reasonably quoted.

"2nd Sept. (Lord's Day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready for our feast to-day. Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose, and slipped on my night gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells one that she hears that above 300 houses have been

burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there did I see the houses at that end of the Bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the Bridge. . . . So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in King's Baker's house in Pudding Lane. . . . Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods and flinging them into the river . . . poor people staying in their houses as long till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered over about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. . . . I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower to see the fire, in my boat . . . up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw . . . they seemed much troubled. . . . To Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could, every creature coming

away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried in beds. . . . Met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message (to pull down every house) he cried like a fainting woman, 'Lord! What can I do. I am spent! People will not obey me . . . the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it. . . . Walked home, seeing the people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. . . . The houses too, so very thick thereabouts and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy and other things. . . . 5th Sept. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mightily weary and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife called me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is at the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350. W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich, but Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. . . . Then to Whitehall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks, no houses nor church near it to the Temple, when it stopped. . . . Thence down to Deptford, and

there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. . . . Strange it was to see Cloth Workers Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oil. 7th Sept. Up by five o'clock, and, blessed be God! I find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Faith's; Paul's school also, Ludgate and Fleet Street; my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. 8th Sept. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the city."

Thus ancient London was practically wiped out, fully seven eighths of the town lying within the walls being totally destroyed, the burned region comprising a space represented by Regents' Park. Only a few relics remain, those in the crypt of St. Paul's, fragments of statues and masses of twisted metal, and some calcined and broken pillars.

Preserved in the Vestry Hall of St. Dionis Back Church are several very large engines called "squirts" which were used by the ancient fire brigade. These it is said were strapped to the bodies of the firemen, and worked by others. Four years of labor were required to rebuild the city, according to plans submitted to the King

by Sir Christopher Wren and John Evelyn, which plans were not at first accepted, but certainly the genius of Wren left its mark upon the reconstructed town, especially in the fifty-three beautiful churches, not including St. Paul's Cathedral. To his incomparable art, and that of his pupils, is attributed all of the great building, ecclesiastical and secular, around and about the Bank of England, for instance St. Stephen's Walbrook behind the Mansion House; the South end of Kensington Palace; Chelsea Hospital; Bow Church, and Marlborough House, which was constructed of small brick brought over from Holland.

The great shaft of the monument erected in memory of the Fire has an interior staircase of "breakneck" character whereby one may wearily climb to the top emerging onto a platform surrounded by a protective cage which was installed by the authorities to prevent certain more or less enthusiastic visitors from casting themselves upon the pavement below. The custode related certain facts regarding this tendency on the part of foreigners, with picturesque and sometimes gruesome details which need not be gone into here, and for which indeed I cannot find adequate words, but he assured me that, as yet no American had tried to "'Op hoff of it,"—and that the last one to do so was "a kind of a Turk, or summat like that." As to the cause of the fire, the stories vary curiously. One has it that it was the work of "barbarous

Papists," who sent over from France from the city of Rouen, a young priest named Robert Hubert, who being arrested and brought before the authorities, confessed that he had with intention set fire to the bake shop of Farryner, in Pudding Lane, and declared that he had procured a long pole to which he fastened a bundle of rags soaked in grease. This he lighted and pushed through the window in the dark of the night, giving the hour as between two and three A. M of September 3rd. He furthermore stated that he had three companions in the deed but that they had made off and escaped in the confusion. Hubert was tried for the crime, and the jury, after patiently examining the matter, on his own admissions, brought in a verdict of guilty. He was hung promptly, but investigations afterwards proved Hubert to have been both insane and guiltless, for the captain of the vessel which brought him over from France testified that the ship did not enter the Thames until two days after the fire began.

There was formerly an inscription on a house in Pudding Lane and since removed, testifying that "Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists by the hand of their agent Hubert."

As the merchants recovered from the disaster, and the population increased, wealth and commerce demanded additional space. The original boundaries were ex-

tended to the westward, in spite of the Royal decrees. The new region attracted the nobility which soon established itself in the neighborhood of the court of St. James, and here were built splendid enclosures surrounded by mansions, where formerly the land was simply uninclosed pasturage or swampy wastes. Soon sprang into existence the coffee houses and fashionable taverns, and the whole north side of Pall Mall was lined with the palatial houses of the wealthy. In the reign of Charles II came St. James and Soho, and the establishment of public squares, and the Queen Anne and Georgian era gave to London characteristic houses in Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, the canopied and ornamental front doors set in frontals of mellow red brick with stone trimmings and flanked by long narrow windows; the roofs embellished with dormers and topped with quaintly formed chimney pots. Then came the Georgian period, which brought into being the work of the brothers Adam, whose work is to be studied in the houses of the region ending at Adelphia Terrace. Nash, who was given a very free hand by William IV, left his conventional mark in the Regent Street district. His tendency was for a lavish display of columns and stucco, and one finds many examples of his dull and monotonous style in Belgravia and Pimlico, and in Bloomsbury. When Queen Victoria came to the throne London had so increased in size that it filled a space measuring quite seven miles from

east to west, its population numbering one and a quarter millions.

The limits included both Westminster and Southwark, but all beyond this was scattered small villages and towns. The gaps between these and London has rapidly filled up, and the outlying parishes of Dulwick, Clapham, and Camberwell are now included as are Hampstead, Hackney, Islington, Ealing, Chelsea, Paddington, Kensington, Fulham and Brompton, formerly charming villages surrounding stately mansions and private gardens. New styles of architecture became the fashion. The streets were newly paved, and the inadequate system of lighting was abandoned in favor of the continental method.

The city was repaved and drainage was modernized to an extent hitherto undreamed of and there was a concerted movement for improvement that resulted in a very "rage" for the style of the French Renaissance, which is exemplified in the houses in Grosvener Place and round about Victoria Station.

Splendid new hotels were built with a degree of luxuriousness hitherto undreamed of, with sumptuous apartments and suites furnished in magnificence with connecting baths and heated by steam, due to the influx of travelers, and, some say, to the demands of the American tourists who spend so lavishly on their travels. At any rate the day of the tin tub and the smoky "hob" formerly

so derided by the Americans who tarried in London, is a thing of the past, and London to-day is perhaps the most comfortable, and in part, the most modern city in the world.

Some Random Notes

FOR two hundred years after the Conquest, London was watered on the west by the "River of Wells," afterwards called Fleet Dyke because as Stowe says, "It runneth past the Fleete." The various small streams in the middle of the city falling into the Thames were named Wellbrooke and Langborne on the east, and in the west Oldbourne. Old maps show large ships discharging merchandise along the Fleete and Oldbourne. These streams together with the Roding, the Lea, the Ravensbourne and the Wandle now run in subterranean channels beneath the streets.

Some authorities claim that both the words and music of the anthem "God Save the King" were composed by Dr. John Bull in 1620 while he was organist at Antwerp Cathedral where the original MS. is preserved. Others attribute it to Henry Cary, author of "Sally in our Alley." Sir John Sinclair relates that he saw the words "Send him victorious, etc." engraved on an old glass tankard in the Castle of Fingask, dated 1622. As a

matter of fact, the words of the anthem have often been altered, and were probably suggested to Dr. John Bull by the Domine Salvum of the Catholic Church. The lines "Frustrate their knavish tricks," etc. were added in reference to the Gunpowder Plot. In 1715 some Jacobin added the words, "Send him (the Pretender) victorious," and Henry Cary re-arranged the words and music for the Mercers' Company banquet on the birthday of George II after the coronation.

Pall Mall is derived from the Latin words "Pallere Malleo" (to strike with a mallet). So called because it was where the ancient game of Pall-Mall was played in the reign of Charles II on the walk in the King's Court.

Pedlars Acre at Lambeth, according to tradition, was so named because a pedlar of the parish left a sum of money to the church upon condition that his picture with a dog should forever be preserved in stained glass in one of the windows. There is such a picture in the middle aisle south window, with an inscription "Chapman."

Piccadilly is derived from Piccadillo Hall, which in the reign of Elizabeth was the chief depot of the lace makers. Pennant says however that at the Hall "Piccadillas, or turnover cakes were sold, from which came the name."

Threadneedle is said to be a corruption of the word "Thryddenal" meaning third street from Cheapside, to the great thoroughfare from London Bridge to Bishop's Gate. On the old maps are the names spelt "Bursopgate," "Fysch Streate," and "Chepesyde."

According to Brayley (Londoniana) Whitehall obtained its name from the whitewashed and fresh appearance of the front of the building, compared with the ancient and begrimed buildings in York Place.

When Charnal Chapel, St. Paul's, was taken down by the Protector Somerset in 1549, according to the records, more than one thousand cartloads of human bones were removed to Finsbury Fields, where they formed a great mound upon which three windmills were erected, and it was from these mills that Windmill street was named.

Those Londoners born within sound of Bow-bells are called cockneys. The church of St. Mary-le-Bow has one of the most celebrated of bell peals. John Dun, a mercer of the city, gave in the year 1472 two tenement houses to maintain the ringing of Bow-bells every night at nine o'clock to direct travelers on the road to town, and in 1520 William Copland Merchant gave a larger bell for the purpose of "sounding a retreat from work."

The Field of the Forty Footsteps is supposed to have been in a sort of parkway at the rear of the British Museum called Southampton Fields where tradition says two brothers in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in a dispute engaged each other in combat. Both were killed and "forty impressions of their feet remained on the field for many years, where no grass would grow." The very spot is pointed out at the extreme northeast corner of Upper Montague Street.

Giltspur Street in West Smithfield is so called because it was the route traversed by the Gilt Spurs, or Knights on their way to the tournament held at Smithfield.

It was the Duke of Buckingham's house in St. Martin's Fields that gave rise to the saying "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Upon the union of the two crowns London was filled with Scotchmen. Buckingham was the chief instigator against them, and nightly parties of Scotchmen used to go about breaking windows, and these smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion which had so many windows that it went by the name of the "Glass House." Buckingham complained to the King, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those wha live in glass houses should na fling stanes."

Old Chelsea

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Old Chelsea.

RANDOM NOTES

The Grecian Coffee-house in Devereaux court, the oldest in London, is said to have been opened by one Pasqua, a Greek brought to London by one Daniel Edwards who was a merchant shipowner. This Greek was the first to teach the method of roasting and making coffee to the English in the year 1652.

The "Hummums" in Covent Garden is so called from an eastern word meaning Baths.

It was a barrister in Lincoln's Inn who defined the nine points of the law as (1) plenty of money; (2) plenty of patience; (3) a good cause; (4) a good lawyer; (5) a good counsel; (6) three good witnesses; (7) a good jury; (8) a just judge; and (9) good luck!

Shoreditch, according to tradition, is so called from Jane Shore, who, it is said, died there in a ditch. This tale comes from a ballad in Pepys collection, but the truth is it receives its name from Sir John de Seerdich, lord of the manor in the reign of Edward III. The most successful of the London archers received the title of Duke of Shoreditch.

The word "slum" is a contraction of slumber. In the region of Westminster Abbey were the "back slums" where vagrants went for a night's lodging.

Spitalfields (Hospitalfields) A "spital" is a charitable foundation for the care of the poor, and these were in the fields of the almshouse founded in 1197 by Walter Brune and his wife Rosina.

Temple Bar was the Golgotha of London, for here were spiked and exposed the heads of traitors to the Crown.

Troy weight means the London weight used in England in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Tyburn is derived from Twa-burn; two rivulets which flowed and met in that locality. A gallows was erected there in the time of Henry VIII. Public executioners were then called Kings of Tyburn.

Bedlam is a contraction of Bethlehem, the name of a hospital in London devoted to lunatics.

Beefeaters: Yeomen of the Guard of the Tower of London, who were called "boufitiers" (watchers of the buffet in Norman-French).

Benchers are senior members of the Inns of Court in London, so called from the bench on which they sit in court.

Bobbies—the London policemen, so called because they "bobbed" or beat off with a staff. Also called "peelers" after Sir Robert Peel, who formed the force to guard the city.

The lot of the London policeman, notwithstanding Mr. W. S. Gilbert to the contrary, is not at all "an unhappy one." One of the Inspectors of Scotland Yard gave some very interesting details concerning the force of twenty-two thousand men engaged in the safety of the city. For instance the London "bobby" works on an eight hour shift with a half hour off in the middle of the day for luncheon and rest. The patrol work is calculated upon time, and not for the distance covered, but he is expected to cover two and a half miles per hour.

In the fashionable shop district, and the more important financial and business centers, the "beat," as we call it, is short. The patrol is lengthened in the purely residential sections, and grows still longer in the suburbs. Rewards in London Police Department are on the basis of regular efficiency and character, and rarely for an accidental piece of work. The Inspector pointed out that this places a premium upon the "detective instinct," which is cultivated in the force, and gives to every man in the organization the hope and anticipation of reward and promotion by means of his own efforts. Promotion for notable work is very prompt, and politics in the department is unknown.

Examinations for promotion are regularly held, and are conducted solely with a view to the improvement of the department. In these it is practically impossible for favoritism to play any part. Continuous service on the force is absolutely necessary and required before a man can take the first examination for a sergeantcy.

Cat and Fiddle Inn was named for Catherine la Fidele, wife of Peter the Great of Russia.

Chancery is that part of the court occupied by lawyers.

Cock and Bottle Inn. The name is derived from the ancient sign "Coq en bataille."

Drury Lane was named for Sir William Drury, K. G., whose mansion occupied the site of the present theater.

Cripplegate, London, was so called from the number of cripples who resorted thither to beg before and during the conquest. St. Giles is the patron saint of the beggars and cripples.

Church and Spitalfields

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George Thornton Edwards
Church and
Spitalfields.

RANDOM NOTES

London Stone was the central mile stone of London in Roman times. All roads radiated from this stone, and it was from this point they were measured. At London Stone lived Fitz Alwayne, first Mayor of the City.

Lombard Street, called the street of the Bankers, derives its name from the (Lombards) Italian merchants and money lenders who had their shops here before the reign of Edward II. Pope the poet was born in Lombard Street.

Fenchurch Street takes its name from the "fens" along the Lang Bourne, a brook which flowed thence into the Thames.

Mincing Lane is so called from the houses of the "Minchuns" or Nuns of St. Helen.

Mark Lane was originally Mart Lane; one of the busiest of London streets, it dates from the grant, or privilege, of Edward I to Sir Thomas Rose of Hamlake.

Seething Lane is where Pepys dwelt during and after the Great Fire.

King's Cross was named for a poor statue of George IV long since removed.

Crutched Friars Lane was named from the convent of Crossed Friars (Fratres Sanctae Crucis) or Friars of the Holy Cross, founded in 1298 by Ralph Hosier and William Saburner.

Aldgate (Old Gate) was one of the principal gates of the city of London. Repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, it was finally removed sometime during the reign of King James I. Just beyond is Nightingale Lane, a corruption of the Guild of the "Knighten"; Knights of King Edgar, who here had their quarters.

Cheapside (originally Chepe) is where Lady Jane Gray was proclaimed Queen, and here stood the public pillory in which Daniel Defoe was manacled during his second punishment, and during which he was lauded and caressed by the populace.

Clerkenwell is the street of the clockmakers and manufacturing jewelers. St. John's Gate here belongs to the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the former Kaiser William is President or Chief. It dates from the year 1504.

The name Bridewell is derived from St. Bride's (or St. Bridget's) well, of supposedly miraculous origin, at which Milton is said to have drunk.

RANDOM NOTES

The bell of St. Sepulchre's Church which was formerly called Saint Pulcher's, was always tolled when a prisoner in Newgate was put to death, and by an old custom, a large bunch of flowers was handed at the door of this church to each prisoner on his way to Tyburn, the cart in which he was chained stopping before the church for this purpose.

Ludgate was built by King Lud "sixty years before the birth of Christ." The ancient gate was demolished in 1760.

Poppins' Court in Fleet Street is where stood Poppingaye which was the ancient palace of the Abbots of Cirencester.

In Chancery Lane lived Izaak Walton, the gentle angler, who kept a hosier's shop and made fine shirts for London gentlemen in 1627.

In Falcon Court was the printing house of Wynken de Worde the famous printer, under the sign of the Falcon, from which the court takes its name.

Fetter Lane was named after the Fewtors (Faitours) or professional mendicants who here had their headquarters.

At No. 201 Fleet Street was the famous Cock Inn dating from the reign of King James I. It was demolished in 1887.

Lincoln's Inn Fields is the largest of London's shady squares, and was designed and laid out by Inigo Jones. It was here that in the year 1586 the murderers and conspirators of Mary Queen of Scots were hanged, drawn and quartered.

In Maiden Lane the artist J. M. W. Turner was born, the son of a barber, in May 1775, in the room over his father's shop. Around the corner is Chaudes Street; here Claude Duval the highwayman was caught in 1669 at the tavern called "The Hole in the Wall."

Holborn was originally Old Bourne, through which flowed a small stream called Hill Bourne. The Hill of Holborn was named Heavy Hill in the sixteenth century, and over this Hill condemned criminals in chains were carried in carts from Newgate or the Tower to Tyburn, wearing upon their shoulders the flowers bestowed upon them by custom at the church door of St. Sepulchre's.

Mayfair takes its name from a fair which was held in the month of May in Shepherds' Market.

Holborn

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[illegible]

Bloomsbury Square was one of the wonders of London in the time of the poet Pope. Here was the house of the Earl of Mansfield, which was sacked and his great library destroyed by the Gordon rioters in 1780.

Rotten Row is a corruption of the French "Route du Roi." This was formerly the King's private walk. The only other person permitted to use it was the Grand Falconer of England. The present Duke of St. Albans is hereditary Grand Falconer, and it is said reserves his right once each year. For two centuries and more Rotten Row has been the promenade of fashion. The roadway is one mile and a half in length, and the fashionable hours are from twelve to two, and five to seven, the route being towards the Queen's Drive.

Hyde Park belonged formerly to the Manor of Hyde, afterwards to Westminster Abbey. It dates from the reign of Henry VIII, who invited the French Ambassador in 1550 to a hunt in the grounds.

"Peter's Eye" is a contraction of Peter's Island, across the river from Battersea, formerly a part of the ancient abbey of St. Peter's at Westminster. Old Battersea Bridge was demolished in 1890.

The Marble Arch, a travesty upon the Arch of Constantine, was originally at the entrance of Buckingham Palace. It was removed and re-erected in its present location in 1851.

Burlington Arcade was built by Ware in 1815 for Lord George Cavendish. Leigh Hunt mentions it as being "famous for small shops and tall beadles."

The Haymarket was originally the market for straw and hay in the reign of Elizabeth. Here Addison lived and wrote his "Campaign," and at the corner of Market Street lived Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress, notorious as the "friend" of George III.

The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the masterpiece of Gibbs, was built in 1726, and is pronounced by architects to be the most perfect example of a Grecian portico in London. In the steeple is a "sanctus bell" of sweet tone rung for mass before the Reformation. In the churchyard is the tomb of the beautiful Mrs. Anne Turner hanged at Tyburn Nov. 15, 1615, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Here also is buried Nell Gwynne, who died of apoplexy in Pall Mall (1687) in her thirty-eight year.

St. Martin, for whom this church was named, was the

son of a Roman tribune who was a pagan serving in the French country at Amiens. This Martin, in the year 330 which had a terribly cold period of winter, chanced upon a half naked beggar at the city gate, and so distressed was Martin at the man's plight, that he divided his cloak with his sword and covered the beggar with one half of it, wrapping himself as well as he could in the remainder. Tradition says that it was revealed to Martin in a vision that the beggar was none other than Christ, our Savior.

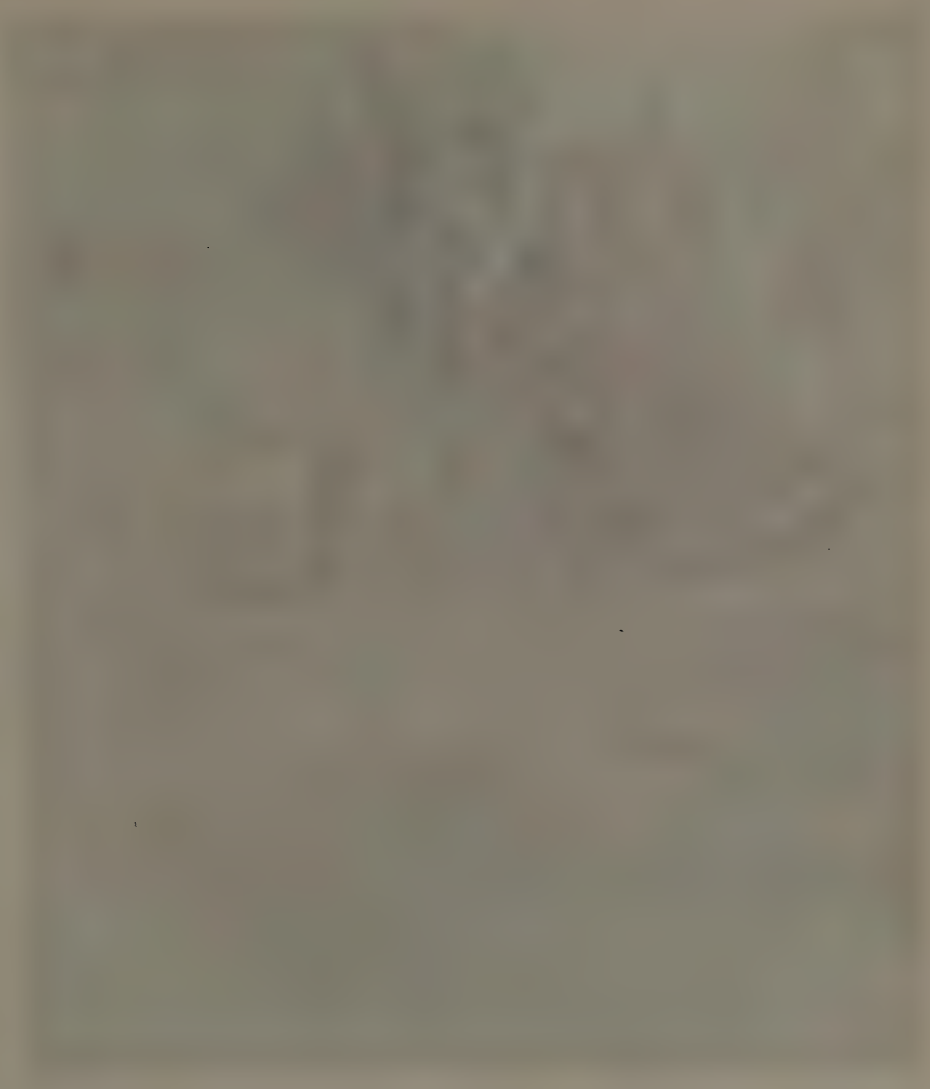
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which is nowheres near any field now, but in the shadow of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, is one of the most unconventional and extraordinary churches in London. A house of worship by day, it becomes a common lodging house for the homeless and unfortunate at night, who come in droves after dark to find a cordial welcome, and a soft couch on the pew cushions. The door is never closed night or day to the people. The pews are marked on one side of the church "men only," and the opposite side is reserved for the women. All through the dark cold nights of winter come these wretched specimens of wrecked humanity, to be met by kindly attendants and made welcome, and watched over until dawn again breaks over London, when they are free to go where they will.

The man who brought this about is one of the most

talked of men in England, and known affectionately throughout the land as "Dick" Sheppard. On the roster of the Episcopal church he is the Reverend R. L. Sheppard. He is associated with the Reverend G. A. Studdert Kennedy, otherwise known as "Woodbine Willie," derived during the war from the "Woodbines" which were the pet smokes of Tommy Atkins, which were dealt out to them regularly by the minister. These two clergymen are said to have more medals and decorations than any field marshal, and it is known that King George goes often to St. Martin's to hear "Dick" Sheppard preach, but I could not ascertain whether or not he had ever gone there at night to witness the extraordinary sight of a fashionable church turned into a common lodging house for "Moochers" and "Krappers." But certainly he must know all about these two men who can "walk with Kings nor lose the common touch."

Of the Four Lions by Landseer in Trafalgar Square, it is not generally known that only one was modeled, and the three others show only slight differences necessary to adapt them to the pedestals.

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is a delightful little street filled with memories of famous personages. Here at Number 4 lived George Eliot until her death in 1880, and Daniel Maclise painted his remarkable portraits in the



Cheyne Walk; Chelsea

ter of the Episcopal church here is the Reverend R. L.

Cheyne walk - Chelsea.
George Sheridan Edwards
©

house only a few doors away. Number 16, called Queen's House, which has a most romantic history, was built by Sir Christopher Wren for Catherine Braganza, the unfortunate and much neglected wife of Charles II. It is said to stand upon the site of another house associated with the amours of Henry VIII, and whose Queen Katherine Parr, and the daughter Elizabeth some time occupied it. Here dwelt the poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who shared the house with Meredith and Swinburne and kept a sort of Zoo in the back yard, with an extraordinary collection of beasts, birds and reptiles, to the vast entertainment of his friends and the discomfort and scandal of the neighbors. Here Holman Hunt, the painter, received and entertained on many most memorable occasions.

Cheyne Walk fronts the river, and is said to be named for the Cheyne family who were ancient lords of the manor. Carlyle lived here for forty-seven years in the house Number 5 Cheyne Row, and died here in his eighty-sixth year on February 5, 1880.

At the end of the street is a fine statue to the great historian, philosopher and essayist, by Boehm.

G. M. W. Turner, the painter, lived in the quaint brick two storied house Number 19 Cheyne Walk. Here he painted some of those pictures which Ruskin raved over, and so vehemently acclaimed as masterpieces. Strangely enough he lived here under the name of Booth,

and, according to Mr. Hare, the gamins of Chelsea used to follow him in the street hailing him as "Puggy Booth." The house may be identified as the one with a small balcony. Turner died in this house Dec. 19, 1851.

Although Lord Mayor's day is always on November 9th, he is elected to office on Michaelmas Day.

In the Bodleian Library is the earliest known map of the city of London, the work of Heer Antonius Van den Wyngaerde of Antwerp, engraved in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Scotland Yard, near the Banqueting House, was so named from being the London house of the Scottish Kings—from the time of King Edgar. It so remained a royal residence until the Rebellion of William of Scotland in the reign of Henry II. Inigo Jones lived in it during the commonwealth, and Sir Christopher Wren here planned some of his masterly architectural creations.

Opposite is the Admiralty Office built in 1726, which enshrines a splendid portrait of Admiral Lord Nelson painted by Leonardo Guzzardi in 1799, and there is a remarkable screen, the work of Adam, depicting the offices and acts of the Admiralty.

Downing Street, named for Sir G. Downing, who was King's Secretary of State in the year 1668, now houses the various public offices of the Crown, such as the Home Office, Colonial Office, East India Office, and the Foreign Office. Opposite is the ancient "Exchequer," so named from a large square table with an embroidered cloth in the hall, which is known and described in Heraldry as "Chequy," around which in former times the imposing court ceremonies were held.

I have been asked to specify that which I consider the most curious and interesting object shown me in the British Museum, and in my note book I find the following, which perhaps answers the question.

A certain Ingram, traveling in Egypt in 1886 purchased a mummy of unusual character and in splendid preservation from a dealer in antiquities. This mummy Ingram brought to England in the same year and presented it to the British Museum.

Upon examination by the authorities of the Museum, learned in Egyptology, the mummy was found to be that of one Neo-Amsu, of very early date, and inscribed very distinctly with the following inscription—"Neo-Amsu am I. I have injured no man, therefore should any man, Black, Ethiopian or Syrian, take away this body, or these wrappings, or any of these writings regarding me, Neo-Amsu, or should a thief take my body from my tomb,

whosoever does this, then I say solemnly no offering shall be made unto the rest of their souls, never shall they know the cool delight of a cup of cold water to their parched throats. Never shall they breathe pure air, nor shall their eyes see the green of the earth. Neither shall son nor daughter rise from their seed, nor shall their names be remembered among men, and the beams of the Disc (The Sun God) shall be hidden from them forever."

It is reported that Ingram was killed by an elephant in Africa the following year (1887). Sir Henry Meux, who was identified with the mummy in its unwrapping and the deciphering of the inscription, died suddenly and being childless the baronetry became extinct, and the mummy which had been in his house, was then removed to the Museum.

Whistler

"With WHISTLER at Dordt," [afterwards in London at "The Old White Horse Cellars," and "Chez Gustave."]

IT was at "Boudier's" delightful hotel on the quay at Dordt in Holland when I was a student, that I made the acquaintance of Whistler through Van's Gravesande the etcher, who presented me to the painter as a fellow American, at dinner on the day of my arrival. Whistler offered me his hand and eyeing me keenly, said, "Whistler is charmed,—and hopes that our dinner will not disagree with us. To that end let us, as one might say, 'eschew art.'—Ha!"—Van's Gravesande gave me an amused glance, and most tactfully guided the conversation into safe channels, keeping up a running fire of comment upon matters concerning the Dutch people and their customs, which "broke the ice" most delightfully, so that the time passed amicably until during the conversation the genial Van's G. perchance mentioned the name of a certain famous English surgeon etcher, not at all unknown to Whistler, who manifested no interest in the name or the matter, and sipped his chocolate daintily. Surprised at this, Van's Gravesande repeated his name

with renewed expressions of enthusiasm over the man's work. Still no reply from Whistler.

"But, Mr. Whistler," said he, "surely you will admit that Mr. ——'s dry point work is at least—tolerable?"

"Ha!" rejoined the master with his sarcastic smile, and in his most dangerous manner dropping his eye glass, immediately replacing it and transfixing Van's G. with a stare. "And what would you say to a tolerable egg?"

This put something of a damper upon the conversation, and then Whistler, pleading weariness from the effects of his trip from Harwich, said he was going to bed, and that we would meet for breakfast at eight o'clock,—called for his candle, said good-night quite civilly and departed.

Van's Gravesande then told me that Whistler had come over the channel during a very severe storm, several days before and that in the night the sea was so rough and the steamer rolled so heavily that no one could sleep. Whistler had gone below soon after leaving Harwich. In the midst of the storm when it was well nigh impossible to stand on one's feet, with the waves breaking all over the vessel and heavy mattresses fastened at the gangways to prevent the water from entering, with the noise of the wind and sea and the sound of the running and tramping feet of the sailors on deck mixed with their hoarse shouts, all of which alarmed the few passengers gathered in the saloon, all at once appeared the

figure of Whistler framed in the companionway, arrayed in his nightshirt, his bare feet thrust in slippers and his monocle carefully screwed in his eye. In his right hand he carried his cane, steadying himself against the rolling of the ship with his left. The stewards passing and repassing in response to the calling bells pushed him now one side, then the other, disregarding his attempts to detain them. Finally watching his chance between the careenings of the craft, he lurched towards the hapless group seated clutching the arms of their chairs to keep themselves from being flung to the floor. Grasping at a vacant chair he succeeded in seating himself safely and then waving his cane jauntily he shrilly cried out, "I say—What's all this?—What have we here?—Tell me all about it!—What's it all about, eh?—What's it all about? Why isn't something done to stop it—eh?"

Here the vessel gave an unusually heavy lurch and the painter who was waving his cane in the air was catapulted from his chair like a projectile, landing in the arms of one of the stewards who at that moment emerged from the passageway, and who dragged away the hapless and inanimate painter.

"So you see," said Van's Gravesande, in his careful English, "Master Whistler is somewhat fatigued."

At eight o'clock we met at the typical Dutch breakfast of coffee and cold hard boiled eggs, which latter were piled up in a great blue china bowl on a table by the win-

dow overlooking the picturesque river,—that is, Van's Gravesande and the writer met at eight o'clock, Whistler was not on hand; Peter, the ubiquitous waiter, was summoned and commanded to knock upon Mynheer Whistler's door and inform him that his friends awaited him below as per agreement.

Peter returned and with the information that Mynheer Whistler was then putting on his shoes, and would join us presently.

Coffee was brought, steaming hot from the kitchen, with a plate of spiced rolls of delicious aroma. . . . We waited fifteen minutes by the clock on the paneled wall before Whistler came down, immaculately clad, and he was in excellent spirits.

Coffee?—Not he!

"Here, good Peter," he called out, "bring to me a pot of your excellent hot chocolate, and an apple. Bring likewise a silver knife so that I may pare it—you understand?—Remove, if these gentlemen will permit, the cinnamon cakes—I like not the smell!" (Exit our hot cakes.)

"And now, my dear Baron" (to Van's Gravesande) "What is your programme for the morning's assault?" It had been arranged that we three should go down the river to Paapendrecht to sketch under the guidance of the etcher. Let me here draw Whistler's portrait.

The master wore a rather long double breasted sack

coat of, I think, alpaca, tightly buttoned to the neck, a low pointed turn down linen collar and a wide string neck tie loosely tied, the ends of the bow knot outside the coat collar, and he was never without a light and very slender malacca cane which he carried very daintily poised, rarely touching the ground with it. His shoes were low ones with square toes, and tied with wide black ribbon. He wore no jewelry whatever.

His hair, which seemed unnaturally black, was arranged in oily ringlets without a parting and the famous white lock was always upright and splayed like a white feather with the top cut squarely across. How he managed to keep it upright is a mystery. His face was sallow and lined; his eyes sharp and roving, and a small wiry mustache and a tuft of grizzled hair below his underlip emphasized the firm mouth from which came those biting and caustic comments upon whatever subject engaged him for the moment. Altogether an unforgetable personality.

I recall that his conversation bristled with aphorisms; for instance, he said to Van's G., evidently with his troubles over the Tite Street house fresh in his mind—"Fight—fight when you are down! Die hard—and then, you know, you won't die at all!" And again—"If one cannot do great things—one can do little things in a great way!" And—"The world is looking for the man who can do something—not for the man who can explain

why he didn't do it! Eh—what?" "Don't do anything until you do it, and then when you've done it—stop doing it. Do you see?—"

He had one song which he sang when in good humor, ending

> "No matter what you do if your *Art* be only true,
> And his Art *was* true—*to his Pol!*"

We spent several very memorable days together around and about old Dordt, entertained by the comments and personality of the great painter, whose constantly varying moods kept us upon "tenterhooks" for fear that we might in some way unintentionally offend his sensibilities. And yet, in spite of the carefulness of Van's Gravesande, whose diplomacy was perfection, the end came when we least expected it.

It was at the close of a day's outing most charmingly spent on the river,[1] when we were drinking our coffee in the old beamed dining room of the hotel, that Van's Gravesande during one of his quaintly told reminiscences chanced to say that he had been highly honored at the Munich Exhibition with the award of a medal for his work. [1884]

All at once the manner of Whistler changed from whimsical good humor to an exhibition of temper. With a sarcastic "Ha! Ha!" he dropped the single glass from his eye and screamed out, "A medal!" His eyes

[1] "Holland of To-Day."

flashed, the white lock seemed to erect itself, crest-like—"A medal! ! Foresooth—the badge of the Philistine!—the emblem of the incompetent! !"—and jumping up from the table he turned his back upon us, strode over to the key rack, seized his candle and key and vanished up the stairs. After a silence Van's Gravesande sighed, and said in his careful English, shaking his head, "Meester Whistler is a ve-ry impulsive gentleman—one must grant to him the privilege of his peculiarities. I had no intention of saying anything to offend him—tell me, do you think that I am greatly at fault?"

The following morning we both awaited the coming of Whistler at breakfast as usual. Peter was not on hand, somewhat to our surprise. Finally he entered the dining room, and to the inquiry replied, "Mynheer Whistler, he has already left by the train for Amsterdam—No, he left no word or message for the gentlemen."

On the way back to New York, I stopped over in London for a few days, and in my mail to my great surprise was a laconic and unexpected note from Whistler, bidding me to come to him at his home in Tite Street, Chelsea. Needless to say I was glad to receive this proof of his interest, and (I hoped) his friendliness.

I reached Tite Street by means of the "tupenny tube" and had no difficulty in finding the house, which was painted a curious and most conspicuous canary yellow,

it was of two story and attic, with a narrow flight of steps, iron railed, to the entrance at one side. The door was opened to my knock by an elderly woman who took my card and ushered me into a narrow hallway with walls painted yellow with blue trim. The floor was brown and waxed and there was neither carpet nor rug underfoot. I stood there while the elderly woman mounted the short flight of stairs. Returning she said that Mr. Whistler wished me to come to him in the studio above, and motioned me to go up.

At the top of the stairs I found Whistler awaiting me, his arms akimbo. He held out his hand, saying as before, when we met first at Dordt, "Ha! Whistler is pleased" (or charmed, I forget which).

He ushered me into a great room painted a soft brown and full of mysterious shadows. The ceiling was high, and at the left was a large curtained window, beneath which was a bench well littered with paper and materials, with a large etching press beside it. At the right was an old-fashioned sofa, on which was an array of small unframed pictures carefully placed against the back. In the shadows at the back of the room was a large canvas standing upright on the polished floor, and half covering it was a brown holland curtain which hung on a wire suspended from wall to wall, and lost in the dimness above. While I mentally recorded these details

Whistler kept up a running fire of comment upon the effects of the monotonous days of fog and rain which I were having, he explained, an effect upon his work, asking me if I felt it too, and without waiting for a reply, pulled away the curtain from the large window, seized me by the arm and placed me where I might properly see the effect of his painting. It was the largest painting of his that I had yet seen, and it showed the violinist Sarasaté, standing in the act of drawing his bow across the strings of his instrument.

My comment was unnecessary for he was studying my face, and he seemed quite satisfied.

"You like it them," said he, dropping the curtain over it. "Then after we have had a glimpse of some small things over yonder," pointing to the sofa, "then perhaps Whistler will show it again. You will thus have time for reflection. Ha!" He then showed me a score, or perhaps more, of small panels in water color, all of them unframed; these he arranged in sequences, and rearranged until I had seen them as he desired. Then came some etchings of Dutch and Venetian dry points. More than an hour must have thus passed in the studio, to my great entertainment and delight. Not once did he refer to Dordt or to Van's Gravesande, nor did I dare to do so, for fear of disturbing his mood. I felt that he was putting me to the test, and that disaster lurked

in any unconsidered remark I might make. The rubicon was thus passed in safety, and there seemed to be firm ground beneath us.

I much admired a small photo reproduction of the portrait of Miss Alexander, and this he signed for me with his autograph together with the famous butterfly, and an inscription.

"And now," said he, in great good humor for the moment, "we shall see what Mrs. O'Brien has for our luncheon," summoning her by a tug at a bellcord hanging near the door, and addressing most confidentially the woman who appeared almost instanter.

"Mrs. O'Brien, do you think now that if you tried, you could find a chop or two, and a fresh salad, with a bottle of our Rhenish, and a tart, maybe?—and let us have it all at once?—Yes?—Then, most excellent Mrs. O'Brien, go you below, and quickly"—

I pass over the details of the luncheon with the master in the blue and yellow dining room, all filled with sunshine color, with the blue and yellow painted cane chairs and the blue canton china on the unbleached linen table cloth. The chops were good, albeit very small, and few in number, the salad was well dressed, save for a trifle too much of the vinegar lavished with a heavy hand. The Rhenish was delicious, though scant, and the tart toothsome. The room was brilliant with light, not a picture adorned or disturbed the walls. The only dec-

oration was a small bamboo tube about six inches in length hanging to a visible nail head, and containing a small bunch of artificial cornflowers. The effect was unique and perfect, yet with it all, I think that one might soon tire of it.

Luncheon over, I had another look at the "Sarasaté," which proved even more impressive than before—my silent study of its glories plainly pleased him—and then took my departure, having expressed my thanks for his hospitality in terms at which I could plainly see he was gratified. So that he bade me meet him on the morrow, promising to show me several quaint taverns of renown, at one of which we should have our luncheon, naming the Old White Horse Cellars.

The next day proved even more foggy and rainy, and he called for me at the Savoy in the morning shortly before noon. Through the soggy streets we went in a hansom to the Old White Horse Cellars, but this, be it known, is not the "Old White Horse" of Dickens', which was at Hatchett's (long ago destroyed) in the great coaching days, in the traveler's room of which it will be recalled Mr. Pickwick and his friends sought shelter from the driving rain, until the arrival of the coach from Bath. The White Horse was then in Fetter Lane, number 85 or 87, a fine type of an old London house, but since altered out of all resemblance. Dickens described the room most graphically—"The traveller's room at

the 'White Horse Cellar' is of course uncomfortable; it would be no traveller's room if it were not. It is the right hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs and shovel. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking glass and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the compartment."

We went as I say in a hansom from the hotel through tortuous lanes, and when we alighted at the door of the "White Horse" Whistler made no attempt to pay for the ride. I was glad to do so, but he made no comment—indeed ignored the transaction altogether and stood in the drizzle with his back to us, waving his stick at the lamp over the railing. When the hansom had driven off, Whistler satisfied himself by gazing after it, and then turning he related some facts concerning the "White Horse," delivered in a school master way as if he was lecturing to a class, then seizing the writer by the arm, he said, "And now that you have seen the 'White Horse,' now we shall go on and have our luncheon. No—no! not here—but 'Chez Gustave. Ha! you thought that Whistler was going to eat at the 'White Horse'? Ha—Ha! Whistler knows better—and will take you to a Lucullian feast of moules marinières at 6d. and sole frite at 10 d. over which the gods preside."

And with these words delivered in a high pitched voice, and with gesticulation with the cane, which he waved towards the "bobby" who stood in a nearby doorway out of the mist watching us dubiously, he dragged me away through the falling drizzle through the narrowest streets of Soho, past the towering St. Anne's, which is big enough to be a second class cathedral, on, still zigzagging until we at length reached Greek Street, as I saw by the sign on the dripping corner post. There we found a small restaurant with a chocolate brown doorway and a dripping window on which was painted "A la Carte." The sign just visible between the two small evergreen trees in green tubs. This is the modest entrance to "Gustave's." Inside, under the electric lamp, a discreet curtain preserves the privacies, and on the wall hangs framed in brass the card of the day. The walls are painted a soft cream color, and there is a sort of counter presided over by a nice looking girl in a black dress with a snowy collar. The floor is covered with oil cloth and a small staircase leads to the rooms above.

Whistler was received here with impressive attentions, which he took quite as a matter of course. The Maitre d'hôtel with a pointed beard bowed us to a table by which was another smaller one containing the platters, etc., for elaborating the pièce de resistance, before our very eyes, over which the maître presided, pale and determined, with the feeling that the repuation of the

house was in his hands. At his side stood a waiter and a "commis" ready to execute his commands. Whistler gleefully rubbed his long lean hands together, let fall and replaced his single eyeglass, and beamed upon one and all.

Soup was served to us—a white Russian soup with barley as an ingredient, one of those peasant decoctions which the French have taken over from the Russians but so improved and refined that it is quite another and better thing altogether, bringing it up to the level of "haute cuisine." It was delicious; just the thing for a foggy day. The maître watched Whistler anxiously as he ate it, and was rewarded by a glance of appreciation as the painter finished the last spoonful. Then began the preparation of the sole, resulting in perfection as it was manipulated before our eyes, and the operation punctuated by "Ha! Ha's!" from Whistler, delivered in such various keys as the performance called for in his estimation.

A wide deep pan of mixed whiskey and brandy was set boiling over an alcohol lamp and into this the soles (previously boiled) are plunged before they are carried away to be filleted. Then into the dish of spirits is poured the sauce, the ingredients of which is a secret with the maître. The "filets de sole" are then brought hot to the table and over each portion the sauce is poured. It is sharp to the taste and suggests anchovy with othe

mysterious flavors. Whistler had now become rapt and silent in admiration of the art of it all.

I ventured at this moment to ask what about the mussels of which he had said so much in praise, and he turned upon me with uplifted eyebrows and dropped his eyeglass as he exclaimed "Mussels! My dear boy! Mussels! Ha! and you dare to say *mussels* when we have a masterpiece before us?—Half gods go when the gods arrive! Ha—Ha!"

The sole being set before us I covered my confusion as best I could and fell to. The sole was delicious. I have never before or since tasted such a dish. It *was* a masterpiece, eaten in the company of a master painter who was in excellent spirits and became, as the meal progressed, more kindly in his comment upon his contemporaries than at any other time when we were together; who quite forgave the writer for his reference to mussels, and permitted him to settle the bill for the luncheon with a graciousness that was befitting the occasion. I had a hansom called to take him home to his unique house in Tite Street, Chelsea. He waved his stick at me as the hansom drove off. . . . I never saw him again.

INDEX

A

Abraham, 134
"A bad half crown in a basin of dirty water," 25
Acqua d'Oro, 144, 145
Acton, 17
Adamless Eden, 68
Adelaide, Aunt, 119
Adelphia Terrace, 234
Admiralty, 66
Admiralty Office, 362
Afghan, 61
Afghanistan, 61
Albany, 68, 69, 70, 71
Albert Memorial, 66
Aldgate, 31, 354
Aldwych, 72
"Alfred Dividing His Loaf with the Pilgrim," 153
Alfred, King, 32
Allen, Ben, 101, 102
Allhallows Barking, 19
All Hallows Staining, 155
Amelia, 129
Amen Court, 112
" Country Club, 76
" Golfing Society, 76
" Luncheon Club, 76
" Society, 76
" Union, 76
Ampulla or Golden Eagle, 186
Amsterdam, 21
Ancient Palace, 120
" Royal Treasure, 263
Andrè, Major, 269
Angel Court, 104
Angus, Earl of, 88
Anne, Princess, 177
Anne, Queen, 125, 126, 137, 139, 142
Apothecaries Company, 165
d'Arblay, Madame, 144
Archibald-Bell-the-Cat, Lord, 88
Aristocracy, 20
Armoury, 182
Arne, Edward, 237
Aubrey, 88
Augusta, 119
Aulies, Plautius, 31
Austin Friars Walls, 19

B

"Bab" ballads, 22
Bagnet, Mrs., 107
Bakers' Company, 165
Baldwin's Gardens, 39
Balfour, 99
Bamber, Jack, 101
Bancroft, Squire, 70
Bank Holiday, 288
Bank of England, 40, 65
Banqueting House, 167
Baptistry in Southwest Tower, 262
Barber-Surgeons' Company, 162
Barnaby Rudge, 111
Barnard's Inn, 112
barnard's Inn, 216
Barnum, P. T., 184
Barry, John Wolfe, 93
Basing Lane, 150
Battersea Park, 313
Baxter, Richard, 86
Bayswater, 126

INDEX

Bear Street, 23
Beauchamp, Thomas de, 193
Beauchamp Tower, 193
Beckford, 147
Bedford House, 235
Bedlam, 350
Beechey of Ald, 148
"Beefeater," 182, 350
Beefsteak Club, 236
Beerbohm Tree, 70
Belin, 95
Bell, Robert, 166
Bellenden, Mary, 137, 138
Bells of St. Paul's, 258
Bell Tower, 181, 192
Benchers, 350
Benares, 61, 64
Benson, William, 250
Bermondsey, 38
Bidloo, Dr., 136
"billingsgate," 52
Billingsgate, 95
Birmingham, City of, 73, 114
Bishopsgate, 31
Bishop Berkeley 325
Black Bull of Holburn, 110
Black Fog, 24
Black Jack, 54
Blackwall, 99
Bleak House, 115, 116
"blind man," 36
Blood, 187
Bloody Gate, 190
" Tower, 181, 185
Bloomsbury, 71
"Boar's Head," 150
"bobby," 19, 40, 45, 82, 100, 350
Bodleian Library, 362
"Bog of Allen, The," 86
Bohemia, 64
Bokhara, 61
Boleyn, Anne, 132, 141, 183, 194
Bolt Court, 112, 113
Boltons, 38
Boniface, Archbishop, 84
Book of Common Prayer, 277
Boreman, Richard, 147
Borough High Street, 111
" Inns, 109
" Market, 101
" Road, 103
Boswell, 44
Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 112
"bottleneck of Piccadilly," 71
Bourcheir, Mr., 70
Bow-Bells, 347
Bow Street, 239
bowler, 36
Bowyer's or Bowmen's Tower, 195
Boydell, 148
Boyne, 122
Bozzy, 112
Bradshaw, 222
Brayley, 30, 171
Braziers, Company of the, 165
Breachley, 109
Brentford, 17
Brewers' Company Hall, 162
Brick Tower, 195
Bridewell, 355
Bridge House Hotel, 100
Bright, John, 73
Brighton, 110
Britainy, 30
British Museum, 70, 113
British Sulgrave, Honorable Treasurer of, 73
Brixton, 17
Broad Arrow Tower, 195
Brownlow, Mr., 100
Brute, 30
"Bubble and Squeak," 36
Buck, Lord, 125
Buckhurst, Lord, 125
Buckingham, Duke of, 146
Buckingham Palace, 79, 120
Bucklersbury, 150
"Bunch of Grapes, The" 57

INDEX

Bunyan, John, 334
Burke, Edmund, 73, 147
Burlington Gardens, 68
" Street, 38
Burnet, 124
Burney, Miss, 44
Bush Terminal in Kingsway, 73
Butchers' Company, 162
Butcher Shops, 36
"butt in," 33
Buttons, 241

C

Cæsarian, 134
Calais, 67
Cameron, Dr. Archibald, 89, 90
Campanile, 92
Campden House, 123, 125
Cancale, 30
Canning, George, 70, 147
Cannon Street, 18
Canterbury, 110
Canterbury, Archbishop of, 119, 153
Capel de Cure, 158
Capercailzies, 36
Carey Street, 116
Carlean Period, 150
Carlyle, 112
Caroline, Queen, 127, 130, 131, 133, 138
Carpenters' Company, Hall of the, 161
Castlemaine, Lady, 169
Cat and Fiddle Inn, 352
Cathedral, 72
Catherine, Queen, 135, 137
Catherine of Braganza, 134
Cavell, Edith, 67
Cavendish Square, 38
Caxton, William, 276, 277
Central Hall, 224
" Law Courts, 213
Chamberlain, 151
Chamberlain, Lord, 125
Chambers, Sir William, 68
Chancery, 352
Channel, 30
Chantrey, 148
chapeaux bras, 51
Chapel, The, 202
Chapel of the Pyx, 263
" Royal, 144
" " of Whitehall, 171
Chaplain, 144
Chapuys, Ambassador, 133
Charing Cross, 229, 232
Charles I, 155, 156
Charles II, 54, 134, 142, 152, 173
Charles III, 168
Charles, Prince, 97
Charles I, Trial of, 222
Charlotte, Lady, 134
Charlotte, Queen, 139
Chateau of the Counts in Ghent, 179
Chatham, Lord, 73, 147
Chaucer, 84, 258, 268, 330
Cheap Jacks, 57
Cheapside, 18, 156
"Cheese," 43
Cheese mongers, 26
Chelsea, 111
Chemists, 36
"Cheshire" bone with marrow, 46
"Cheshire Cheese," 42, 45
Chesterfield, Lord, 137
Cheswick, 17
Chetwynd, Lord, 143
Cheyne Walk, 360
Chigwell, 111
Chivery, Mr., 101
Chivery & Co., 102
Chop houses, 47
Chronicler Pepys, 42
Church of England, 86, 90
Church of St. Clement Danes, 41
"churchwarden," 43
Chyrurgeons Hall, 162
Cipriani, 69, 167

INDEX

City Companies, 151
City of Contrasts, The, 15
Clannam, Arthur, 101
Clare, 88
Clare Market, 55
Claypole, Noah, 100
Clayton, Mrs., 133
Clements' Inn, 54
Cleopatra's Needle, 21
Clerkenwell, 38, 354
Clifford, Lord, 134
Clifford's Inn, 149, 214
Clothworkers' Company, 155
Clothworkers, Hall of the, 155, 156
Cock Inn, 42
Cock and Bottle Inn, 352
Coffee Houses, 320
Colbert, French Ambassador, 168
Colet, Dean, 156
Colour Court, 144
Committees of Royal Exchange, 156
Conquest, 141
Constable Tower, 195
Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, 119
Coombe Wood, 132
Copley, 148
Copperfield, David, 100
copses, 27
Corineus, 147, 148
Corinthian pillars, 151
Cornhill, 39
Coronation Chair, The, 265
Court Dining Room, 161
Court of the Aldermen, 15, 148
Court of the Old King's Bench, 148
Coutt's Bank, 69
Covent Garden, 17, 234
Covent Garden Market, 51
"cow heel," 52
Cowper, 95
Cox, James, 219
Cripplegate, 19, 31, 352
Crocker, Edward, 106
Crofts, Ernest, 150
Cromwell, Oliver, 218, 275, 276
Croyden, 17
Crutched Friar's Lane, 354
Crypt, The, 256
Crypt at Horsley in Surry, 228
"Cunning Cardinal, The," 132
Custom House, 96
Currier's Company, Hall of, 161
Cutters, Hall of the, 161

D

"Dagger of Walworth," 160
Dalhousie, Lady, 88
Darby, Lord, 122
"Darby Brights," 34
Darys, Mr., 118
David, 103
Davis, Newnham, 99
Deal, 109
Dean Street, 23
Defense of the Realm Act, 63
Denmark, 126
Denmark, Princes of, 137
De Quincy, 96
Descent of Liberty, 103
Devereux Tower, 194
De Wilton, 88
Dickens, Charles, 39, 45, 46, 47, 54, 90, 91, 99, 100, 102, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 111, 115, 117, 133, 206, 211, 215
Dick's Coffee House in the Temple, 110
Dobson, Austin, 172, 173
Dogget, Thomas, 161
Dolloby, Mr., 104
Dongate Hill, No. 4, 153
Dorking, 110
Dorrit, Amy, 101
Dorset, Frederick, 107
Dorset, Lord, 125
Doughty Street, 117
Doughty-Tichborne Estate, 117
Douglass, Gavin, 88

INDEX

Dover, 78, 109
Dover Road, 104
Dowgate Hill, 154
Downing Street, 363
Drapers, 36
Dryden, 239, 241
Dulwich, 17
Drug Stores, 36
Drury Lane, 56, 352
Dunciad, 95
Dunkeld, Bishop of, 88
Durham House, 234
"Dutch Crawls," 94
Dyers Company, 152

E

Ealing, 17
"East Cheap," 150
East London, 38
Easton Road, 38
East River bridge, 92
East River, 92
Edinburgh, 77
Edmonton, 17
Edward III, 152
Edward IV, 146
Edward VI, 86
Edward the Confessor, Chapel of, 263
Edward IV, Princes of, 185
"Edwin Drood," 115
Eleanor of Provence, 84
Queen Elizabeth, 86, 156, 159, 183, 269, 303
Emerson, 33
"English Dictionary," 113
English hedgerows, 27
English Speaking Union, 76
Epsom, 17
"espaliers," 29
"Essays of Elia," 18, 197, 201
Esther, 116
Euston Street, 51
Evelyn, Diary of, 107, 340
Evelyn, John, 134, 135, 136, 176, 177
Eye Bourne, 39

F

F., Mr., 104
Falcons of the Kind, 37
Falstaff, 150
Falstaff Club, 237
Farry, 41
"Fatal Stone, The," 266
Fawkes, Guy, 189, 227
"fayre towers," 31
Feast of the Poets, 103
Fenchurch Street, 110, 112, 353
Fenn Court, 112
Fetter Lane, 356
Fibbilson, Mrs., 101
Field of Forty Footsteps, The, 348
Finch, Barbara Clay, 121
Fisher, J., 192
Fisher, Lord, 66
Fishmongers' Company, 160
Fishmongers' Hall, 159
Fleet, The, 105
Fleet Street, 17, 41, 44, 111, 112, 113, 115, 116
Flite, Miss, 116
"Flos Mercatorum," 156
Folkstone, 109
Forbes, Stanhope, 150
Forman, Simon, 323
Forty-second Street, 18
Foster Lane, 158
Fountain Court, 207
Francis, Duke of Bedford, 235
Frederick, Duke of York, 69
Frederick, Prince of Wales, 155
Free State of Ireland, 304
Frere Pye Gardens, 235
Frith Street, 23, 53
Frog Walk, 136
Froissart, 84
Fruiterers, 36

INDEX

Frye, 155
Fuller, 184
Funking Room, The, 165
Furnival's Inn, 117, 210

G

"Garden, The," 205
Garrick, 87
Gaunt, Duke John of, 84, 85
Gell, Sir William, 70
Gentleman's Magazine, 89
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 30
"George, The," 109, 110
George I, 137, 143
George II, 127, 129, 133, 143
George III, 66, 139, 144, 148
George V, 69, 81, 267
George, Prince, 126
George Street, 38
Georgian Period, 150
Gerard the Giant, 150
Gerard's Hall, 150
Gerard Street, 23
G. H. Q., 75
"Giant's Leap, The," 148
Gibbons, Grinling, 42, 148, 152, 248, 252, 253, 257
Gibraltar, Siege of, 148
Gibson, Richard, 236
"gibus," 36
Gilbert, W. S. 22
Gilbert Passage, 54
Giltspur Street Computer, 105
Girdler's Company, 165
Gladstone, 70
Gloucester, Duke of, 123, 137
"God Save the King," 345
Giants Gog, 147
Gold and Silver Ware Drawers, 151
Golden Square, 23, 52
Goldsmith, Oliver, 44, 203, 310
Goldsmith's Company, Hall of, 158
Gosling, 47, 107
Gothic Towers, 93
Gough Square, 113
Gower, 330
Grampians, 86
Grand Central, 18
Gravesend, 97
Gray, 97
Gray, Lady Jane, 195
Gray's Inn, 216
Great Britain, Empire of, 141
Great Fire, 156
Great Hall, 137, 139, 152
Great Hall of Westminster, 220 221
Great and Little Pulteney, 53
Great and Little Turnstile, 39
Great Portland Street, 51
Great St. Helen's, 154
"Great Show," 81
Great South Sea Bubble, The 320
Great World War, 34, 37
Greek Street, 23
Green Man, 111
Greenwich, 99
Greenwich Park, 44
Gresham, Sir Thomas, 156
Grocers' Hall, 158
"Groom the," 41
"Groote Meg," 188
Grub Street, 279
Guild of Boatmen, 97
Guildhall, 31, 72, 146, 148, 149, 150, 152
Gwynne, Nell, 320

H

Haberdashers, 36
Hackney Coaches, 22
Half Moon, 111
Hammersmith, 17
Hammersmith on the Mall, 111
Hampstead, 17
Hampstead Heath, 288

INDEX

Hampton Court, 132, 133, 134, 135, 137, 138, 139
Hanover, 127, 128
Hardwicke, 159
Hardyng's Chronicle, 85
Harris, 162
Hastings, 110
Hatton Garden, 38, 39
Hawksmoor, Nicholas, 248
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 147, 215, 246
Hay Hill, 39
Haymarket, The, 358
Hayter, 148
Hazlitt, 200
"heat apoplexy," 28
Henley, 152
Henry III, 84
Henry IV, 146
Henry VI, 181
Henry VII, 85
Henry VIII, 132, 133, 137, 141, 150, 156, 182, 193, 263, 264
Henry, John Lord, 137
Herrenhausen, 127
Hervey, Lord, 128, 133
Highgate, 17
Highlander, 102
High Street, 111
Hill, Sir Rowland, 66
Hillingdoms, 71
"hob," 43
Hogarth, 26
Hogarth, Mary, 117
"Hog Lane," 50
Holbein, 141, 144, 162
Holborn, 112, 113, 117, 356
Hole-Bourne, 39
Holinshed, 141
Hook, Theodore, 143
Horners Company, 152
Hornsey, 17
Horse Guards, 67
Horsemonger Lane, 102
House of Lords, 225
Houses of Parliament, 83
Howard, Mr., 138
Howett, 21
Hubert, Robert, 340
Hudson, 92
"Huisvrouwe," 122
Hummums, 236, 349
Hunt, Leigh, 102, 200
Hustings' Court, 146
Hyde, Anne, 135
Hyde Park, 311, 357

I

"ice cream soda," stalls, 29
India, 38
Ingram, 363, 364
Inn Holders, Company of, 166
Inns of Chancery, 208
Inns of Court, 207, 208, 213
Inner Temple, 202, 206, 210
Inner Ward, 185
Installing a New Peer in the House of Lords, 302, 303
Ionic gallery, 154
Ipswich, 140
Iron bridge, 101
Ironmongers, 36
Ironmongers' Company, Hall of, 157
Ironmonger's Lane, 156
Irving, Washington, 262
Isleworth, 17

J

Jacobean Mansion, 155
Jacobites, 137
James I, 142, 156, 190
James II, 111, 152, 176
James, Henry, 40
Janus-headed metropolis, 73
Jarman, 156
Jewel Tower, 182
Jingle, Alfred, 109

INDEX

John the Baptist, 85, 88
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 41, 42, 43, 44, 77, 86, 113, 114, 215, 229
Johnson's Court, 112, 113
Joiners, 153
Jones, Henry Arthur, 70
Jones, Horace, 93
Jones, Inigo, 54, 170, 171, 362
Jonson, Ben, 113, 231
Jordaens, 167
Judd Street, 51
Judde, Sir Andrew, 154
"Jump, The," 54

K

Katherine of Arragon, 132
Kensal Green churchyard, 117
Kensington, 120, 122, 124, 126, 127, 130, 131
Kensington Gardens, 311, 312
Kensington House, 121
Kensington Palace, 119
Kent, Duchess of, 118
Kent Road, 104
Kerb, 37
Kew, 130
"Keys of King George, The" 185
King's Bench, 106
King's Cross, 354
King's Mews, 37
King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, 39
Kingsway, 72
Kipling, 243, 244
Kitchener, Lord, 66
Knights Hospitalers of St. John Prior of the Order of the, 42, 98
Krook's shop, 116

L

laburnam, 27
Lamb's Court, 207
Lamb, Charles, 18, 197, 198, 200, 201
Lamb, William, 155
Lambeth, 150
Lancaster, Duchess of, 84
Lanchester, Staff of Duchy of, 72
Langomagog, 148
"lanthorns," 152
Lascelles, Viscount, 272
Laune, Gideon de, 165
Lauzon, 176
Law Courts, 115
"Lays of Ancient Rome," 70
Lehzen, Baroness, 118
Leicester Square, 38
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 150
Leman, Sir John, 160
Marchiel, Sir William le, 204
Lepell, Mary, 137, 138 139
Leverets, 36
Lightfoot, Hannah, 323
Lime Street, 155
Lincoln, 67, 72, 73
Lincoln's Inn, 113, 116, 209
Lincoln's Inn Fields, 39, 54, 356
"link" boys, 26
Lion tower, 183
little Bengal, 38
Little Dorrit, 101, 104, 105, 106, 116
Little Earl Market, 57
Little Earl Street, 56
Little Lant Street, 102
Little Poet's Corner, 262
Little Windmill Street, 53
Liturgy, 86
"liver wing, the," 29
Llong-dinas (City of Ships), 30
Llyn-din (Fortress by the pool), 30
"lodgers," 29
Lombard Street, 18, 65, 102, 353
"Londoniana," 171
"Londinium," 31, 37
(Londinium) Colonia Augusta, 31
London, Bishop of, 65
London, Tower of, 180

INDEX

London bridge, 20, 22, 39, 66, 94, 96, 97, 99, 100, 149
London County Council, 72
Londoniana, 149
London Stone, 353
London Times, 219
London Wall, 65
Longman, W., 249, 250, 255
Long Megg, 188
Lonsdale's Princess Charlotte & Queen Caroline, 148
Lord Mayor of London, 73, 147, 150, 151, 156
Lord Mayor's day, 150
Lord Mayor's Show, The, 273
Loriners, 153
lorry, 37
Lovegrove's West India Dock Tavern 99
Lowell, 83
Lucas, J. Seymour, 150
Lud, King, 31, 32
Ludgate, 31, 355
Ludgate Hill, 18, 39, 174
Lwin-dinas (City of Wood), 30

M

Macaulay, 68, 70, 86
Macbeth, Robert, 150
Macklin, 238
Macklin Street, 56
Madeline, 107
Maggie, 101, 105, 106
Magog, 147, 148
"Magpie and Stump," 101
Maiden Lane, 238, 239, 356
Maidstone, 109
Mannings, 103
Mansion House, 151
Mantegna, Andrea, 134
Mantua, Duke of, 134
Margate, 110
"Marmion," 88
Marshalsea, 101, 106
Marshalsea Jail, 104, 105
Marshalsea Place, 104
Martin Tower, 195
Marvel, Andrew, 175
Mary I, 142
Mary II, 177
Mary Beatrice, Queen, 176
Marcellinus, Ammianus, 31
Masters and Wardens of the Stationers, 151
"Matchless Orinta, The," 89
Mayfair, 358
Mayhew, Rose, 120
"Maypole," 111
"Meadow Mist," 25
Medici, Marie de, 142
Melbourne, Viscount, 69
Mell, Mr., 100
"Memoirs and Reminiscences," 143
Mercer's, The, 156
Merchant Taylors Company, 156
Merchant Taylors Hall, 156
Mermondsey, 104
"Mews," 37
Micawber, 103
Middle Temple, 202, 210
Middlesex Street, 50, 53
Middle Temple, Hall of the, 205
Milbank, 39
Mincing Lane, 155, 353
Miracle Plays, 273
Mitre Tavern, The, 112
"mob," caps, 47
Moncrief, Alexander, 41
Monmouth, Duke of, 60
Moorgate, 65
Morning Post, 99
Mortality, 113
Mother, Shipton, 16
Mourcy, Gabriel, 93
Muscorvy Court, 112

INDEX

N

Nancy, 100
Napier, Charles, 70
National Gallery, 149
Naval Fleet, 74
Nelson, Lord, 147, 148, 256
Neville's Court, 112
Newberry, James, 44
Newgate, 31, 38
New Great Paul, 260
New Library, 205
Newport Street, 23
Newton, Sir Isaac, 319
Nicholson, Margaret, 144
Nicholas Nickleby, 107, 117
Nile, 23
Northcote, 148
North Sea, 21
Norwich, 73
Norwich Cathedral, 73
Norwood, 17
Nottingham, Lord, 121

O

Oak of Boscobel, 163
"Old Benchers of the Inner Temple The," 197
Old Betty's in the Strand, 110
Old Curiosity Shop, The, 54
Old Dog, of Holywell Street, 110
Old Elephant, 110
Old Horsemonger Lane Gaol, 102, 103
Old King's Bench Prison, 103
Old King's Head, 111
Old Moore's Almanack, 153
Old Nandy, 101
Old Palace Yard, 226
Old Ship, The, 111
Old Ship Tavern, 115
Oliver Twist, 99, 117
103
Opening of Parliament, 305, 306
Opie, 148
Orb, 186
Ordinance Office of the Tower, 196
Orpington, 110
Ortolans, 36
Overkirke, Mr., 122
Overman's Almshouse, 100
"ox cheek," 52

P

Pall Mall, 66, 346
Pantechnicon, 37
Parker Street, 56
Parliament, 142
Parliament Square, 67
Paternoster Row, 38
"pea-soup," 24
Peele, George, 273
Pepperers, The, 158
Pepys, 98, 156, 162, 168, 175, 335, 336
Pepys' Coffee House, 240
"Percy," diary, 44
"perfect pint of stout and the proper chop," 42
Peter, 84
Peter Paul Piazza, 235
Peter Pinder, 43
Peter's Eye, 360
"Peter, the Wag," 23
Petrol, 22
Petticoat Lane, 50
Pew Gardens, 314
Pewterers' Hall, 155
Phelps, Richard, 258, 259
Philip, 142
Piccadilly, 34, 63, 68, 76, 346
Pickwick, Mr., 101, 109
"Pickwick Papers, The," 117
Pilgrims, 76
"Pimm's," 111
Pindar, Sir Paul, 110

INDEX

Pitt, 147
Pittsburgh, City of, 73
Plantagenet, 38, 150
Plovers' eggs, 36
Plumbers, 153
Poet's Corner, 262, 268
"Poking," 35
Poland Street, 23
"Pool," 19, 21, 50
Pope, 95, 138
Poppings' Court, 355
Porter, 114
Portland, Lord, 122, 136
Portland Stone, 251
Portsmouth, Duchess of, 54
Portsmouth Street, 54
Post Office at Cheapside, 154
Pratt, Charles, Lord Chancellor, 148
Prince's Street, 65
Princess Royal, 134
"Privy Garden," 172
Proctor, 200
Ptarmigan, 36
"pub," 57
Public Advertiser, 87
"Pudding days," 45
"Pullmans," 21
"Punch," 108
Purbeck marble, 149
Purcell, 47, 107
"Purveyors," 52
Purveyors of Meat and Poultry, 36
Putney Common, 111

Q

"quadrant," 52
Queen's Closet, The, 142
Queen's Head, 110
Queen's House, 181

R

Rabelaisian, 61
Rachael, Miss, 109
"Rainbow," 41
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 186, 227
Ramsgate, 110
Ransomers, The, 265
Raphael, 134
Reformation, 87, 209
Regency Bill, 118
Regent, Prince, 130, 131
Regents Park, 71, 312, 313
Regent Street, 29, 46, 71, 107
Remini, Story of, 103
Restoration, 86, 134
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, P. R. A. 148
Richard III, 189
Rising Sun, 111
"River of Wells," 345
Rizzio, Murder of, 148
Roberts, Lord, 66
Robing Room, 226
Rodin, 67
Rogers, 184
Roman invasion, 30
Rome, 30
Rotten Row, 311, 357
Rotterdam, 21
Round of the Temple, 202
Rousseau, M. Victor, 67
Royal Academy, 108
Royal Champion, 222
Royal Chapel of St. John the Baptist in Savoy, 87
Royal Christenings, 145
Royal Exchange, 66, 149
Royal Mint, 318, 319
Royal Palace, 196
Royal Regalia, 186
Royal Standard, 218
Royal Wild Beast, The, 133
Rubens, Peter Paul, 167
Ruet, Phillipa de, 84
Rufus, William, 180
"Rules the," of King's Bench Prison, 107
Rupert Street, 23

INDEX

S

Saddlers' Hall, 154
St. Andrew, Undershaft, 19
St. Andrew's Street, 53
St. Bartholomes, the Great, 19
St. Catherine, Cree, 19
St. Cecelia, 153
St. Ethelburga, 19
St. Gaudens, 67
St. George's, 106
"St. George and the Dragon," 150
St. George's Field, 107
St. Giles, Cripplegate, 31
St. Giles-in-the-fields, 38
St. Helen, Bishopsgate, 19
St. James, 141, 143
St. James, Court of, 141
St. James Square, 71
St. James Street, 141
St. John's Chapel, 189
St. John of Jerusalem, 132
St. Laurence-Jewry, 146
St. Malo, 30
St. Marks, 146
St. Martin, 152
St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 358
St. Mary-le-Savoy, 88
St. Olave, Hart Street, 19
St. Paul's, 20, 25, 39, 40, 72, 75, 96, 112, 246, 247
St. Paul's School, 156
St. Sepulchre and St. Mary, Aldersea, 19
St. Swithin's Lane, 154
St. Thomas, Tower of, 180
Salem House, 100
Salter Company, The, 154
Salt, Samuel, 108
Samuel, 112, 114
Sanders, 47, 107
Sardinia Street, 53
Saunders, Richard, 147
Savile Row, 68
Savoy, 84, 86
Savoy buildings, 72
"Savoy marriages," 87
Savoy Palace, 84
Sawyer, Bob, 102
Sceptre Chop house, 48, 107
Scotch Ale, 46
Scotland Yard, 362
Schutz, Mr., 134
Scrooper's Inn, 216
Sedgemoor, 60
Seething Lane, 353
Selwyn, Mrs., 137
Seven Dials, 38, 56
Seven Dials in St. Giles', 53
Seven Wonders, 15
Seymour, Jane, 133
Shakespeare, 137, 150
Sheffield Street, 54
Shepherd, Jack, 54
Shepherds Bush, 17
"Shepherd's Hunting, The," 89
Sheridan, 147
Ship, The, 99
Shoreditch, 349
"Silver sides," 36
Sims, Admiral, 74, 77
"Sketches by Boz," 46, 108
"Skinner," 154
Skinner's Company, Hall of, 154
Small Inn, 102
Smirke, Sir Robert, 167
Smith, Sidney, 235
Smithfield, 38
Snow Hill, 150
Soho, 22, 38, 60, 63, 64
solferino, 62
Solomon, S. J., 150
"Sols," 115
Somerset House, 97
Southwark, 38, 109, 110
Southwark Bridge, 101, 151
Spectacle Makers, The, 152
"spoofed," 22
"spoofing," 23
"Spur The," 183

INDEX

Stanhope, Philip, 137
Staple Inn, 214
Star Yard, 116
Stationers' Hall, 153
Stewed Cheese and Stout, 41
Stock Exchange, 40
Strand, 17, 22, 72, 83, 91, 115, 116
Strong, Edward, 248
Stuarts, 121
Sterry, Mr. J. Ashby, 110
Stowe, 85
Suffolk, 100
Suffolk, Lady, 137
"Sulgrave," 73
"Swan Upping" day, 152
"Swan with Two Necks, The," 152
"Sweep," 27
Swift, Edward Newhall, 191
Swyneford, Catherine, 84
Sydenham, 17

T

Tallow Chandlers, The, 153
Tapestry Room, The, 143
Tavistock Row, 235
Temple, The, 201
Temple Bar, 350
Temple Garden, 41
Temple Gate, 41
Tennyson, 42
Tenterden, 109
Terry's Theatre, 72
Tetty, 115
Thackeray, 91, 198, 207, 242
Thames Street, Lower, 94
Thames, Street, Upper, 151
Thames, 19, 21, 22, 39, 42, 67, 72, 83, 92, 93, 98, 152, 183
Thamis, 85
Thanet Court, 115
Thornhill, 251, 252
"Those who live in glass houses," 348
Threadneedle Street, 31, 40, 65, 156, 347
"Three Crowns," 150
"Three Kings," 150
"Three Tuns," 95
Throgmorton, Monument of Sir Nicholas, 332
Throne Room, The, 142
Tilting Gauntlet, 164
Tindall, Roger, 164
Tobit, 134
Tom's Coffee House, 240
Tottenham, 17
Tottenham Court Road, 38, 51
Tower, 39, 90, 149, 180
Tower of Allhallows Staining, 19
Tower Bridge, 21, 93
Tower Green, 189
Tower Hill, 39, 112
Trafalgar Square, 99
Traitor's Gate, 183
Trevelyan, 70
Tudor Period, 150
Tudors, 121
"Tun,"156
Tunbridge, 110
Tunbridge School, 154
"Turkish Delight," 62
Turner, 362
Turneys, 36
Twickenham, 17
Tyburn, 90, 163, 350
Tyler, Watt, 85
Tyler, Watt, The Death of, 148
Tyler, Watt, Rebellion, 201
Tyon, M. 248

U

Union Road, 102
"upper ten-dom," 60
Utrecht, 139

INDEX

V

Van Dyck, 128, 144, 152
Venice, 146
"Venus," 128
Vernon House in Park Place, 71
"Vicar of Wakefield, The," 44
Vice Chamberlain, 139
Victoria, 118
Victoria, Princess, 118
Victoria, Queen, 148, 149, 267
Victoria and Albert Museum, 110
Victoria's Tower, 226
Villiers, Elizabeth, 124
Villiers Street, 243
Vintner's Hall, 151

W

Wakefield, Sir Charles, 73
Wakefield Tower, 186
Wales, Prince of, 135, 137, 139
Waller, Arthur Lewis, 70, 236
Walmoden, Madame, 127, 128, 129
Walpole, 129, 130, 137, 143, 230, 232
Walton, Izaak, 157, 335
Wandle River, 111
Wandsworth, 111
Warder Street, 53
Wardle, Mr., 109
War Office, 66
Warwick Street, 46, 107
Washington, 72
Washington, City of, 73
Watergate, The, 233
Water Gate, 244
Wateringbury, 109
Waterloo, 43
Waterloo Bridge, 72, 87
Waterloo Place, 69
"Water Piece," 104
Watteau, 126
"wee German Lairdee," 137
"Weekly Newes," 226
Weller, Sam, 109
Wellington, 43
Wellington Street, 72
Well Tower, 184
Welsh Hall, 149
West, Benjamin, 153
West End, 20
West End of London, 20
Westminster, 39, 75
Westminster Abbey, 72, 83, 261
Westminster Bridge, 20, 22, 72, 96, 98
Westminster Hall, 220
Westminster, Palace of, 173
Westphalia, 138
Whistler, 46
Whitebait dinner, 99
Whitechapel High Street, 53
Whitecross Street, 105
Whitehall, 69, 122, 167, 347
"White Hart," 109
White Horse, The, 110
White House, 54
White Tower, 188, 192
White Tower of the Conqueror, 19, 50
Whitstone Park, 39
Whitlock, Brand, 75
Whittington, Richard, 156
Wickliffe, 85
Wightman, Philip, 259
Wildman, 114
Wilkes, 149
Wilkinson, John, 87
William III, 125, 135, 137
William IV, 66, 119
William and Mary, 269
William the Conqueror, 32
William from Holland, 121
Wills Coffee House, 240
Wimbledon, 111
Wine Court, 112
Wine "Jack," 43
Wine Office Court, No. 6, 44
Wine Tonners, 152

"winkles," 62
Wither, George, 89
Wits Coffee House, 240
Wolsey, 132
Wolseley, Lord, 67
Wordsworth, 18, 84
Wren, Sir Christopher, 19, 144, 148, 151, 153, 247, 250
Wych Street, 111
Wynken de Worde, 355

Y

Yankee, 34, 35, 81
Yarmouth, Countess of, 129
Yellow Fog, 24
"Yiddish," 53
York, Duchess of, 135
York, Duke of, 146
York House, 234
Young John, 101
"young" William Simpson, 43